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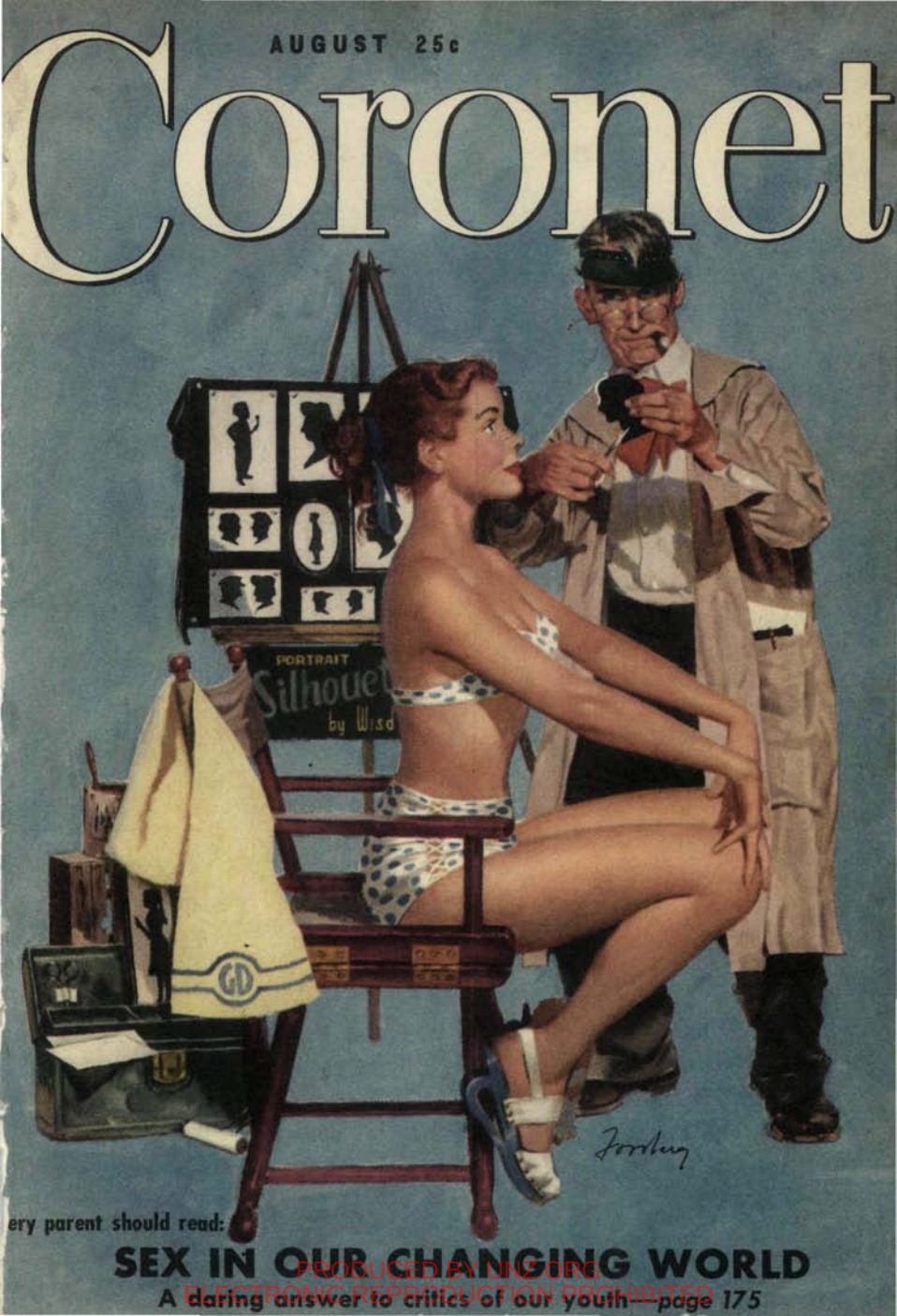

ery parent should read:

SEX IN OUR CHANGING WORLD

A daring answer to critics of our youth — page 175

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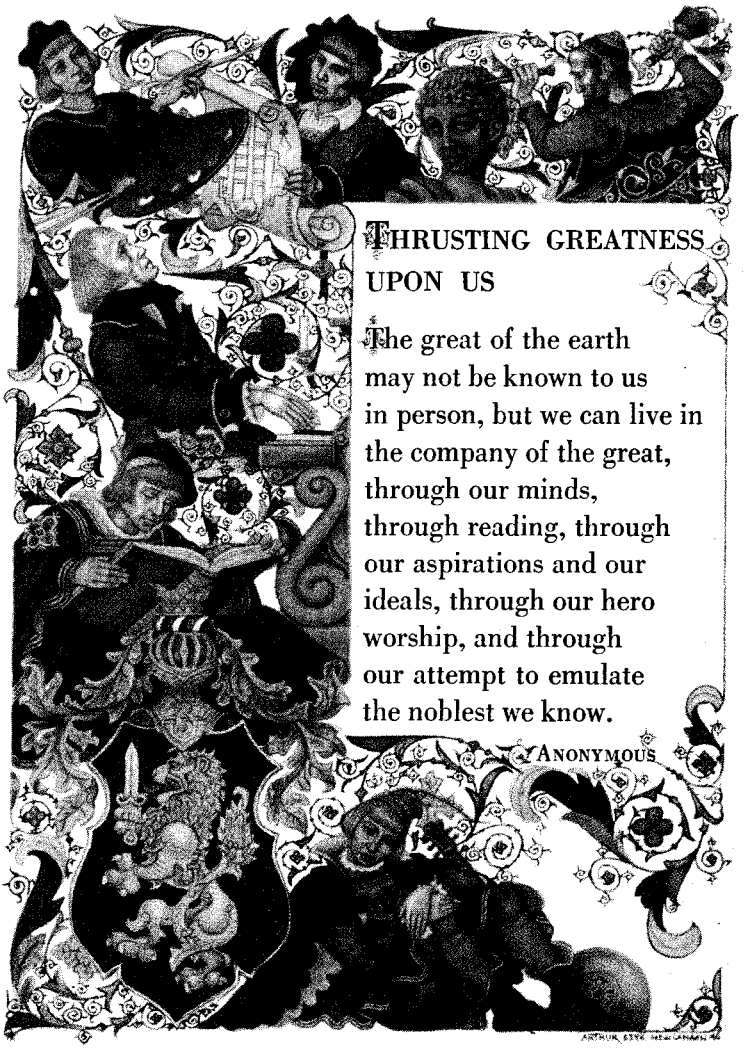
THRUSTING GREATNESS UPON US
The great of the earth may not be known to us in person, but we can live in the company of the great, through our minds, through reading, through our aspirations and our ideals, through our hero worship, and through our attempt to emulate the noblest we know.
ANONYMOUS

In this masterful illumination, Arthur Szyk has included the artist, the architect, the sculptor, the musician, the scholar and the poet to represent greatness. The lion symbolizes nobility of spirit. This is another in a series of illustrated proverbs suitable for framing.

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Vol. 22, No. 4 — Coronet — August, 1947

Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

Why Not Retire at 55?

by RAY GILES

MILLIONS OF MEN and women who are happily and gainfully working today will be automatically detached from their jobs at 65. This is the age that has long been decreed as suitable for retirement; corporations, life-insurance underwriters, philanthropic institutions, municipal and state employees—even Uncle Sam himself—are mostly agreed that at 65 the worker should make way for younger blood. Hence all of us accept age 65 as the turning point in life, and plan our pre-retirement lives accordingly.

But *is* 65 the ideal age at which to retire? Are men and women thus far along in years really in a position to enjoy a life of ease? Or are the benefits of retirement at 65 outweighed by the possibility of idleness and frustration, caused by a sudden change to an inactive life?

When viewed objectively, age 65 is uncomfortably close to the Biblical life-span of three score years and ten. Retirement at that time may prove another case of "too little and too late"—too little zest for a plunge into new ventures, too late to take up some fresh cultural interest which requires years of study for full realization and development.

Unfortunately for most people, this old-age predicament is not only a possibility—but a probability. At 65, millions of people working today will suddenly realize that all the years spent in saving a nest egg for retirement, all their dreams of ease and contentment, have failed of fulfillment. Ill health, loss of energy, lack of imagination, inability to relax—these and many other factors are likely to add up to disillusionment.

Conscious at last of the seriousness of this problem, more and more people are asking themselves: "Why not retire at 55? Why not enjoy those ten extra years of freedom

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from toil and worry while we are still on the 'sunny side' of life?"

After all, even industrious Ben Franklin had quit his printing business before his 55th birthday to grow in statesmanship and science. Gandhi quit his law office while still young; before he was 50 his efforts to liberate India had made him "Mahatma" to millions. Winston Churchill, out of the Admiralty at 40, took up painting.

At 32, Bernard Baruch was already getting bored with mere money making, but before his 48th birthday he was putting in full time as an unpaid adviser to his Government. When only 33, Dr. A. J. Cronin retired from medical practice to write one best-selling novel after another.

THE DANGERS OF IDLENESS in retirement have been widely advertised, but less known are the men who, in their 50s, have lived longer and better after quitting jobs full of tension, competition and overwork to take up some activity that was nearer their heart's desire and their physical capacity.

"Before the boss could retire me as a 'has-been' I decided to retire while I could still be a 'comer'," is the way one man put it. He says that when you quit at 55, you march out with head high, eyes up.

Of course, you may be brisk and healthy at 65, but at 55 you are ten years readier for traveling, writing, fur farming or paleontology. One Indianian who sold trucks for years retired at 53 to buy and sell rare butterflies. He enjoys being his complete staff, from office boy to president, and the fun of hanging the "Out" sign on his door whenever he feels like it.

Retirement at 55 more than doubles your chance to grow creatively. Paul Gauguin kicked himself out of a bank at 33; if he had waited for freedom at 65, it is highly improbable that he would have stirred the world with his painting. And then there's Mickey Walker, welterweight champion of the 1920s, who recently astonished art critics with his exhibition of paintings in a New York gallery.

Psychiatrists agree that tension, restlessness and chronic dissatisfaction in a person may be due to an unused talent for creative effort. But talents, like muscles, atrophy if unused. Almost to a man you hear from those who retired early into creative activity: "If I'd waited until I was older, I simply wouldn't have done it!"

Talk with members of your local fire and police departments, or with others in Civil Service or the armed forces, most of whom are eligible to retirement pensions at 55 or earlier, and you'll find them planning well ahead for their new activities. In this they show more intelligence than does many an important business executive. When the Big Day comes, they want to do something that will be both satisfying and productive.

Barney K's story can be studied to advantage by anyone, whether in the large or small income bracket. Thirty years a metropolitan policeman, Barney grew more and more tired of the crowding and confusion of city life. So did his family. All right—he could retire at 53. But to what?

Mrs. K and the children agreed with Barney that they would like to

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live year-round in an Adirondacks village where they had spent many summer vacations. So Barney began to acquire skills which would have future money value. In his spare time he learned how to be a carpenter, and how to paint, paper, plaster and install plumbing. Today, at 55, his dream come true, the K's live better in the Adirondacks than ever before. Adding his pension to his odd-job earnings gives Barney a satisfactory income, and he has plenty of time to go hunting and fishing.

Retiring early has been a "must" on many life programs. Here's a publisher who had such an urge to run a boys' school that he retired when 52 to do it. A manufacturer became so interested in blind people that he retired at 53 to run a factory where 200 blind operatives earn their living.

Two partners in a successful advertising agency, William Benton and Chester Bowles, decided to retire at 36 and 40, respectively. Today, Benton is an Assistant Secretary of State, and Bowles lived a second lifetime as head of the OPA and will hold many more important public jobs before he's through.

In retirement, however, it sometimes pays to stick closely to your past. A financier who raised millions for industrial enterprises came to the point where he asked himself: "What am I living for?" Retiring in his 50s, he found the answer in devoting himself to raising money for worthy causes. A retired OPA official continues to audit accounts and act as treasurer without pay for hospitals and other nonprofit institutions.

The biologist, Raymond Pearl, declared that having a tranquil heart and an even disposition may add more years to your life than having four octogenarian grandparents. Even in their 30s, one of every two men show signs of hardening of the arteries. By the time they are 50, X rays will show hypertrophic arthritis—the kind caused by wear and tear in 70 per cent of the cases. I know a businessman whose X rays at 46 showed bad joints; he couldn't raise his arms for years. Yet three years after retiring the ailment vanished.

The earlier you can escape from overtiring work, the better your chances are of arresting degenerative changes that come from premature aging. The gerontologists, those newish scientists who study the causes of aging, can rattle off one case after another where early retirement has normalized blood pressure, improved heart action, and quieted nerves that formerly jangled all day long.

The 50s are a critical time of life. During those years, men are better off physically, emotionally and mentally if not overloaded with responsibilities, worries and long hours of labor. Two great killers—diseases of the heart and the circulatory system—would lose many premature victims if early retirement were commoner.

Many men are familiar enough with all this, but their demanding jobs don't permit hygienic living. A brisk 20-minute walk every day? Fine—but where during a work day is there time for it? Relax? Yes—but how many are able to do it? You can't neglect the rules and get away with it forever. But you can—by retiring at 55—do much to make

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a better "old man" of yourself.

Since 1910, the population aged 65 or older has grown 3¼ times faster than the population under 65. Thus we Americans must make a determined effort to be mentally alert and creative in our old age or give way to nations with more youthful populations.

Today's newspapers report men and women entering college in their 50s, 60s, and 70s. They do it not only to enlarge their mental outlook but often to enter some new creative field. Important scientific research is open to the amateur. Professional astronomers are handsomely assisted by amateur stargazers who, often with homemade telescopes, report important findings. In studying the migration of birds, reports from amateur ornithologists are welcomed by professionals who cannot possibly be everywhere at the same time.

Easy to adopt is the program of self-education used by a retired Boston banker. Each year he takes up some new subject for intensive reading. A New England hurricane turned him to the study of meteorology. When a grandson entered medical school, he put in a year reading about anatomy. Right now he's trying to be the best-posted man in his community on Russia.

One of the best ways to enjoy retirement is to review your past life for experiences missed. They needn't be too alluring or grandiose. But now that you can't any longer climb mountains, ride a surfboard, hoe a garden or play tennis, you can find less strenuous but equally enjoyable activities for the first time.

If you've never seen a polo game, go to one! Always despised concerts? Open your mind and attend one! Never read a history of China? Ask your librarian for a copy! Want to know more about America? Get out on the open road!

Every adult, in looking back over life, regrets the opportunities that were lost, the high goals that were missed. But all these gang up on you as you grow older. So why not look ahead now—and plan wisely for the years ahead? If you can shape your desires and affairs to make retirement not only possible but practical at 55, you will find that the following years can be the most interesting and most stimulating of your whole life.

Next month, Coronet will present a sequel to this article. In it, Ray Giles will offer a concrete, comprehensive program for retirement at 55—a program which can be adapted to many income brackets.

Why Start an Argument?

A WOMAN POSED for a picture in front of the fallen pillars of an ancient temple in Greece.

"Don't get the car into the picture," she instructed the photographer, "or my husband will think I ran into the place!" —*The Tatler and Bystander*

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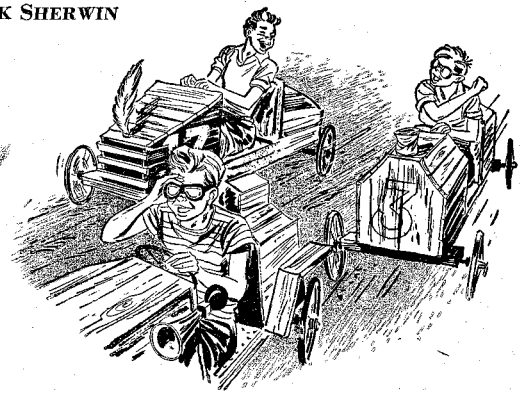
by SAMUEL WEISS AND MARK SHERWIN



DERBY DAY for Soap-box Racers

It's a great day for kids at the annual speed classic in Akron!

"THEY'RE OFF!" Once more this shout will roll and echo over Akron on August 17, when a crowd of 100,000 gathers to watch the world's most unusual speed classic—the annual All-American Soap Box Derby for boys who build and race their own machines.

All the fanfare and color of the great Indianapolis Speedway will be present — the packed stands draped in flags and bunting, the taut racing officials, the busy service pits, the helmeted drivers giving their juggernauts a final check before the starting gun.

Scores of newspaper reporters and a national radio hookup will bring the drama-packed story to waiting millions at home. On the overhead bridge at the finish line, news photographers, newsreel men and television cameras will catch the miniature racers as they roll down a 1,000-foot, three-lane concrete ribbon at speeds up to 35 miles an hour.

All this excitement, all this suspense, is the grand finale to months of planning, designing, building and racing in some 135 communities throughout the land. The only thing missing at Akron will be the pulsating roar of high-speed engines. For these racing machines are powered not by gasoline but by gravity. They are the homemade products of boyish brains and ingenuity, lovingly built to score a possible triumph at Derby Downs.

Don't, however, let the name Soap Box Derby fool you. The American boy has come a long way since the day 13 years ago when the Derby first was run. Today, not a single "soap box on wheels" is in the entry lists. Instead, the crowd of 100,000 will marvel at streamlined machines ingeniously fash-

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ioned of scrap lumber and metal.

Although inventiveness and craftsmanship are paramount, and Derby awards are valuable enough to stir a nation-wide competition among some 50,000 boys ranging in age from 11 to 15, the spirit of sportsmanship and fair play, the ideal of tolerance and cooperation, are the true objectives of the race.

The motorless Derby car, no more than 80 inches long and weighing no more than 150 pounds, must conform to rigid specifications; and inspectors make sure it was boy-built (at a cost not exceeding $16.95) from the ground up. Only the wheels and axle assemblies may be machine-made. A youngster is allowed to heed advice from eager fathers, big brothers and doting uncles, but woe to the lad who cannot explain to the judges—in the utmost detail—how he built his racer himself.

In spite of such limitations, the boys have come up with some startling models. Auto stylists from Detroit admit that they have gleaned valuable ideas from the young speedsters. For example, the contour styling and clear-vision windshield of your 1947 car could have been inspired by the streamlining of the 1940 Derby winner, built by Tommy Fisher of Detroit. As one auto designer explains it: "The way the boys build their cars is generally a good indication of the styling trends the public wants."

LIKE MOST GRASS-ROOTS movements, the Derby had an accidental beginning. In the summer of 1933, Myron E. Scott, photographer for the Dayton *News*, saw a group of boys scooting downhill in home-made buggies. Impressed by their zeal and enthusiasm, he snapped some pictures and showed them to his managing editor. Promptly the two conceived the idea for an annual local race, and soon hundreds of eager lads were applying for entry-blanks.

Next year, Scott found that the Chevrolet Company had been watching his experiment, and soon the race became nation-wide, with newspapers and Chevrolet dealers in 34 cities acting as sponsors. In this year's race, even Canada and Alaska will enter contestants.

The Derby is not to be shrugged off as "kid stuff," for months of planning and preparation go into each annual show. By the time sponsoring newspapers launch their local campaigns some six months before the big day, the young racers storm the offices of Derby Editors. These startled "experts," who are feature writers and reporters drafted for the job, are frequently stumped by the boys' amazing technical knowledge.

"Dear Soapy," wrote one lad, "I expect it will be hot on the day of the race. Can I use magic ice to freeze the rubber on my tires so they'll not stick on the track?"

Another youth asked: "May I guide my steering cable through fitted tubing instead of connecting it directly to the steering drum?"

Lubrication is a constant problem. Ordinary grease or oil won't do for gravity-powered cars, so castor oil is used for smoothness, while jewelers' rouge, a fine abrasive, is put on the wheel bearings. The Shell Oil Company, waxing sympathetic over the lubrication problem, now gives the youngsters a can

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of oil with detailed instructions.

Derby Editors offer no makeshift advice. Each problem is presented to shop teachers in schools, to auto mechanics and Derby Clinics. They are even free to call on the world's greatest group of experts—the staid Society of Automotive Engineers—who have gladly worked out for the boys the intricate mathematics of weight and steering-gear ratios.

At the clinics, free advice and aid within the rules are given, and ideas are discussed among the boys. Here the subtleties of tolerance and cooperation are imbedded along with the nails and tacks that hold the streamlined cars together. Even businessmen, public officials, sports figures and everyday citizens follow the tribulations of the contestants. Many an underprivileged lad who wonders where he can get $10.95 for wheels and axles finds that a sympathetic adult has contributed funds to the Derby Editor for entrants who can't afford to pay.

Then there are the celebrities who sponsor an entire car. It is not unusual to see an individually named racer like "Meatball" alongside Ben Grauer's "Radio Flash," Bill Boyd's "Hopalong Cassidy" and Kate Smith's "America's Songbird." One Chicago sponsor sent a check to underwrite the expenses of ten entrants.

RIVALRY AMONG contestants is fierce, but it is also fair. One youngster visited an icebox factory whose owner gave him some scrap sheets of metal, a critical item in the construction of every racer. Instead of keeping the secret, the boy freely informed the other 14 members of his Derby club, who found the icebox man just as generous.

Another typical Derby story concerns Eddie Clohessy of Brooklyn. His racer was nearly finished when he went on a week-end hike. While he was gone, the car was wrecked by neighborhood hoodlums, who also stole his father's fine set of tools. Soon Eddie's tragedy became known in the neighborhood, and sympathetic merchants, the cop on the beat and a Chevrolet salesman came up with new tools and bits of scrap metal. Within two weeks Eddie had built a new racer which won several heats in the city race.

By the time the city races are held, the whole community has become a participant. The mayor sets aside a stretch of downgrade roadway. The park department erects stands. The highway department paints lanes. A trucker supplies haulage for the racers, and even a local druggist or doctor stands by with adhesive and bandages, since occasionally there's a spill.

Each boy gets into at least one heat. If he loses, he is eliminated; if he wins, he goes on to the finals where a city champion is chosen. Yet the thrill of winning is never allowed to eclipse the Derby objective of good sportsmanship.

In the New York City area last year, the winner was 15-year-old Christopher Withers of Port Washington, Long Island. When the contest was over, young Chris shook hands with the runner-up and said: "It was a swell race, I wish we both could have won."

On the eve of Derby Day each August, there is generally a big send-off for the individual community winners and their parents when, at the expense of each local

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newspaper sponsoring the Derby, they entrain for Derby Downs.

At Akron, with the sirens of motorcycle escorts sounding a symphony along flag-bedecked streets, the boy is driven to the Mayflower Hotel, headquarters for all contestants. As news cameras click, he registers, gets his racing uniform of jacket, goggles and crash helmet, and goes to the room which he shares with three other lads.

For the next three days there are luncheons, sight-seeing tours, receptions and, for leisure moments, a snack bar replete with soft drinks and sandwiches. But the big topic is the race.

On Derby Day, the boys spend most of their time in the pit, making minor adjustments on their cars. Racers are carefully inspected, and if one looks too professional the boy is quizzed about its construction. Last year, a local winner couldn't answer all the questions satisfactorily and was disqualified.

Although cash awards are not given, local and national prizes are bountiful. The winner gets a four-year scholarship to any college of his choosing and a trophy. Second place brings a Chevrolet sedan and a trophy. Winners of third to sixth place each get a trophy. In addition, other awards are donated by local merchants.

Last year, a crowd of 100,000 watched Gilbert Klecan, a 14-year-old from San Diego, flash across the line first. Gilbert, now attending a San Diego high school, plans to use his scholarship at Notre Dame or Marquette. Six of the eight champions who preceded Klecan served in the armed forces during the war. Four have started college with their prize scholarships, the courses ranging from mechanical engineering to medicine.

Some of the former winners plan to be on hand August 17, when the 1947 Derby is run. That night, the great race will be climaxed by a sumptuous banquet, where all contestants will become just boys again. As in past years, they will know that there can be but one winner and just so many runners-up.

They will know, too, that there is more to Derby Day than just competing. As each bright-eyed lad leaves for home, he will take back with him the indelible memory of a great spectacle, and of many new friendships formed in an atmosphere of true sportsmanship and fair play.

Relativity

"Doc," said the old mountaineer, leading a gangling youth into the presence of the village medico, "I want you should fix up my son-in-law. I shot him in the leg yesterday and lamed him up a mite."

"Tut, tut," clucked the doctor disapprovingly. "Shame on you for shooting your own son-in-law."

"Wal, doc," replied the mountaineer, "he warn't my son-in-law when I shot him!"

—Reading Railroad

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by EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

BLUEPRINT FOR SURVIVAL

Here is a credo for America: only by helping to create a New Era for the world can we hope to save ourselves

ACCORDING TO Webster's definition, a paradox is "an assertion or sentiment seemingly opposed to common sense but that may be true in fact."

We of this post-war generation ought to know, for we live in a whole thicket of paradoxes. We stumble over one whenever we pick up a newspaper, sit on one every time we sink into a comfortable after-dinner chair.

Exaggerated? Well, here are a few—and deny them if you can!

The U. S. today enjoys the highest living standards ever reached by a human society—yet labor and social troubles are at a maximum!

The U. S.—despite hysterical redeployment—is still a great military power, yet no less an authority than General Spaatz has asserted that we are "wide open to invasion from the North!"

The world's potential capacity for production has never been so great, yet hundreds of millions are under-fed, under-clothed, under-housed and under-medicated!

Finally, there is the greatest paradox of all, one that cannot be repeated too often: the people who were victorious in World War II find themselves not triumphant and relaxed, but tense and distrustful of the future!

At this point, Mr. Common Sense may explode: "Well, what else do you expect in a world divided like a split glacier?"

But just a minute! It's not that simple. While it is true that our world sometimes seems hopelessly divided, that same division has always existed. In many ways the world is much less divided than it was 100 or 500 or 1,000 years ago.

Think of the time it took to cross the Atlantic in the fastest Clipper ship. Or the years Marco Polo spent in getting to Cathay from his native Venice. There was real division for you!

The trouble today is not that world division has increased. What has increased is frustration. And our present frustration, like all frustration, must somehow spring from a disharmony between means and ends, desire and fulfillment.

Suppose that the world, instead

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of becoming more divided, has merely become—different? If this should be true, then what was called "normalcy" a few years ago would no longer be "normal." It would belong to a pre-1939 past—one that perhaps began to end with World War I.

At all events, it was not until the end of World War II that the New Era began troubling Citizen Smith. It did so in the rudest, least acceptable way—it asked him to begin being different too. And he is still wondering how things suddenly got so queer without his noticing it.

Maybe I can help him. I submit that the New Era has sneaked up on Citizen Smith largely because of a relatively small body of human beings called professional scientists. For the last four centuries, these men and women have not been seeking to *enjoy* things but *finding out what things there be!*

In the process they have dug up countless new principles, devices, gadgets and machines that have enriched—and complicated—life. Finally, in the last 30 years, they have topped off the long process by uncovering three Vital Facts that have introduced a New Era. Any one of these three facts would be revolutionary. Together, they become downright explosive.

LET US FIRST CONSIDER HUMAN poverty. During all recorded history, the human race has been poor. Not only poor in luxuries, but destitute of necessities like food, clothing, shelter and fuel.

The poor people have always complained, and from time to time have actively rebelled. But they never got anywhere. The reason was transparent: raw nature, plus the ancient techniques of agriculture and manufacture, were incapable of providing adequately for basic human needs. So long as this was the case, no revolution could do more than substitute one small privileged group for another.

Over-populated, under-mechanized countries like China and India have never outgrown this situation. But for the last four centuries, the scientists have been busy in the Occident. As a result, they claim today that if all our human resources were exploited intelligently, *shortages of basic necessities could be banished from this planet.*

This does not mean that single countries need to "play Santa Claus." But it does mean that if the peoples of the world would stop fighting among themselves, would banish political motives for uneconomical acts and really cooperate for production, they would eliminate poverty. With this belief, the need for change enters. Formerly it did the masses no good to squawk. Now, backed by the knowledge that relative plenty is physically possible, their roars for the Better Life are impressive. *Therefore the Better Life must be reached.* This is the Vital Fact No. 1.

Vital Fact No. 2: transport and communications have made the world physically one. In pointing this out so forcibly in 1942, not even Wendell Willkie realized to what an extent world shrinkage would magnify and intensify international differences. Yet it is really quite simple:

You hate John Jones and he hates you. So long as he lives in Shanghai and you live in Buffalo, this mutual

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hatred does not matter much. But when you both decide to move to San Francisco and discover you have bought adjoining houses, that your kids play together, and that you and John meet every morning on the way downtown—well, then either you have to make up with John or murder him!

The fact that the Soviets and we now live in one physical neighborhood, separated only by a few hours' flying, that we rub shoulders at a dozen spots with them and their friends, that we can undertake nothing on a world scale without their cooperation, does not make it easier for us to overlook the many things that divide us. But in the long run we, too, shall become close friends—or fight!

Which brings up Vital Fact No. 3. Those same scientists who made the earth fruitful and then shrank it, have recently conceived a lot of new weapons that make the bare prospect of such a fight too horrible even to be countenanced.

Now obviously, there is a lot of foolish talk being mouthed about war—even Atomic War. It is simply *not* true that mankind has "always detested this greatest scourge," as pacifists affirm. Throughout history, the fighters have always become the rulers, the aristocrats, the heroes of legend and song.

World War I, with its gruesome slaughter, brought about a negative reaction that almost caused the U. S., Britain and France to lose the next one. World War II seems to have increased anti-war feeling immensely. World War III appears, in prospect, to be more than imaginative mankind is ready to face at all—thanks to the scientists and their new weapons!

The first of these is the coming atomic bomb, a thousand times as potent as the one that shattered Hiroshima. The average citizen may consider it just a super-explosive weapon. But to the scientists, it taps a new source of cosmic force, the kind that made—and could destroy—the constellations in the sky. A war waged with rocket-borne atomic bombs could be the most gruesome massacre ever recorded on this blood-soaked earth.

And there are other and perhaps worse weapons—uranium dust that can destroy life over broad areas, invisible and odorless poisons, perhaps controllable epidemics. Faced with such concentrated devilment, the stoutest veteran recoils from the prospect of a new World War. And that is Vital Fact No. 3.

Taken together, the three add up to the urgent need for a New Era. Millions of Asiatics are dreaming of revolution. Millions more are struggling to end "imperialism," a bogey whose destruction, they have been taught to believe, will bring the Millennium. Millions of western Europeans are planning to emigrate anywhere. Other millions are counting on what they fondly hope will be the Moscow miracle to create the new world of abundance. It is a case of old minds that, suddenly confronted with a new situation, have soured like old wine transferred to new bottles.

In my judgment, there are not many ways out of the difficulty. One would be to undo and destroy the three new Vital Facts. But this would not work—and is not going to be tried.

Another way is to ignore the

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situation and drift into the very World War III we are so desperately anxious to prevent.

The third and (to me) best way would be to bring new minds to the new bottles. Concretely, this would mean modifying our attitudes and institutions to meet the Vital Facts. A mere start in this direction would end the feeling of frustration. Continuation would avoid another war. And perseverance could make the New Era into something truly fine.

But such a process would jolt the world we live in. No man can forecast all the stresses and changes. Yet among them, surely the following would be found:

1. Transformation of the present sovereign national-state system into some form of limited world government that would substitute law for violence.

2. Greater economic solidarity on an international scale—a willingness to consider economic crisis anywhere a world problem, and remove it cooperatively.

3. The ending of racial intolerance. After all, some 60 to 70 per cent of mankind is not white. These peoples are tired of our rule—and determined to throw it off. No New Era will be created without their cooperation and consent.

Superficially, the chances of our taking steps like these seem none too good. Although the American people in public polls have shown a theoretical willingness to take the lead in substituting world law for atomic violence, our policy-makers in Washington appear determined to ignore the hint.

The new Republican Congress threatens to retreat into darker economic isolation. Meanwhile, racial intolerance, extended from Negroes and Chinese to Mexicans and American Indians, still stalks the land.

Nonetheless, I am optimistic. Among us Americans, the will to live still runs strong. Once we realize that it is no longer a question of our preferences but of our survival, we shall—I firmly believe—insist on being saved. And in the process, we shall no doubt save the world.

No Resistance at All!

TWO GIRLS WERE RIDING the streetcar to work one morning and one of them glanced at the newspaper.

"I see," she remarked to her companion, "that Mr. Brown, the octogenarian, is dead. Now what on earth is an octogenarian, anyhow?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied the other girl, "but they're an awfully sickly lot. You never hear of one but he's dying." —DAN BENNETT

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by SAM SHULSKY

Having a Wonderful Time!

Sending picture post cards to the folks back home is a great American pastime

ONE DAY THIS SUMMER you will get out of the car (train, plane), stretch your legs and announce: "Let's send a post card home and tell the folks we got here O.K."

It's a natural gesture, for sending picture post cards has been a great American habit for half a century. This year, with travel booming, the Post Office expects to handle many millions of them. Furthermore, the total purchase price will run to about $25,000,000. But it's all worth while, for what better way is there of showing the family that wherever we may roam, our country is just a collection of home towns, each proud of its parks, bridges, buildings and statues?

The message, of course, is the least important part of the post card, for writing space is limited to one half of one side of a pasteboard 3 9/16 by 5 9/16 inches. That makes for inexpensive, time-saving correspondence, plus brevity. Which is exactly why the post card was first designed nearly 80 years ago by a postal counselor in Germany.

In the 1890s the idea was introduced to America by lithographers who bought U.S. one-cent postal cards and illustrated them with pictures of any subject that came to hand—from battleships to the popular feminine types of the day. The post-card business has been Big Business ever since.

Millions of cards came pouring off the presses—comic, sentimental, romantic, satirical, artistic, scenic, architectural. Still others were outright moral preachments, bearing such sermons as "Don't forget! We know What we are, but know not What we may Be."

For those disinterested in such heavy issues, there were cards of innocence. A picture of a kitten ensnarled in a skein of wool sold millions. But puppies and horses didn't do as well.

Birds were popular if they were bluebirds, and flowers enjoyed great popularity in the 1900s. But printers soon found that they were expected to depict whole bunches of them for a penny, so prints of single posies remained on the racks.

Any current fad or enterprise provided subject matter for the

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presses, and so diverse were the types that collecting soon became the rage. Everything that happened to or on a post card became news. The Postal Card Society of America, founded in 1901, astounded its membership by announcing that the New Jersey Probate Court had upheld a will written on a card by a Camden prisoner, who then committed suicide. Further excitement was caused when a clerk inscribed 10,161 words on a card, including bits of Shakespeare and Dickens, a chapter from *Genesis*, and finally *Home, Sweet Home.*

TODAY, THE COLLECTING HOBBY has attracted thousands, with advertisers in club papers offering "844 different lighthouse cards, 86 different U.S. warships and 20 different views of Scapa Flow, 1919." Others specialize in pictures of Presidents, in Great Lakes boats, waterfalls, courthouses, libraries and covered bridges.

But even with collecting on the increase and the score of the microscopic writers up to 40,000 words per card, the industry now aims chiefly at furnishing travelers and vacationists the means of giving home-bodies the vicarious thrill of seeing the place "we passed through today." The cards vary with different sections of the U.S., but the buyer for the country's largest variety-store chain finds it best to let the public decide what it wants.

Over the years he has discovered that the card which gives the sender the most to boast about usually enjoys the largest sale. Thus, fashionable and exclusive hotel pictures are always in demand. So are famous buildings, bridges and parks. But the photography must be plain and straightforward. Attempts to introduce arty or trick angle-views of famous tourist spots have failed to interest the American buyer.

If in Los Angeles, you of course buy cards showing the Wilshire Boulevard hotels, the stars' homes in Beverly Hills and the movie lots. In Washington, it's the Capitol and the Lincoln Memorial; in New York, it's the tall buildings, the big bridges and, by all means, the Statue of Liberty. Year after year, pictures of the Lady in New York Bay remain at or near the top of the best-seller list.

Probably the Statue's greatest admirer is Aaron Stone, who for more than 25 years, as head of the Manhattan Postcard Publishing Company, has wholesaled millions of pictures of the Goddess holding aloft the torch of Liberty.

"The Lady is always good," is Stone's succinct judgment. "We have a lot of other good sellers, but the Lady is in a class by herself."

Another perennial favorite is New York's Chinatown. In the last 25 years, Stone has had to change the picture three times. But when the Woolworth Building passed as the world's tallest, sales dropped on post cards carrying its picture.

And what about the once-famed Flatiron Building?

"A slow number, too," says Stone. "Now, you take Grant's Tomb—that's still pretty good. Only a little while ago we made a new shot of it, showing the modern apartment houses along Riverside Drive and including some new model automobiles. But of course it'll never be as good as it once was."

The card manufacturers who spe-

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cialize in historic buildings and resorts are little troubled by changes in architecture or automobiles. The 70-year-old Albertype Company in Brooklyn annually turns out 15 to 20 million quality cards. For decades the leaders have been the U.S. Capitol (perhaps the nation's best seller), the Washington Monument, the Lincoln Memorial, the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara, the Missions in California, the Grand Canyon, Old Faithful in Yellowstone, Washington's home at Mt. Vernon and Jefferson's at Monticello.

The present head of the firm, Herman L. Wittemann, who succeeded his father some 20 years ago, traveled all over the country photographing hotels and resorts from Los Angeles to Bar Harbor. Now tied down to an antique desk and surrounded by photographs of sailing ships which his father snapped in New York harbor 50 years ago, Wittemann can still describe the best spots from which to train a camera—down Michigan Boulevard in Chicago; opposite Cleveland's Union Station; across lower New York from the upper stories of old brownstone homes in Brooklyn Heights.

"If it's a good tourist spot," he declares, "it'll make a good selling post card. If people can get to visit it, they generally want to send it home to the folks."

And that's why, year in and year out, this type of card has been the most popular on the racks at the corner drugstore or the five-and-ten.

They are still the simplest yet most impressive way of showing the stay-at-home just how and where you are "having a wonderful time."

A Business for Crippled Veterans

In Kansas City, two crippled veterans of World War II have found that post-card collecting is a fascinating and profitable business. Directing the Post Card Collectors Club of America from their wheelchairs, Roy Mitchell and Robert Miller in less than a year have boosted their roster to 2,000 active members.

The club's monthly newspaper prints letters from fellow-collectors, plus stories of famous post cards and bits of advice dear to the heart of the confirmed hobbyist. All new members' names are published, with addresses and code signs to indicate the kinds of cards they collect.

To build up business, Mitchell and Miller have added other lines: post-card albums, filing cases, club pins and other paraphernalia. Even more important to the true collector of picture post cards, they have begun research to establish fixed monetary values on old and scarce cards.

Their chief long-range goal is so to enlarge the enterprise that they can provide employment for other handicapped veterans. After that, they hope to make Kansas City the post-card capital of the world.

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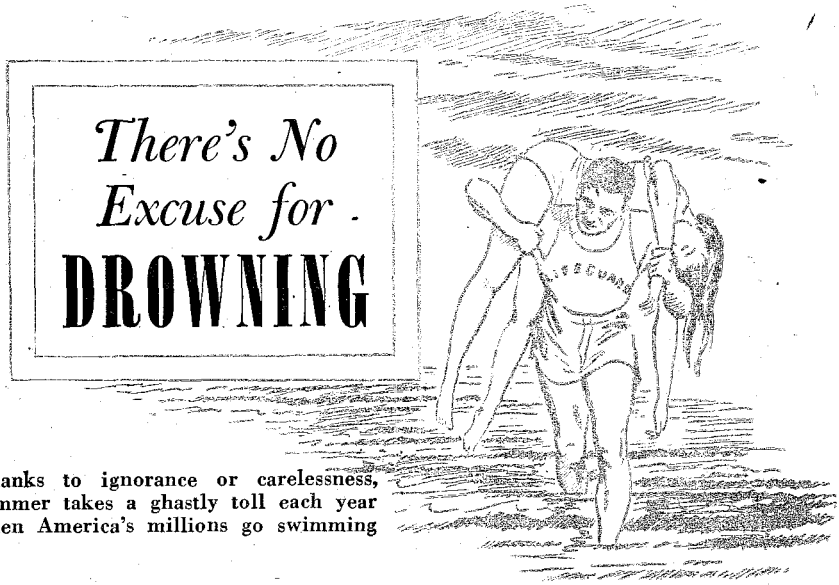
There's No Excuse for DROWNING



Thanks to ignorance or carelessness, summer takes a ghastly toll each year when America's millions go swimming

by CHARLES HARRIS

THIS IS HOW THE STORY of George begins:

It is a hot and sunny summer afternoon, with the "gang" yelling gayly along the lake shore. First a fast game of tag on the sand—a handspring or two to impress the laughing girls near-by—then a rush for the water.

"Hey, guys, watch me!"

"Race you to the raft!"

"Last one in is a monkey!"

And the last one out? The last one out was George. So here is how his story ends:

An organ is playing softly in the background. The air is filled with the cloying perfume of cut flowers. In an alcove off the chapel, a solemn group of George's eighth-grade classmates tug nervously at their white pallbearers' gloves. Suddenly, you hear a mother's heart-rending sob as she says good-bye to the shell of a youngster who, a few days before, was so full of eager life.

Some 7,000 times a year, this tragic scene is repeated with minor variations. For the story of George is a story about drowning—about the needless and pointless drownings of thousands of people, mostly young boys and girls, whose deaths can be charged to public neglect and carelessness.

Right now—in midsummer—the threat of drowning is so great that your 15-year-old boy faces a more deadly peril from it than from flu, pneumonia, heart disease, TB and polio combined! As you read this article, somewhere a youngster is gasping his last tortured breath before sinking to the bottom. And the

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tragedies will go on, summer after summer, until finally we take two simple steps that will largely eliminate drowning as a menace:

1. Teach everyone to swim.
2. Teach everyone to respect the water.

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN at the scene of a drowning? . . .

Bobbie is suddenly missing. One moment he was splashing around in the water, the next he had vanished. Swiftly there is wild panic, with screams for help.

Then the lifeguards arrive, to begin their systematic, maddeningly deliberate diving for the body. Later, as the crowd stands around in a hushed circle, the job of attempted resuscitation begins. It always seems to grow chilly then: even a sunny sky looks suddenly gray. And glancing at the family, you find yourself hypnotized by the shock, horror and disbelief on their faces as they stand by helplessly.

There is a rhythm to artificial respiration—a rhythm which goes on and on until you think it will never stop. One, two, three—four, five. One, two, three—four, five. But it does have to stop, finally, for the lifeguard can't make a dead person breathe. Then comes the awful moment when the lifeguard gets up—and tries to look into the eyes of the waiting mother or father.

Tragedies like this make you stop and think: why do people drown?

Some wade in unfamiliar waters and step into holes. Some trust improvised craft when a spill into six feet of water may be fatal.

A Texas youth tipped over in a canoe. A swimmer of sorts, he made the mistake of trying to reach shore, half a mile away. When his body was washed up four days later, his mother went temporarily insane.

A girl in California was merely knocked off a sand bar by a big wave, yet couldn't regain her footing. A boy in Ohio dove into an unfamiliar quarry and hit a rock just below the surface. A four-year-old Chicago boy died waist-deep in a shallow pool when attacked by a stomach cramp shortly after eating.

The list is endless, yet the reasons boil down to two basic ones:

1. *People drown because they don't know how to swim.*

Some 80,000,000 Americans go in the water annually. Yet when a sampling was made in our armed forces during the war, it was found that of every ten men, only one was a skilled swimmer, five were novices and four could not swim at all. *Only 15 per cent of these men could swim well enough to save their own lives!*

Yet, every summer, millions flock to pools, rivers and beaches—lacking even the simple know-how to save their own lives!

2. *People drown because they fail to respect the water.*

Almost every drowning could be prevented by common sense. But people forget that water can be as ruthless as it is friendly. Until you learn the same respect for water that you instinctively have for an open flame, a loaded gun, a bolt of lightning or a drunken driver, you will continue to jeopardize your life every time you plunge into cool and inviting depths.

Once you are familiar with the two basic reasons for most drownings, you are ready to implement

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this knowledge with ten rules for safety in the water:

1. *Learn to swim.*

Contrary to popular opinion, it is easy to learn. One instructor insists he can teach anyone within 30 minutes—although of course the student must practice what he has learned. Moreover, there are ample opportunities for learning. The Red Cross will furnish trained instructors for neighborhood organizations, plant workers, youth clubs—any group that wants to start a class.

Last year in Brooklyn, more than 14,000 people learned to swim, thanks to a local Red Cross crusade. In Red Oak, Iowa, 2,100 of the town's 15,000 citizens learned to swim during one summer campaign. In Syracuse, an annual drive gives instruction to 1,000 children.

Other agencies cooperate, too. The YMCA, Boy and Girl Scout groups, Police Athletic Leagues and recreation leaders have established programs at pools and beaches.

Educational centers have likewise entered the fight. Most large universities now require a minimum swimming ability for graduation. More and more high schools are building pools or arranging for use of local pools during school hours. In Oak Park, Illinois, high-school students who can't swim must attend swimming classes throughout their four-year course. In New York City, approximately ten per cent of all public-school children can now receive instruction.

Swimming is fun—but it's much more fun to know how to swim adequately. As the Red Cross slogan puts it: "You couldn't think of a better sport *to save your life.*"

2. *Stay out of deep water if you can't swim.*

What fun can there be in a situation where the margin between life and death is a leaky inner tube, a tippy canoe or a sudden surge of the surf?

3. *Never bathe or swim alone.*

Always swim with a group, and keep an eye on those about you. Best of all, pick a place where a trained lifeguard is on duty.

4. *Never wade, swim or dive in dangerous or unfamiliar waters.*

A sudden hole, a turn in the tide, a hidden rock beneath the surface—all can spell death for the novice.

5. *Wait two hours after eating.*

No one knows exactly what causes a swimmer to suffer stomach cramps—except that it frequently happens when the victim has entered the water too soon after eating. The pain is so paralyzing you cannot move a muscle. In your doubled-up position you die, unless someone gives prompt help.

6. *If overheated, stay out of the water: if chilled, get out.*

A sudden plunge into cold water, especially after strenuous exercise, can also bring on deadly stomach cramps—not to mention too great a shock on your heart. So when you have been playing on the beach and are overheated, sit down for a few minutes and cool off.

Equally painful if not quite so dangerous are cramps which attack muscles of the calf, thigh, foot, hand or arm. They can be brought on quickly by remaining in the water when tired and chilled. Many a

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swimmer has been thrown into suicidal panic by that sudden knot which renders a leg or arm useless.

7. *Don't be a show-off.*

Some day the familiar "Betcha can't" and "Dare you to" will be outlawed at beach and pool.

You can spot them at any beach—the Sunday afternoon show-offs who rush into the water, striking out as though they were going to swim the ocean. Any real swimmer performs *parallel* to the shore, where he is not in danger.

A good rule for swimmers is the rule of halves: never swim a distance unless you have complete confidence you could easily go *twice* as far. In other words, operate on the theory that you are only half the swimmer you think you are.

8. *Don't fight the water.*

Instead, fight the tendency to panic in case anything goes wrong. Water itself is more tireless than the strongest swimmer.

When caught in a current, turn with it and angle for shore. When caught in an undertow, do nothing at first. Just wait. An undertow is nothing more than the force exerted by waves receding from shore. The next oncoming wave will carry you if you let it help you along.

9. *Don't jump in after a swimmer in distress unless you are a trained lifesaver.*

There are usually other and safer ways of rescue, such as extending an oar or throwing a rope. When the untrained lifesaver plunges in, multiple drownings often occur.

10. *Listen to the lifeguard.*

Ninety-nine per cent of his duties consist of warning swimmers and enforcing regulations. For his pains, he is likely to be regarded as a professional killjoy. Actually, he may very well have to be tough. If he is, remember—

Those boys swimming out beyond the ropes may remind him of two youngsters for whose bodies he grappled last summer. The cries of the girl pretending to call for help may sound like the panicky screams of a young mother who watched her child disappear in the surf. And the gang diving where the sign says "No Diving" may recall the picture of the youngster hauled in with his skull split open from a rock 13 unlucky inches under water.

As the lifeguard knows, there is no excuse for drowning. Despite its threat as a killer, especially of youth, no scientific sleuthing is required to wipe it out of existence—and end the inane but deadly business once and for all.

Reason Enough

THE DEFENDANT acknowledged that he hadn't spoken to his wife in five years, and the judge put in a question.

"What explanation have you?" he asked severely.

"Your Honor," replied the husband, "I didn't like to interrupt her."

—*Wisconsin Telephone News*

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by **ROBERT J. KUHN**

THOSE DORSEY BROTHERS

WHEN THE NEWLY organized Dorsey band landed an engagement at New York's Glen Island Casino, the future looked golden for brothers Jimmy and Tommy. The Casino was the goal of most dance orchestras: they were hired to open there, and open they did—just long enough for Tommy to blow up and split the band in the middle of a downbeat the night of May 10, 1935.

The couples were dancing to the tune of *I'll Never Say Never Again* when Tommy set a tempo that irritated his mild-mannered brother. Instead of the melody, Jimmy's horn gave forth a gentle but unmistakable burp, to which he added in sweet words: "Let's do it right—or not do it at all."

"Okay!" shouted Tommy. "We won't do it at all!"

With that he tucked his trombone under his arm and pushed through the crowd of bewildered dancers, giving off sparks as he went. Next day Jimmy hired another trombone player and billed himself as "The Original Dorsey Brothers Band"—a move not calculated to win friends and influence brothers. Tommy swore revenge, organized a band of his own—and in the ensuing rivalry, both achieved greater fame and fortune than they could have achieved together.

The story of their lives has been filmed in Hollywood; the Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a resolution lauding them for "courage and perseverance in rising to the top of the musical world," and their combined incomes last year topped $1,500,000. Yet 25 years ago the Dorseys were picking slate from coal piles at ten cents an hour. And like as not, throwing it at each other!

"We just don't think the same way," Jimmy explains mildly.

"And we never will!" echoes his brother.

Now in their early forties, the brothers present an appearance as dissimilar as their temperaments.

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Jimmy is of medium height, has dark hair, soft features and gentle eyes. Tommy is well over six feet, has steel-gray hair and a face and eyes as gentle as a hawk's. Jimmy is shy, soft-spoken, modest. Tommy is loud, opinionated, sure of himself.

Ultra-modern jazz is their pet hate. "Be-Bop?" Tommy demands in a voice that can be heard over the blare of trumpets. "What is it? Even the guys who play it don't know. What they ought to do is play that kind of stuff at home for practice and then come out and play a melodic line."

"Be-Bop isn't very easy to follow, is it?" asks his brother.

A pair of horn-tooting kings of swing bear the same name, but they're a sharp study in contrasts.

This contrast in temperament is further reflected in the boys' incomes. Tommy, the more aggressive, takes in $850,000 annually. Jimmy coasts along on $650,000. But after taxes the difference is not so noticeable.

The money comes from many sources, for a big-name band leader is a big-time business in himself. To handle their theater bookings, one-night stands, night-club engagements, radio programs and other assorted activities, Jimmy and Tommy Dorsey are surrounded by a large corps of booking agents, road managers, arrangers, publishing assistants, accountants, lawyers, public-relations experts, tax consultants and band boys—to say nothing of some 40 temperamental musicians and vocalists. Yet the brothers somehow still think it is all worth while.

James Francis Dorsey was born in 1904 in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. His father, Thomas Dorsey, was a self-taught musician who earned $10 a week in the coal mines and a few dollars extra by giving music lessons. When the second boy, Thomas Francis Dorsey, was born in 1905, the father made up his mind that his sons would be musicians, or else!

While still in knee pants, both learned all the wind instruments before specializing, respectively, in the saxophone and trombone. To this day many consider Tommy a better jazz trumpet player than trombonist, and one of the early Paul Whiteman recordings, *Sand*, is now a collectors' item because it features a hot trumpet chorus played by Tommy, Jimmy and the late great Bix Beiderbecke.

The boys' mother, Tess Langton Dorsey, often was distressed by her husband's rigid disciplining of his sons. To miss a day's practice meant a licking; but when she tried to intercede for them, the stern father would shout: "Tess, my lads are goin' somewhere! I didn't have nobody to teach me, but they have and they're goin' to learn."

Because the family needed financial help, both boys took jobs picking slate from coal. It was back-breaking work. Tommy stood the gaff briefly, then opened a grocery in the Dorsey parlor and sold canned goods to neighbors. Jimmy stayed on at the mines and earned $4.50 a week for a nine-hour daily shift. Meanwhile, formal education brushed the boys but lightly.

After the brothers were sufficient-

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ly trained in music, their tireless father-teacher built an orchestra around them. Since there was no park in Shenandoah, seats were set up outside a dry-goods store and every balmy evening the musicians went to work. Jimmy was 15, Tommy 14. The music was good but the townfolk were poor; so ultimately Jimmy took another job, this time as a blacksmith's helper.

When his hand slipped one day, causing the sledge hammer to hit the blacksmith instead of the horseshoe, the brothers decided that Shenandoah no longer fully appreciated them. Gathering a few teenage cronies who also knew music, the petulant Pied Pipers led the youngsters out of the town. The year was 1922; Jimmy was just 18, Tommy not yet 17.

Alice Rasely, proprietor of the West Side Amusement Park in near-by Berwick, gave the band its first engagement and its name. Reporting for work the first evening, the boys were startled to see posters announcing "The Dorsey Brothers' Wild Canaries."

Even after the Dorsey Brothers Orchestra had gone dignified to the tune of $500,000 a year, close friends still referred to the outfit as the Wild Canaries, and some of them do to this day.

After the Wild Canaries had won their wings, the Dorseys let the Scranton Sirens lure them into becoming side-men. Then Jimmy got an offer from Jean Goldkette and soon made a place in the band for his brother. Both boys were learning their art in nightly practice on the bandstand and in jam sessions in smoky hotel rooms with the top instrumentalists of the day. They learned well, and when Vincent Lopez offered Jimmy a job in 1925, he accepted with the proviso: "Wait till you hear my brother!"

FROM THE LOPEZ BAND there was only one step higher to go—to "Pops" Whiteman, unchallenged King of Jazz. In 1927 the Dorseys took that step. Jimmy, whose only interest outside of music is golf, had befriended a likeable youngster who also loved the game—a member of the Whiteman Rhythm Boys called Bing Crosby. Tommy found mutual interests with another trombone player named Glenn Miller.

But the turbulent Dorseys could never stay put for long. By 1930 they had left Whiteman to skim the cream off the new radio industry. As star instrumentalists with studio bands, each was picking up an easy $500 a week. And they might never have formed their own band again had it not been for Tommy's terrible temper.

While rehearsing a commercial program, T. D. was irritated by the sponsor, who thought the first number should be played third, the third number fifth and the fourth number first. Finally Tommy blew his top instead of his trombone.

"Why doesn't that bald-headed old fool go duck his head?" he demanded of no one in particular.

But the microphone was listening —and up in the client's booth sat the sponsor. Tommy was banned from the network and Jimmy quit, so there was nothing to do but start an orchestra of their own.

In doing so, they did not realize they were setting the pattern for almost all band leaders to come. Most of the big-time leaders before

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them were good businessmen like Paul Whiteman, or personalities like Ben Bernie, or indifferent solo instrumentalists like Guy Lombardo, who depended for success on the ensemble of the orchestra. Today, most of the popular leaders are men who first established their reputations as jazz virtuosi. And the brothers Dorsey led the way.

Starting an orchestra in 1934 was not easy, yet the brothers were in the black from the first day. They signed a recording contract and their discs began selling like popcorn at a country fair. The networks which had banned them as side-men welcomed them as leaders. General Amusement Corporation booked them into Glen Island Casino and began giving them a big-name build-up. But they just couldn't get along together.

"I like to take things easy," Jimmy explains.

"You've got to drive!" his brother insists.

A split was inevitable. When it came, the rivalry turned into a bitter feud. Tommy set forth to outshine his older brother. He built star after star: Jack Leonard, Frank Sinatra, Dick Haymes and Jo Stafford, and launched them on their own once they had achieved fame with his band.

"Frankie?" he reminisces today. "He was a good kid; we used to send him out for coffee."

Jimmy, on the other hand, finds that his vocalists and musicians rarely want to leave. Part of the attraction is Jimmy's honest admiration for good work. He is a perfectionist who rehearses every number until every note is right, every phrase flawless.

To Tommy, however, musicians are merely the working parts of a good orchestra and are easily replaceable. He disbanded his outfit this year, and says today that he will start a new band "as soon as I can get some musicians who don't think they know more about the business than I do!"

What T. D. knows about the business is considerable. For the past ten years he has been among the top three in every orchestra popularity poll. After leaving his brother, he originated the trick of having his band sing obbligato backgrounds to such melodies as *Marie*. When the public wanted swing, he gave them the best: when the public wanted "sweet" music, he gave them his theme song, *I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You*.

TOMMY DORSEY DRIVES himself as mercilessly as he does his men, working from noon until 3 A.M., seeing agents, attending to the music-publishing business he recently established with his brother, recording, choosing new arrangements, working in theaters and night clubs, making guest appearances on the air—and sitting in Italian restaurants until dawn, eating his favorite dish, spaghetti.

The Dorseys are no strangers to movie sets: both have appeared in full-length films and musical shorts. While Tommy loves night clubs, Jimmy prefers quiet evenings at home with his wife and daughter. Tommy rarely cracks a joke, while Jimmy's sense of humor is keen. But in the band business, both brothers have thrived on competition—with each other.

When Tommy's recording of *I'll*

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Never Smile Again made the best-seller lists, Jimmy countered with *Green Eyes* and *Brazil*. When Tommy signed a night-club contract for $5,000 a week, Jimmy topped it by $9,000 for seven nights' work. When Jimmy accepted $20,000 a week for theater engagements, Tommy got $27,600 for a week at the Oriental Theater in Chicago.

Finally, in 1941, mutual friends persuaded them to meet at the Hotel Astor to shake hands and call off the feud. They met, shook hands, smiled. Then Tommy offered an opinion on music; Jimmy disagreed. Within five minutes they were swinging haymakers at each other. When the neighbors back home in Shenandoah read the newspaper stories, they shook their heads and murmured, "Those Dorsey kids haven't changed a bit."

The brotherly competition finally ended in 1942, with the death of their father. Yet a habit of long standing is hard to break, and only today, after years of feuding, have the Dorsey brothers been able to draw close to each other. Perhaps competition from the rising crop of youngsters has something to do with it.

"They call us has-beens," says Tommy bitterly. "Me and Teagarden and my brother. Get that—has-beens! Why, my brother plays more horn than any wet-eared kid in the business!"

Jimmy smiles softly. "It's this way," he explains. "We've got everything—success, money, a little fame—so now we figure we'll just try to act like brothers, that's all."

If at First . . .

S. N. Behrman, one of America's outstanding playwrights, turned out manuscripts for 11 years before he finally sold his first play. Fannie Hurst wrote more than a hundred stories before one was accepted. Somerset Maugham was an obscure writer for ten years. Then, a producer needing a play to fill in while he was looking around dug Maugham's forgotten *Lady Frederick* out of his desk. Maugham became the toast of London.

When Walt Disney applied at the Kansas City *Star* for a job as an artist, the editor told him he didn't have any talent, and sent him away, urging him to give up art. Even his first series of animated cartoons, *Oswald the Rabbit*, failed. Then along came *Mickey Mouse*.

Robert L. Ripley was fired from the first newspaper on which he worked. Zane Grey didn't sell a story during his first five years as a writer.

When O. O. McIntyre was a copy reader on the old New York *Evening Mail* he was fired. H. G. Wells was discharged from his first job—after several months as a draper's apprentice.

Penniless Carrie Jacobs Bond, semi-invalid, tried hand-painted china—even sang songs in vaudeville. Bitter failure was her lot. She tried song writing—and publishers would not buy. Then she wrote the song the whole world loves, *The End of a Perfect Day*.

—*The W. W. & Way*

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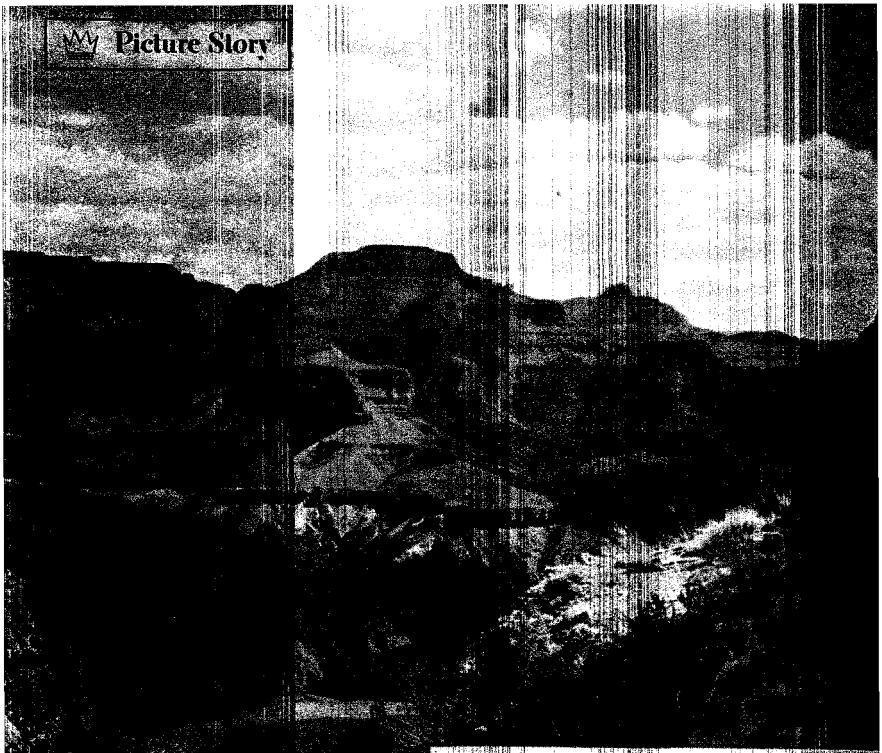
Picture Story



America's Natural Wonders

Perhaps more than other nations, the United States has been endowed with natural bounty. But surpassing even its riches, America has hundreds of natural wonders which combine grandeur and oddity in eternal testimony to nature's infinite skill. To bring you the most impressive of these phenomena in an unusually exciting view of our country, Coronet presents the magnificent color photographs on the following pages.

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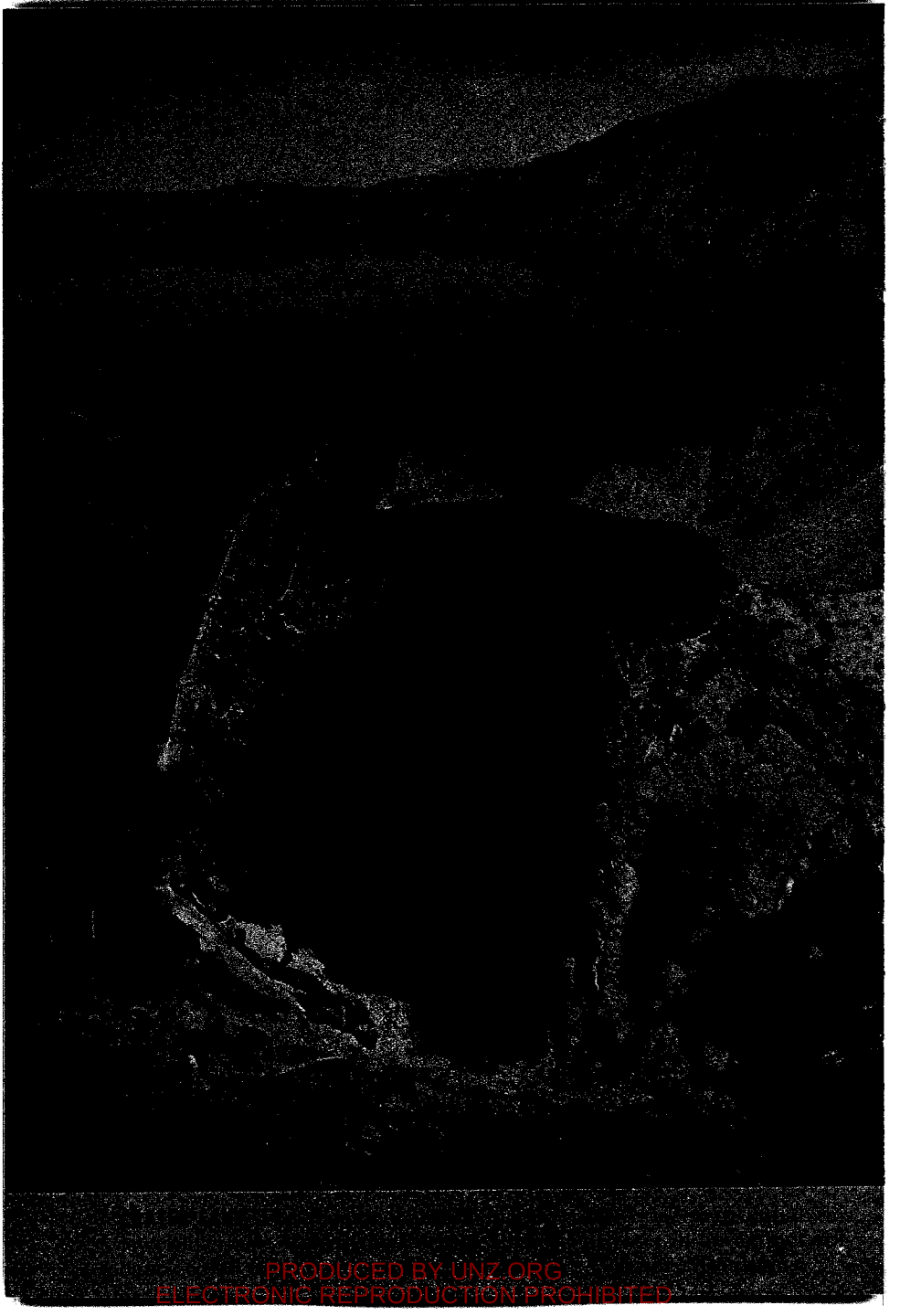

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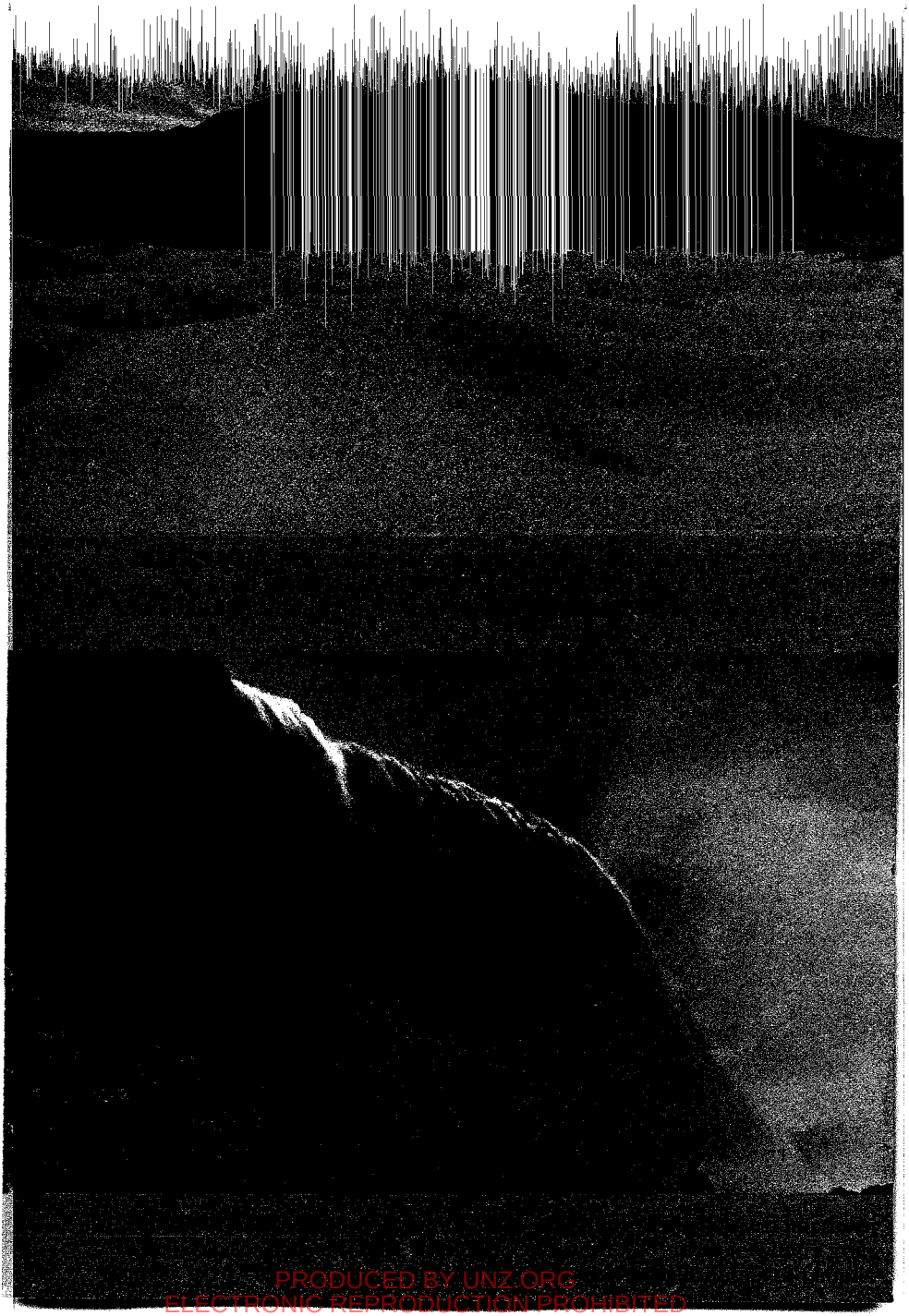

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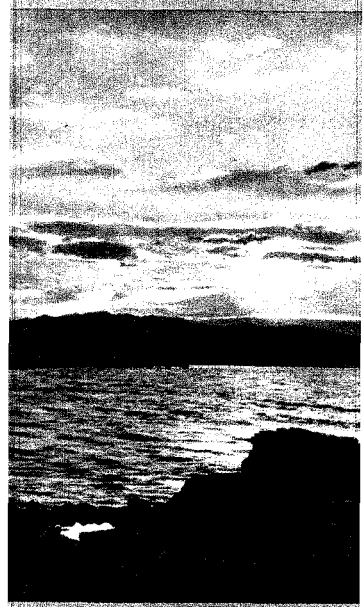

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PETRIFIED FOREST. This section of polished agate was once part of a tree which grew in Arizona millions of years ago. Turned into stone by the earth's minerals, such logs are among nature's strangest legacies.

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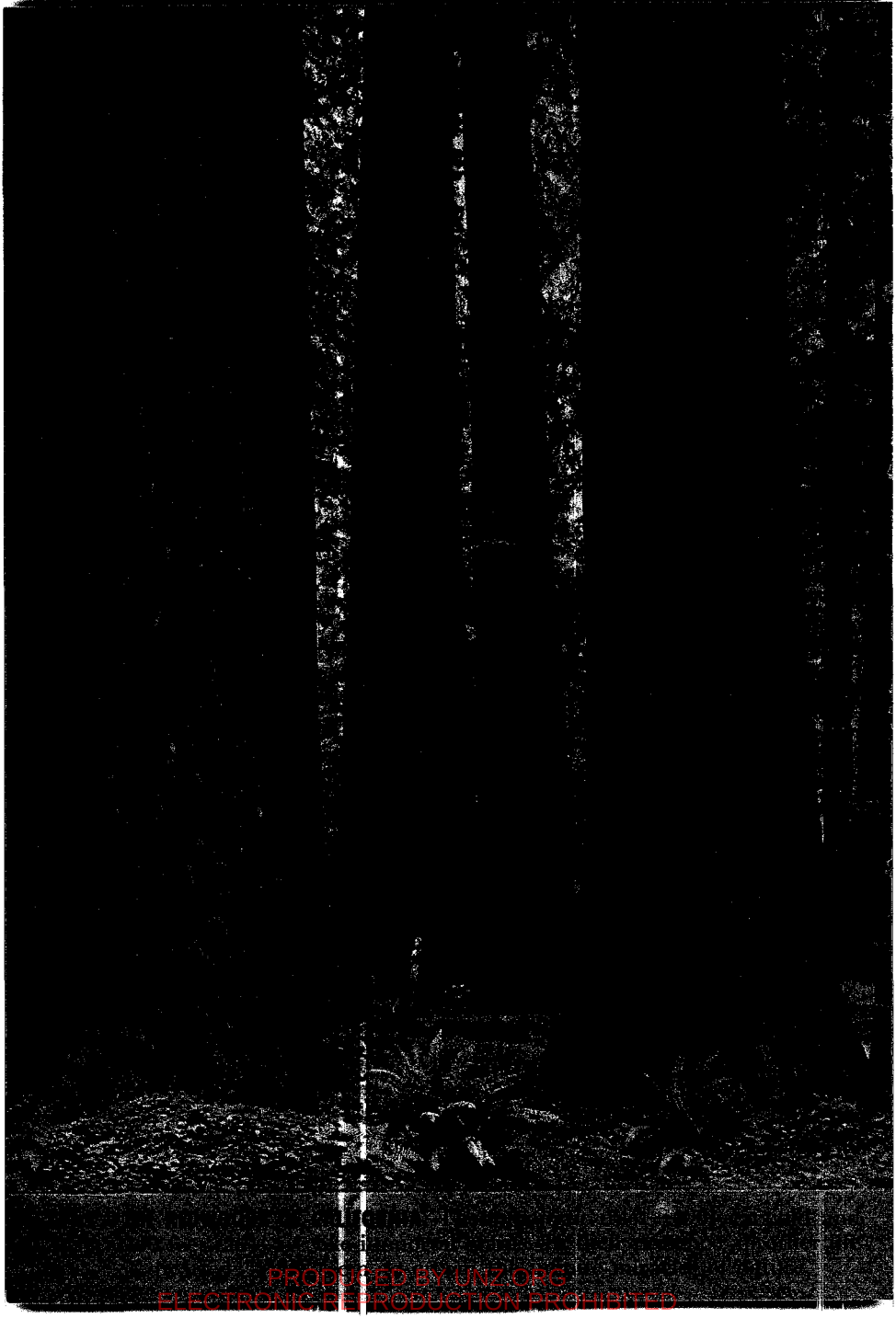

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What It Means to Be a Widow

by ALICE LANNER

Here is the poignant story of one who knows how it feels to be a "fifth wheel"

MY HUSBAND DIED not long ago. After our 20 years of happy married life together, his sudden and unexpected death brought my normal, comfortable, everyday life tumbling down around me. Overnight, things became different, strange, almost unreal.

Yet nothing has been so hard for me to comprehend as the simple fact that I am now a widow. For I have learned, in recent months, that the widow in modern society lives a curious life—a life as disrupting to her memories of the past as it is disheartening to her hopes for the future.

A week after my husband's funeral, I was trundling a grocery cart in my neighborhood shopping center when a large blonde woman descended upon me.

"Dear Alice!" she cried. "My poor, poor dear!"

Then she was kissing me damply on the cheek. "How *are* you bearing up? You've been on my mind constantly since I read in the paper about poor Bob!" She swabbed her eyes with a handkerchief.

A clerk looked up to see what was going on, the butcher paused in his meat grinding, a half-dozen shoppers stared curiously. I muttered something and tried to escape, but my way was barred until this woman I barely knew had finished commiserating with me.

This was not an isolated occurrence. One of the greatest crosses of widowhood is seeing the sweet,

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sad look of sympathy come into an acquaintance's eye, of hearing about *her* feelings when she learned of your loss; of being introduced to someone who says "Mrs. Lanner! How *are* you?" accompanied by a handshake intended to convey a world of understanding.

It is only recently that I have felt I could write about being a widow. And I do not do so now either to invoke sympathy or to ease my sorrow, but because from the crucible of my own experiences I can tell others how a widow can be helped or hurt.

Before Bob's death, like most truly happy people I had never dwelt on the sources of my happiness. I presumed that it was part of the birthright of every woman to have the love of her husband and to grow old with him. Then Bob suddenly died. As a community doctor, he had given too much of his strength, he had worked too hard and slept too little.

The news of his death traveled fast. By noon the next day, flowers began to arrive, until soon they filled the living room. For a week they continued to come while my acquaintances followed much the same pattern.

From morning till night there was a parade of people through my front door. Two of them I had never seen before, and have never seen since. Some came not because of friendship, but because there are people who extract a morbid satisfaction from the grief of others.

Along with the flowers and the people came food—pies, cakes, all sorts of delicacies. Guiltily, I remembered the many times I had trotted to the home of a bereaved friend with a pie, feeling that my duty was done!

Then the flowers and the friends and the food stopped coming; the phone stopped ringing, the house settled down to a deadly quiet, and 11-year-old Joan and I were left alone.

SIX WEEKS AFTER Bob's death, I returned home one afternoon to find a lovely pot of tulips in the living room. I called to thank the kind friend who had sent them, happy that someone had had the vision to know that flowers would mean more during my grim days of loneliness than at first when I was stunned with grief. I shuddered to think how, in the past, I had always been quick to order flowers sent to the home of a bereaved friend. I was learning.

During the next few months there were other acts of kindness that I can never forget or repay. But the readjustment from wife to widow is a slow and laborious process. Even now it is not complete. It has, in fact, been retarded by some of my well-meaning but unthinking friends.

At least once a month I am asked to dinner at the home of a couple with whom Bob and I used to spend much time. But they always invite me alone. The table is set for three instead of four, and always there is the aching gap of the fourth chair.

What a contrast to the couple who called me on the first anniversary of Bob's death. They invited Joan to spend the night with their young daughter, and asked me to join them and some close friends for dinner. Including Joan

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in their invitation made it a double kindness, for a child's loss is as great as an adult's—and is far more frequently overlooked.

When Bob died, Joan not only lost her father but also a pal. Yet I did not realize how deep was the loss until six months after Bob's death, when she came home from school, her eyes red from crying.

"What's the matter, darling?" I asked anxiously.

"Nothing, Mom," she said bravely. Then the tears came again as she told her story. Some of the girls in school had been talking about what they were going to do with their fathers during the summer vacation.

"Then, Mom," she sobbed, "I remembered that I wasn't *ever* going to do anything with Daddy again. Swim, or hike, or have surprises for you. But I couldn't tell them why I was crying. They couldn't possibly understand how awful it is."

Then I knew that, unconsciously, I had been doing Joan a great wrong. Because it hurt me to talk about Bob, I had avoided speaking of him and recalling the good times we had all had together. So that night I got out our home-movie projector and we looked at the family pictures taken since Joan's childhood. Suddenly we were filled again with remembered happiness; and since that night Bob has entered naturally into our lives and conversation.

What's more, several thoughtful fathers with daughters Joan's age have invited her to dinners and week-end parties. Not only have these outings given her pleasure and association with other children's fathers, but they have kept me from growing too close to Joan—from having my mother love turn into "smother" love.

As the months passed after Bob's death, I knew that the longer I postponed taking up the familiar threads of life, the more difficult it would become. So even though it would have been easier to stay home, I forced myself to go out and face friends, to go to church or to market. Also I forced myself to prepare well-balanced meals, and to eat them, not only for Joan's sake but for my own.

Yet despite my efforts to resume living normally, I discovered there are two unfillable voids in a widow's life. I had lost contact with congenial groups I knew while Bob was living, and I was confronted with an almost complete lack of male companionship.

Bob and I had enjoyed social life with mixed groups. Today I have little or none. I have learned that, like the animals in the Ark, guests must come "two by two"; that an odd man is an asset but an odd woman a liability. As a wife, I could converse easily and intelligently. As a widow, I am still the same woman, still have the same interests, the same feelings, but I have become "a fifth wheel."

My social life is largely limited to the "girls." My days seem to revolve around talk of menu planning, child rearing and home decorating. Worst of all is to hear the "girls" recount the virtues and faults of their husbands.

Before Bob died, my friends and relatives thought me competent to handle my personal life. Now I am

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deluged with unasked-for advice on how to raise Joan, how to handle my business affairs, what to do, even where to go.

Gone are the days when my husband asked for serious advice and I gave him serious answers. I hear no masculine talk, no anecdotes about the business world. I am living in a complete female void—and I don't like it.

I believe that almost any normal, healthy woman, widowed in her middle years, would like to remarry. But I am weary of the old idea that all widows have their cap set for some man . . . any man. In my own case, I know I would not substitute the loneliness of widowhood for a weak imitation of the marriage that I was once fortunate enough to have.

I am growing weary of the knowing looks, the sidelong glances (even from friends) on the rare occasions when I talk to an unmarried man, a widower or another woman's husband. I am tired of people thinking that some strange change took place in my character at the moment I became a widow. When I was married, it was accepted as natural that Bob courted and won me. But now, if I should remarry, people would say: "How did she *ever* catch him?"

Another fact a widow may just as well face is that even her close friends' interest in her grief will be short-lived. She must remember that when someone asks, "How are you?" it is only a rhetorical question. If she replies "All right," she is considered heartless; and if she sobs on your shoulder, she is considered a bore. Therefore I keep my troubles to myself.

I have, in fact, developed a false armor of courage to deceive the two people closest to me—my mother and my sister. In an effort not to worry them, I always try to make my letters cheerful, try to show how well I have become "adjusted." But once, when writing home, I must have voiced a hint of depression. By return mail I had a letter wanting to know if something was "troubling" me? Was anything "wrong"?

Of course, there have been a great many things wrong—loneliness to endure, decisions to make, plans for Joan's education, provisions for her future if anything should happen to me. Should I sell my home and uproot Joan in an attempt to run away from my grief, or should I fight it out alone in the old, too-familiar environment? Yet how could I discuss this many-sided problem with my family without committing the sins that I had once criticized in other widows?

I HAVE LEARNED, FROM watching the struggles of other widows to manage their affairs, how fortunate it was that Bob provided for me. Yet while he was living, like most people I shied away from the thought of his death. Occasionally, when he tried to talk about what I should do in the event of his death, I buried my head, ostrich-like. Then one day he said to me, gently but firmly: "Sit down. I want to talk to you."

And for the next half-hour he talked and I listened. Patiently he went over his insurance policies, the property we owned, including our home, and his few other investments. Occasionally he asked ques-

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tions to see if I understood; but even as I answered, it was impossible to visualize life without Bob. If anything *should* happen to him, I thought (and never was there sillier reasoning) that somehow the insight to manage my affairs would come to me.

I saw furrows on Bob's forehead, lines of tiredness about his eyes, but I wondered why he smiled. It wasn't until after his death, when I met Bob's lawyer, that I realized the meaning of that smile. I certainly was not a "wealthy" widow, nor even "well-to-do," but I would have enough to take care of Joan and myself. Bob had been happy in the knowledge that we would never suffer want.

From this experience of mine, I know how necessary it is for a woman to understand as much as possible about her husband's business, so that she will be able to handle his estate intelligently.

There are many unscrupulous people in the world to whom a widow is easy prey. She will be asked to pay bills that have already been paid, to contribute to this fund or that cause, to invest in business—reputable or otherwise. Unless she is wise and alert, she will likely be fleeced.

I have learned how necessary it is for a woman to develop inner resources while her husband is living—an interest in books, music, people, crafts or specialized skills. Not only will she be a better and more interesting wife, but she will be a happier widow. She will not be left mentally high and dry.

Lastly, I have learned never to mouth platitudes about another person's sorrow.

"To die in one's sleep. Such a wonderful way to go!"

"Be glad the child's arm is paralyzed, not her leg."

Rationalization does not help to ease the sting of sorrow.

I am not alone in my own grief. Thousands of other women, young, middle-aged and old, silently grieving or loudly wailing, are learning to adjust themselves. They, too, are being helped or hindered by friends. I still occasionally receive a sweet, sad look, a moist and poignant handshake. But I pay them no heed. For, although I am still aware that I am "less than half," I have come a long way toward a new life of my own.

Sign Language

Spotted in a grocery-store show window in Albany, N.Y.—
"Strictly fresh eggs—75 cents
"Fresh eggs—60 cents
"Eggs—50 cents"

—Carl Knudsen

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by WILLIAM STEPHENSON

Master Silversmith of Mexico

It was a great day for beautiful Taxco when William Spratling settled there, determined to revive an ancient craft

ON THE 27TH OF EVERY June, the population of the picturesque Mexican town of Taxco gets into holiday garb for an all-out session of rejoicing. For three days the people drink and eat, dance and sing, laugh and love until the very roofs of the ancient mountain citadel ring.

And what is the occasion of this grand fiesta? A salute to some revolutionary hero? A saint's day? Not at all. The good townsfolk are out to honor the two products which in the last ten years have brought wide fame to Taxco—the metal silver, and the man William Spratling — the latter affectionately known as "Don Guillermo."

At 46, lean, tough Bill Spratling looks like anything but the patron saint of the silver industry, one of Mexico's largest in point of value. Yet that is exactly the position of this talented American craftsman.

When Spratling came to Taxco (Tahs-co) 17 years ago, there was hardly a silversmith in town. Moreover, he started from less than scratch, since native craftsmen had an antipathy to working in silver. Gold, wool, tin, and even copper were fit mediums for their talents. But silver? That, said the craftsmen, was good only for kitchenware.

Today, with good silversmiths making up to 500 pesos a week, they have effected an about-face. Silver, once the choice of fastidious Spanish and Aztec nobles, has come back into its own. Taxco, the forgotten village which used to lie dreaming in the sun, is now the "Florence of Mexico." And Bill Spratling, the man who helped accomplish this miracle and made a fortune for himself by fashioning exquisite silver ornaments, is proudly happy of his achievements.

You might say it was luck or

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foresight that brought Bill Spratling to Taxco, though the town prefers the word Fate. In 1922, having just turned 22, he was an instructor in architecture at Tulane University. Being keenly interested in Spanish colonial architecture, he gravitated, during summer vacations, to the country south of the Rio Grande.

He liked Mexico from the start—liked it so much that he spent successive summers lecturing on Spanish colonial architecture at the University of Mexico, his winters doing the same at Tulane. Before he knew it, he was a recognized authority.

The break came in 1929, when a New York publisher invited Spratling to visit Mexico and write a book on that country. He felt the job might take six months, and went prepared to stay that long. But actually the book took more than two years to complete—and Bill stayed on and on, until now, as he says, "I'm a permanent fixture—like the tamale."

IN 1929, THE BREAK came for Taxco too, although in a roundabout way. Moisés Sáenz, Mexican educator and statesman, organized a company to put his country's arts and crafts on a business basis. Then he asked Spratling to locate a site and get under way with a few tinsmiths. Spratling, wandering through the hills, found several tinsmiths, brought them to picturesque Taxco and put them to work.

Not long after, Spratling was on his way to Acapulco, the resort, in company with Dwight Morrow, then our Ambassador to Mexico. As they were passing through Taxco, the Ambassador noted the silver mine at the edge vn. He noted, too, the poverty of the village.

"What a pity," he exclaimed, "that none of the silver wealth produced here has stayed in this beautiful town!"

Spratling was struck with the remark. A couple of months later, when Sáenz's plan failed for lack of capital, Spratling rounded up the stranded tinsmiths, rented a house and launched his gamble.

"It seemed sort of crazy at the time," he recalls. "There were 160 pesos in the cash box when we started production. But tortillas and frijoles had to be paid for, and every man did his best."

The rented house was soon buzzing with an activity that set sleepy Taxco on its haunches. What was the crazy gringo up to? On the bottom floor two looms were turning out beautiful native blankets, on the second floor tinsmiths made lanterns and candlesticks in designs that the tireless Spratling himself adapted. On the top floor two goldsmiths, grumbling at the indignity, were executing more Spratling patterns—in silver. And somewhere in the building carpenters were turning out handmade furniture, also to Spratling specifications.

Although Don Guillermo's famous designs now come from a style which is his own, he had to proceed cautiously at the start. He was afraid that the Mexicans would think he was just another "gringo" who had come to corrupt and commercialize a traditional art. So in spare moments he scoured the hills for authentic native designs, pored over thousands of vases and ornaments handed down from pre-Cortes days. From these ancient speci-

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mens he fashioned his own patterns.

For the first few months it was only the blankets and tin ornaments which kept the company's head above water. Nobody, it seemed, wanted silver ornaments, however beautiful. Then Spratling had his first stroke of luck.

A large group of American businessmen, teachers and industrialists, the vanguard of thousands to follow, dropped in at Taxco for a one-day visit. Spratling laid out his silver ornaments. To his astonishment, the tourists bought his entire stock and clamored for more.

"It was then that I knew I was right," says William. "Up to that time I wondered if I alone saw the possibilities of silver. Now I knew the public saw them too."

Spratling's visitors soon exhibited their trophies to envious neighbors in the States, and when orders began arriving from swank shops in American cities, he had to sink every cent of his capital in more silver. Yet the risk was worth while, for as he had hoped he began depending more and more on this metal, gradually cutting down on tin ornaments and blankets.

ABOUT THIS TIME it dawned on Spratling that he had something which could easily blossom into an enormous industry and get out of hand. Designs could be mass-produced or copied by machine. His whole quality system could be undermined by a few unscrupulous operators. So to instill pride of workmanship in his fellow townsmen and to insure that his own products retained individuality, he set up a training program within his shop, like a medieval European guild. Young boys were put under the guidance of masters.

They learned by doing, and the rigorous apprenticeship made them expert silversmiths. It also made them all devoted to Don Guillermo, their boss.

Payment for the Sunday holiday was in effect in his shop long before it became general Mexican law, and the wages he paid apprentices were unheard of in a country where apprentices usually get merely a weekly tip. Quite often a boy would save enough money to start a business of his own. Spratling actually encouraged this, for he knew that the more numerous the shops, the more Taxco would be enhanced as the silver center of Mexico.

Year after year, Spratling's sales mounted, until he set the policy of allowing only one shop in each city to handle his products exclusively. His trade-mark, reminiscent of Aztec symbols but actually just a combination of his initials W and S, became a byword for quality.

Until 1944, Spratling handled all the business details for Spratling y Artesanos, but seldom in the 15 years did he have cash on hand. Every order was bigger than the preceding one, some being so large that he had to sink every centavo into more raw materials. So in 1944 he decided to reorganize the company and permit investors to come in. Between them they got together about 1,000,000 pesos, with which they rehabilitated a magnificent 16th-century hacienda at the entrance to Taxco. Lights and telephones, running water, a swimming pool, a cafeteria and many other features now make the seven-story factory the showplace of Taxco.

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Although Spratling himself is now only a shareholder without a major interest in the firm, he still retains absolute control of designs, and none but his own are produced. His name, too, must be on every piece of silver that leaves the shop.

Bill spends his time making about 15 new designs a month for his shop, bossing his ranch a short distance from Taxco, sailing his yacht, and making daily trips to the village, which is probably the most picturesque town in all Mexico.

Today Taxco is run by the state government as a national monument. With a new highway going past the town and tourists crowding the narrow cobblestone streets, it might easily have been robbed of its quaint charm by neon lights, gaudy signs and shiny new buildings. Instead, it is almost exactly the same as when Cortes the Conqueror arrived more than 400 years ago. Modern buildings have been added, and other improvements, but under the conservation law each has had to be approved by a Federal Fine Arts Department.

Taxco, however, has not always led an idyllic existence since Spratling first arrived. On December 9, 1941, he returned from a business trip to find his fellow smiths plunged in gloom. With a war on, they would never sell silver, they declared. It would be better to make a bankruptcy declaration and salvage what they could from the wreck. Would Don Guillermo also close his shop and join them?

Spratling's reply was typical. "My biggest assets are my men," he said, "and I won't let them down. We won't close until all resources have been exhausted."

He was right, as usual, and today his fellow smiths bless him for his courage. Six months after Pearl Harbor the silver industry began to receive the biggest orders on record. American retailers, finding overseas supplies cut off, rushed to Mexico to buy everything in sight.

To Don Guillermo Spratling, the pioneer of Taxco, this was solace indeed. For here was proof that not even the greatest war in history could dim his vision of an ever-prosperous, ever-beautiful community of master craftsmen.

Bedside Manner

THE PATIENT WAS an attractive and beautifully dressed woman of middle age. After finishing his examination, the doctor told the nurse to have the patient dress, and went to his office to write prescriptions.

When he returned, the patient was ready to leave. As they stood discussing treatment and directions, the doctor absent-mindedly picked up from the chair a wisp of white satin and lace which he thought to be her scarf, and draped it carefully about her shoulders. At that precise moment, it became apparent to all three—patient, nurse, and doctor—that the white satin affair was no scarf at all.

—EARL MERCER

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Thanks to the marvelous mechanism of the human body, it's really *hard* to die!

You're *Tougher* Than You Think

by J. B. RICE, M. D.,
AND FLORENCE ROBERTS

THE CORONER IN A Midwestern city was recently called upon to determine the cause of death in an elderly man found dead in the street. Examination of the body revealed that his lungs were half-useless because of tuberculosis, his heart muscles were inflamed, he had hardening of the arteries and chronic Bright's disease.

Which of these caused his death? None of them! He was killed by accident—a streetcar hit him.

You might expect that this disease-ridden man would have been a helpless invalid. On the contrary, his widow testified that up to the day he died he had been engaged in hard manual labor. For years his body had been fighting furious battles against "incapacitating" diseases, yet he was almost unaware of the struggle. He enjoyed life—and it took a 20-ton streetcar to kill him.

Living in a world teeming with deadly bacteria and viruses, we take the threat of death for granted. Familiar with modern medicine's never-ending fight against disease, we wonder how the battle will ever be won. Reading countless stories which stress our slim chances for survival, we adopt a fatalistic attitude toward the Grim Reaper.

Yet despite the shadow of death which seems to hover over us, *it is hard to die.* So hard, in fact, that life — not death — should be the yardstick of our thinking. We are equipped with all sorts of defenders working day and night to keep us alive and well enough so that we want to live. They put up a remarkable fight and, obviously, almost always win.

To most of us, a newborn baby seems the most delicate thing in the world. In hospitals, you can peer at the newcomer only through a wall of glass. When first he is put into your arms, the chances are you will handle him like an eggshell. Yet doctors have a saying that is not entirely facetious: "It's hard to kill a baby."

One reason babies are so "tough" is that they are born protected—by

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something doctors call "natural resistance"—against many diseases. For a limited period after birth, it is almost impossible for babies to catch certain infections, like measles and scarlet fever. They are susceptible, however, to some infections which adults are able to resist. That's why infants are kept in comparative seclusion.

As we grow older, our natural resistance and other protective mechanisms change and develop. Our bodies "learn" from experience, so that by the time you read this, you are really an expert at fighting disease and death.

EVERY DAY OF YOUR life, you are surrounded by dangerous bacteria, yet most of the time you don't even realize they exist. Flu germs, for instance, are almost always in the air (and probably in your nostrils right now), but how often have you had an attack of flu? Unless you are exposed to a very concentrated dose of germs, or are in uncommonly poor physical condition, your body takes care of occasional invaders with no fuss at all. Your natural resistance is there to protect you.

How does this resistance work? Most of the time you are as unaware of it as you are of the germs, but every once in a while, when the going gets hard, you can see or feel it in action. When you wake up with an inflamed throat, a touch of fever or even with an annoying little pimple, these are signs of your resistance to infection. It works in different ways, depending on the kind or intensity of the attack, but the general plan of defense is always much the same.

Your sore throat may be uncomfortable, but in a way the swelling and inflammation are good signs. They mean that your body is not taking it "lying down" but is up-and-at some unwelcome invader. Your throat is swollen and inflamed because your blood stream is rushing defenses to that area of your body; the tiny blood vessels have dilated so as to carry an extra blood supply. In that blood are millions of cells called leucocytes which have a very definite purpose in life—to hunt out invading germs, surround and devour them, so they can't do you harm.

Ordinarily you are equipped with about 40 billion of these germ-eating white blood cells, apparently a sufficient number to keep you safe. But when you are so forcibly attacked that you feel reaction, you unconsciously summon an enormous reserve force.

Via the body's astoundingly complex yet efficient system of nervous and chemical messengers, news of the struggle is relayed to remote parts. Far from the scene of action, deep in the bone marrow, new leucocytes are manufactured at a rate that puts the most efficient industrial factory to shame. Within a few days, the total number of leucocytes may increase from 40 billion to 200 billion!

If things have gone far enough to require that miracle of production, the chances are that you have developed a fever. (Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, of course, the enemy is routed before this. You know from personal experience how frequently a sore throat seems to "cure itself" in a couple of days.) Fever is a necessity only when the

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leucocytes find the going hard. If they can't stop the invasion and localize it to your throat, something *general* has to be done—something to stop the spread of infection. Fever is the answer.

Disease germs are finicky about their climate. If the temperature is too low, they stop growing. If it's too high, most of them die. Bacteriologists found this out decades ago, but nature beat them to it by millions of years, and nature has been using fever ever since as a protective device.

When your temperature goes up a few degrees, it makes the germs more uncomfortable than it does you. In fact, it burns them up, almost literally. So it is not wise to try to get rid of your fever by dosing with aspirin or other drugs. The best way to help your body defenses is to let your fever alone, stay in bed, and call your doctor, who will know what to do.

By this time, if the infection seems in danger of getting out of hand, your body has started a new manufacturing process. Once it finds out the exact nature of the invading force, it begins to turn out chemicals especially adapted to fight them. These chemicals are "specific antibodies" to kill specific germs or neutralize the poisons which these germs create inside you.

Doctors speak of a drug as a "specific" when it seems especially suited to the treatment of a certain disease. No drug is better adapted to its job than the specific antibodies. They are a kind of personal "wonder-drug," concocted just for your protection. It takes years or decades to produce new medicines like the sulfas or penicillin; but the body turns out some tailor-made chemicals in just a week.

Before the sulfas or penicillin were discovered, one of Broadway's most popular actresses failed to appear at curtain time. Next day it was announced that she had contracted pneumonia of a type for which no effective drug was known.

Within a few days her condition became desperate, despite the efforts of several specialists, and by the seventh day she was in coma, with germ-filled lungs. She could breathe only in an oxygen tent; the doctors almost despaired of saving her. Suddenly, on the eighth day, her temperature started to fall, her lungs began to clear. In another 24 hours, the doctors knew she had won her battle for life.

For a week, while she lay near death, this actress' forces of natural resistance had been busy inventing and manufacturing a new chemical to combat the pneumococci in her lungs. The scientific laboratories in her body had put on an act more packed with drama and suspense than any the actress had ever played on the stage.

LIFE-AND-DEATH STRUGGLES in the body, however, are not always spectacular. Even the prosaic pimple may be a life-and-death matter to the leucocytes.

Pimples usually start as small red blotches and eventually turn into whitish swellings. That shows what is happening: the redness is due to the extra flow of blood to the infected area; the whiteness is pus formed by the liquefied bodies of leucocytes that have died in battle. Ordinarily, pus is carried off by the efficient blood stream; but if a

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great many leucocytes are killed, their bodies may pile up too fast to be removed immediately.

The reason why it is almost never helpful to squeeze a pimple is that you may spread the infection. Left alone, the leucocytes form a wall around the invading germs. But it is a very fragile wall, easily broken. Squeezing the pimple may remove pus, but inside, it may push some germs through the leucocyte barrier. Nature would take care of the whole matter much more efficiently without interference.

But disease germs are not the only dangers against which you are guarded. Your body is full of cell chemists that know more tricks than the most expert laboratory scientist.

Do you take poison? The answer is "Yes," no matter what you think. If you use tobacco, drink an occasional highball or coffee or tea—in fact, if you just plain eat or breathe —you get your daily "pinch of poison." But you don't die.

Chemists in the liver, in the kidneys and in other organs constantly neutralize the poisons in your blood, making them harmless. Even your bones help in this job by acting as a depository for such substances as arsenic, lead, radium and fluorine. These can be deadly poisons, but unless you try taking them in quantity, your skeleton keeps them from killing by removing the small amounts you usually take in from your blood.

The skeleton brings up another body function that makes it hard for you to die. Everyone knows that a bone fracture "re-knits" itself. A broken leg, if correctly set, can be as good as ever. The same kind of repair process goes on every day, all over your body. New cells are constantly being made, worn-out cells are replaced, broken-down tissue repaired.

We carry "spares" too, that can keep us going even when the repair service may not be up to par. No one in health really needs more than three-fifths of his liver. Men have led active lives with one lung in working order. The heart muscle is equipped for more labor than the normal person demands of it. Most of our organs will take quite a beating before they quit and let us die. Moreover, they usually give fair warning when we are making life hard for them or they are in trouble.

Pain of any kind shows that something is wrong. Fatigue tells you that you are doing too much, or resting too little, and had better slow down until your repair mechanisms get a chance to catch up. Fever shows that your natural resistance is having a hard time. Don't ignore these distress signals: they are calls for help from you or from your doctor.

It is no more sensible to depend solely on your defense mechanisms, ignoring the aid science can give you when necessary, than it would be to rely entirely on your memory for all the phone numbers you may wish to call. Someone invented pencils and paper to help your memory when it has too much to do; similarly, scientists have found or invented scores of drugs that can come to the aid of your natural defenses whenever they are being overworked.

If your sore throat persists, or you get one sore throat after an-

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other; if simple things like headaches or colds are always pestering you; if you *never* can seem to get rested, then it is time for you to get a doctor's diagnosis and help.

A call for help, however, is no cause for panic. On the contrary, it should be a comforting reminder that this natural device for your protection is just one of many available to you. You can help to keep all your defenses up to par in several ways: by eating nourishing meals, getting enough sleep and not going to the extremes of work or play which set up that first distress signal—simple fatigue.

In emergencies, when you do need a doctor's help, you can best help him by being calm and cooperative. Don't forget all those natural forces working for you. You add to them by enlisting your confidence and your will to get well—two powerful allies in your body's fight against disease.

Grounds for Divorce

OUT WEST WHERE MEN are men and grounds for divorce are really rough, a Phoenix, Arizona, husband complained to the judge: "Well, your honor, on five occasions she hit me over the head with an axe. If this keeps up someone's going to get hurt." —GRACE POSTON

A CHICAGO WOMAN shed her terrible-tempered mate when she offered the following testimony: 1. He did not like the wrist watch she gave him for Christmas. "He threw it against a wall, smashing it," she said. "He said what he really wanted was false teeth!" 2. On their second wedding anniversary, her husband awakened her with the announcement that he had an anniversary surprise for her. It was a very black eye.

FEW WOMEN CAN MAKE the charge stick when they claim to have nothing to wear. One who meant it was a Decatur, Indiana, wife who filed for divorce on the grounds that in six years of marriage her husband had bought her just one dress—at a cost of 97 cents. —JEAN KERBS

IN RENO, A WOMAN suing her spouse for divorce claimed he was both stingy and beastly. "He used to give me $10 every night, take it away from me while I was asleep, and then scold me in the morning for losing it!" she told the judge. —HY GARDNER IN *Parade*

SEEKING AN ANNULMENT of his marriage on the grounds of cruelty, a Los Angeles man testified, "Every time I made love to my wife, she demanded $5 for each kiss. It was $5 and $5 and $5 . . ."

—JOSEPH C. STACEY

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by NORMAN AND MADELYN CARLISLE

Private Lives of Public Lockers

You'd be surprised at the things people store in dime-a-day catchalls: anything from a nickel to an expensive fur coat!

ONE DAY PAUL W. KIMBALL, president of the American Locker Company, found himself with time to spare before catching a train. As he frequently does, he spent the time watching travelers check their luggage.

Finally he noticed a man talking with a feminine companion while distractedly placing his luggage in a locker. Kimball walked up and introduced himself.

"Do you use lockers often?" Kimball asked.

"Whenever I travel," the man answered.

Kimball smiled. "I wonder if you have ever had the experience of putting your bags in one locker and then locking up another?"

The man laughed incredulously. "I can't imagine myself doing a thing like that!"

"Then what would you think if I said your bag is not in the locker you just locked?"

"I'll bet $10 it *is!*" said the man promptly.

He opened the door and was confronted by an empty locker.

As a look of astonishment spread over his face, Kimball opened the next locker and handed him his traveling bag.

"Keep the ten," he said smilingly while the man stared after him, still unbelieving.

"You just can't convince them," say the locker attendants, who have seen this happen too many times to put much faith in human powers of observation. In spite of the fact that, to use a locker, all you do is open the door, place your property

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inside, shut the door, drop your dime in the slot and remove the key, the human factor makes mistakes possible in an otherwise foolproof mechanism.

You may not be one of the people who make this mistake, but the chances are good that sooner or later you will use one of these convenient metal repositories. Statistics show that last year 40,000,000 dimes clicked merrily into the slots of the nation's lockers. This year the figure will probably jump, for the locker business is booming.

No longer are lockers limited to their original habitat, the railroad station. Banks of them are appearing in department stores, theaters, bus stations and airports. Soon they will be found in any country that has airline service. Yet oddly enough, there's nothing very new about the idea of the automatic locker.

The first patent was taken out by two Californians, Willis Farnsworth and William Reed, in 1911. A company was organized in 1912 in California to lease state rights on a royalty basis. It was followed by more than a dozen other concerns, but what seemed like a good idea basically just didn't work, and most of the companies gave up.

In 1920, the American Locker Company of Delaware was organized to operate on a nation-wide scale, because of the large equipment reserve required and the obvious need for standardization. The company did not sell its lockers; instead, it leased them to transportation and other agencies on a split-fee basis.

Nevertheless, the bankers in 1931 were shaking their heads over the company. At that moment there appeared two hardheaded businessmen who felt the locker picture wasn't so bad after all. They were Hamilton W. Baker, ex-mining engineer, and Paul W. Kimball, ex-physician turned investment banker.

Kimball and Baker prowled around railroad stations and quickly uncovered reasons for poor business. "What the lockers need," they decided, "is color. And the right location!"

They had discovered the secret. By painting the lockers gray or bronze instead of a depressing olive drab, and by locating them in spots past which people flowed, they were able to increase business noticeably in a few weeks. And in the last ten years the number of lockers has increased about 125 per cent, but use of them has jumped about 700 per cent.

SOME PEOPLE HAVE astonishing notions about lockers. One irate woman appeared in a Baltimore railroad station, holding a key. Indignantly she reported that she could not find a locker of that number. The attendant looked at the key and exclaimed, "But Madame, this is a ke[illegible] to a locker in New York."

"Certainly it is," she snapped impatiently. "But my luggage is supposed to be *here!*"

The baffled attendant discovered that before catching a train for Baltimore, the woman had placed her luggage in a locker in Pennsylvania Station in New York. Upon reaching Baltimore, she looked for a locker of the same number, assuming that by some miracle the railroad would transport her lug-

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gage and place it in a corresponding locker in Baltimore.

Your dime gives you the use of a locker for 24 hours, but many people have the idea that lockers can be used for indefinite storage. One woman appeared in July to report her fur coat missing from its locker. When the coat was brought to her, she said, "Oh, I didn't want to take it with me. I just wanted to make sure it was all right."

The management had to explain that putting her coat in moth balls and placing it in a locker was not a good way to store a fur coat for ten cents a summer.

The company has its hands full looking after equipment, which is serviced from ten district offices throughout the U. S. One frequent task is the business of plugging locks, which is done after the first day unless another ten cents has been placed in the slot. During the next three days the locker cannot be used by anyone, not even the person who has the right key. After that the lock is changed. In an average year the company changes about 185,000 locks, a surprisingly small number, since most people return within the three-day period.

When a key holder does turn up, he need only identify the contents of his locker, pay a 50-cent fee and surrender the key.

The variety and value of items left in lockers is astonishing. Included are jewels, expensive cameras, fur coats and even large sums of cash. In New York an envelope containing $300 was held, pending the owner's arrival. When he showed up two days later, he explained that he had been planning to "paint the town red" after a football game, and had not trusted himself with that much money. To avoid the temptation of coming back to the locker for the money, he had mailed the key home.

Checked items are sometimes just as surprising because of their small value. People frequently check nickels and dimes, evidently to provide carfare home, and it is not uncommon to find a box of aspirin, or even a copy of a ten-cent magazine. Umbrellas of varying value are undoubtedly the most common objects left in lockers, and comparatively few are ever claimed.

LOCKERS HAVE FREQUENTLY played a role in domestic troubles, too. A woman appeared at the Boston office and furiously demanded that they find her clothes. Did she have a key? Well, she didn't, but she could tell them the locker number.

After some questioning, the officials succeeded in getting her story. She and her husband had quarreled repeatedly about her desire to go out at night. He had decided to call a halt to her late parties by simply depositing her evening clothes in a locker. Now she wanted them back. But the officials could do nothing about solving her problem.

A Pittsburgh woman used a New York locker as a shopping service. She would come to New York periodically and shop at many stores, placing her purchases in a locker. Then she would return to Pittsburgh and send the keys to the company in New York, asking them to forward her packages C.O.D. Politely but firmly, the company had to discourage this practice.

Most annoying of all locker patrons are the defacers who think

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their dime gives them the right to do anything they want with a locker. The paint is supposed to be inkproof, but it is not proof against such messages as "Joe, meet you at 3," or "Danny loves Marge," scratched with a knife.

Nor is a locker door always able to stand the strain of being used for a footrest while someone ties a shoe, especially if his foot should happen to slip and hit the key, thus jamming the lock.

Some people who show up to claim long-left property show astonishing lapses of memory. A man turned up in Milwaukee to ask about a package he had left at the railroad station.

"How long ago?" he was asked.

"Oh, three or four days," was the nonchalant answer.

It turned out that he had checked the item two months before.

In Philadelphia a man turned up with a key for a locker and asked for his belongings. They had been there quite some time, he admitted, but he didn't know exactly how long. Maybe a year. Actually, the items had been placed in a locker six years before.

An attendant will tell you that he has learned a lot about people from their use of lockers. In addition to being absent-minded and forgetful, they are shockingly obtuse—or is it just downright stubborn? In one railroad station, a large sign above a bank of lockers pointed to another set 30 feet away. Yet even when all the lockers in the first bank were filled, not one person in 20 would follow the arrow to the others.

In another station, a comparison between two banks of lockers, located not 50 feet apart, showed that one set did 11 times as much business as the other.

The most common use of lockers for business purposes is by shoelace and balloon peddlers, but even professional people who have found it impossible to rent office space have managed to put these steel hold-alls to good use.

Probably no one ever made more thoroughgoing use of a locker than a New York lawyer who used one for his office. He had stationery printed, giving the number of a near-by pay telephone. As his business expanded he made use of three lockers. His incoming calls, of course, were free, and hence the cost of office and phone space was only 30 cents a day!

It Takes Psychology

A YOUNG MATRON was worried about her nine-year-old son. No matter how much she scolded, he kept running about with his shirttails flapping. But her neighbor had four boys, and every one wore his shirt neatly tucked in.

The woman finally asked the neighbor to reveal her secret. "Oh, it's very simple," was the reply. "I just take all their shirts and sew an edging of lace around the bottom." —*Grit*

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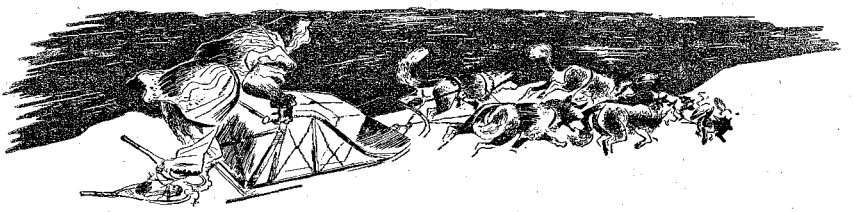
When epidemic struck in Alaska, rescue squads wrote a memorable page of history

665 MILES TO NOME
—by Dogsled!



by SCOTT HART

In the winter of 1925, a diphtheria epidemic broke out in Nome, Alaska. The little outpost was closed in by ice and snow, its supply of antitoxin rapidly running out. But its urgent call for help did not go unheeded. Life-saving serum was rushed by train to within 665 miles of Nome. The race by dogsled across the last 665 miles is one of the great sagas of all time. Here is the story of that epic battle to bring the precious serum to a stricken town.

—THE EDITORS

SUDDENLY UPON AMERICA, rollicking along in the Prohibition staggers of the 1920s, came a brief flashed paragraph from far-off, ice-locked Alaska. For seven fevered days it brushed nearly everything else off the front pages. It made the nation take stock of itself; and it showed self-softening peoples everywhere that courage, upon demand, was still alive.

In January, 1925, Americans generally thought of Alaska in relation to Dangerous Dan McGrew. Of its landscapes they had a vague sense of blinding snow fields, impassable mountains and rocky rivers with elusive gold. Nome they somehow connected with blazing guns and sparkling nuggets; ladies, all named Lou, cavorted around pianos played by gentleman derelicts in a haze of barroom smoke.

Now Nome, down to 1,000 population from its boom-time peak of 12,488, was actually a peaceable place of small frame buildings and industrious people. Yet in January, 1925, a sudden frenzy hit the snow-walled town. Something bad in the throat, which the Eskimos called "The Black Death" and which Dr. Curtis Welch of the U.S. Public Health Service knew to be malignant diphtheria, had struck an Eskimo woman and was spreading.

Dr. Welch, Nome's only physician, was a tall, heavy man, serious-eyed with thick graying hair. As he walked through the frozen days and nights from habitation to habitation, he watched the dangerous

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malady infect ten, then fifteen, then fifty persons. Normally his stewardship embraced an area of appalling size and fierce beauty, spreading 1,000 miles to the east and to the Arctic waters up north. Now his ministrations were focused desperately on Nome, a medical battlefield closed in by ice and snow.

He saw his enemy increasing and his own ammunition — life-saving antitoxin—rapidly lowering in the vials. When this was gone, there could be no striking back. Every way he looked he saw the jail walls of a dangerous winter landscape. He knew the Eskimos' fear of the disease, their innocent indifference to medical precaution, their lack of racial immunization to the malady; when an Eskimo got this white man's disease, he usually died.

The innumerable walking "contacts" appalled Welch. His staff of four nurses were worn-eyed from extended duty. And across the cold, still nights snow began drifting, and the wild half-wolf cry of a distant Malemute came.

The doctor counted his chances, weighed diphtheria incidence against his declining antitoxin, and flashed out word to the world by his one means of communication, the wireless of the U.S. Signal Corps.

In Washington, 5,000 miles away, the Alaska Delegate got the message. It said, simply, "Send antitoxin." The Delegate, known to all in Nome as "Dan" Sutherland, acted fast. He saw the Public Health Service rush a message to the Government hospital in Anchorage, requesting quick shipment of all available serum to faraway Nome. Available there were 300,000 units, not much in the face of an epidemic. Anchorage officials knew the dreadful distances of their land but they wirelessed to Nome: "We'll help you or someone will die trying."

In Washington, Sutherland still was uneasy. The hazards facing anyone attempting to bring relief to his people in one of the land's worst Januarys were too apparent to give him any rest. He contacted a two-ship airplane company in Fairbanks, but both craft were dismantled for the winter. Meanwhile, Anchorage had placed the 20-pound package of antitoxin on a car of the Alaskan Railroad, sending it 300 miles along to Nenana, icy railhead of the Seward Peninsula. Nenana was the jumping-off place, the nearest a railroad approached to Nome. Beyond lay 665 miles—an unending spread of monotonous snow.

So intense was the cold that if a man touched a gun barrel, the metal seared his flesh. The air itself pained the lungs and brought breath in gasps. Dreadful was the stillness which could be heard and felt above the roar of winds. Most dispiriting of all was the gray overhead, the desertion of the sun, the half-twilight, the feeling of lost life. But through it, somehow, the all-important 20-pound package of serum *must* pass.

Travelers had gone this way before, of course. But mostly in the spring, and without urgency. Now it was up to men and dogs entirely. Up to men named Bill Shannon, Jim Kalland, Tom Green, Leonard Seppala, Charlie Olson, Gunnar Kasson and a few others, whose names flashed fleetingly and disappeared from the excited news bul-

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letins, who performed greatly but were then somehow forgotten.

The train bearing the serum rumbled into Nenana at 8 P.M. on Monday, January 26, a cold black night. Standing in shadows at the railhead, Bill Shannon, one of Alaska's crack drivers, took the precious package and tied it to the sled behind his champing, snapping dogs.

The train was still, now. From its locomotive came the few final puffs of hissing steam, dissolving and floating away. The lights of one or two houses stood on the edge of the wide wilderness night. Before anyone was aware, Shannon had faded into the wilds and the numbing cold, his face in the wind.

The lights in the houses went out soon. The few people there wondered how he was faring. At 7:30 next morning, he raced his dogs into Tolovana, 60 miles away, his face frozen and his bulky clothes covered with ice. With hardly a word he unlashed the package of serum, handed it to Jim Kalland. Then Kalland, without a minute's loss, raced his dogs away.

Meanwhile, in Nome, diphtheria was spreading. Dr. Welch and his four nurses watched the antitoxin vanishing, thinking it more valuable than all the hidden gold in the Yukon. The five-year-old antitoxin was gone; only one good dose of six-year-old remained. The New York *World* quoted George S. Maynard, mayor of Nome: "Doctor Welch is badly overworked. Schools, churches and all public gatherings are barred. The Eskimos are frightened and stay at home."

Other newspaper headlines of the Era of Wonderful Nonsense became obscured. "Chaplin Bride Seeks Trust Fund." "Religious Sect in California Gathers to Await Judgment Day." "President and Mrs. Coolidge and Friends Cruise the Potomac on *Mayflower*." "Douglas Fairbanks Appears Today in *Thief of Bagdad*." "Six Arrested by Prohibition Agents at Uptown Speakeasy." . . . It was all swept away by a clean, breath-taking wind from the North.

In the midst of the greatest news story of the day, the Associated Press correspondent in Nome flashed: "Help by airplane with antitoxin serum. Please get Uncle Sam to send plane from Fairbanks with two red-blooded men who have already volunteered to fly to Nome in four hours."

THE TWO VOLUNTEERS were Roy S. Darling, a World War Navy aviator, and Ralph P. Mackie, a former Canadian Army pilot. Darling first planned to overtake the dog teams somewhere along the 665-mile route, pick up the serum and fly it to Nome. But the very thought was desperate; the temperature had dropped below zero, storms were imminent, there were no landing or take-off places. Soon the weather became so bad that everyone realized the futility of sending a plane into the air.

Governor Bone of Alaska said: "Such an attempt would be a most hazardous undertaking because the present flying equipment in Alaska is inadequate, and only unskilled fliers are available."

At this point a San Francisco newspaper said: "The airplane does not work. So the clock must be turned back to the days of primitive power. Flesh and blood, bone and

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muscle must bridge the gap. Jazz must get off the front page while the race is on. Prophets will pause in their wailing that the world is going to the dogs and will watch the trail dogs of the North carry life to a stricken world amid ice and snow. A trail of blood marks their passage. . . ."

Of all this talk, the dog-sled mushers knew and cared nothing. Kalland, who had grabbed the serum from Shannon, raced all day through sub-zero temperatures, reaching Hot Springs at 5:45 P.M. Covered with snow and ice, he had mushed 65 miles in ten and a half hours. Awaiting him was Tom Green, with a picked team of fresh huskies. In three minutes he was off into the night, seemingly heedless of time or distance, pain and cold.

There is no record of what he did along the way. The sparse accounts of his great run say simply that Green stopped briefly at Tanana to feed his dogs. It is also said that he passed like a streak through Kollands, Birches, Big Albert, Kokrines and McEndees and ran behind his sled into Ruby at 8:05 A.M.—175 miles from his starting point!

Meanwhile in Nome, anxiety had grown. How were the dog sleds faring? Townsmen dispatched a renowned trailsman, Leonard Seppala, to meet the teams in the vicinity of far-off Ruby. A former Finnish athlete and an old friend of Will Rogers, Seppala was tall and blond with a thin, bony face and quiet eyes. Two years before he had won the Alaska Dog Derby. In front of him were his 20 dogs, with rabbit-skin bellybands and tiny moccasins to protect their feet against jagged ice. Everyone felt more hopeful when Seppala took the trail.

At Ruby, Tom Green had already passed the serum to Trapper Ivanoff of Shaktolik, who was under way when Seppala appeared on the trail. The weather was lowering and Ivanoff's dogs had caught the scent of reindeer. Once up with Seppala, the reindeer scent ran strong and two teams snarled and fought at their traces to break away for a chase. But the serum was transferred and Seppala turned about, facing his team toward the seacoast and Nome.

Great racer, he passed through Eskimo villages at top speed. At Unalakleet his team threw snow against an Eskimo woman on the trail, who later cried, "He goes like the wind!" On Seppala went, past Foothills, Shaktolik and Bonanza, east of the Norton Sound. Eighty-four miles lay behind him then; he had made nine miles an hour through snow and ice and against increasing winds.

Ahead of him lay Norton Bay, and the storm, now in hurricane proportions, was smashing the ice as under a thousand axes. The temperature was falling far below zero. There were two alternatives: to skirt the shores of Norton Bay or cross the Bay on the upheaving ice. Against voiced warnings he started across the ice, from Cape Denbigh to Cape Darby, to gain 100 miles—and made it.

"When I arrived at Bonanza I covered the parcel and took 15 minutes to change my socks and mitts," he related dryly. "I then struck across Norton Bay and went 25 miles before it got dark with a strong wind blowing in my face.

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That's kind of a mean drive." Again: "On the 82-mile run from Shaktolik, the blizzard froze my left cheek. Lucky thing it didn't freeze one of my dogs."

Out of Nome now came another musher, Hammon by name, to meet Seppala. Through calms, wild weather and sub-zero temperature he covered 132 miles to reach his rendezvous. There Seppala told him his own dogs were still game. But Hammon picked up the serum, turned around and carried the antitoxin 40 miles to Galofnin.

There Charlie Olson, an old-timer, swung into the relay. For 50 miles he drove his seven short-haired huskies, stopping once to blow warm breath on their eyelids, frozen together. His fingers went stiff as he attended the dogs. A new, rising blizzard screamed across the wide white world, bending the trees before it, roaring off into the frozen distances. Ahead of Olson, at Bluff, stood Gunnar Kasson, last of the great relay.

From Nome the word was flashed: "Communication lines are down in the storm and there is no means of ascertaining whereabouts of the dog team with the serum. Time of its arrival here is uncertain. Two new cases developed here yesterday, both children. No word from the relay team since it left Unalakleet, 200 miles away by land or 100 miles across Norton Sound."

Kasson had waited sleepless for 16 hours while the storm increased. Six feet tall and weighing 200 pounds, he wore seal *mukluks* from feet to hips, and over them sealskin trousers. His head was covered by a reindeer parka and hood. One of Alaska's finest teams, 13 dogs in number, long-haired malemutes, waited to go with him to Nome.

The lead dog was Balto, a great black beast. Men said he was the best lead dog in Alaska, and remembered how ten years before he had piloted Kasson's team to victory in a derby race.

When Olson arrived, the temperature was 28 below. Kasson set out for Nome at 10 P.M., hoping to reach Safety, 34 miles away, before the trail became impassable.

The wind ripped through his heavy clothing. At Topkok River, in the darkness and snow, he ran Balto into an overflow, where water had come over the ice. Swiftly Kasson turned the dog into a soft snowdrift to dry his feet. Then they went up Topkok Hill, 600 feet above sea level, and stood unguarded in the swinging fist of the blizzard. Kasson's right cheek froze.

They descended upon a flat six-mile stretch of country. Later he remembered: "Along a ways is Spruce Creek. It is always the worst spot for wind in any kind of weather. The wind was coming across the lagoons and sloughs there, picking up snow like it was a comb. I couldn't see through it.

"That's where Balto came in. He brought us through. He sniffed the trail when I couldn't tell where we were. He kept direction on the bare ice, swept slick as glass—and the wind was coming in with such fury I couldn't even see the wheel dog nearest the sled."

Every few minutes the sled turned over in the soft snow. Each time Kasson untangled the dogs' harness, set off again. He made the last 12 miles to Safety in 80 minutes. From

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Safety to Nome is 21 miles and Kasson mushed on fast, along the Bering Sea beach. Two of the dogs began stiffening up. Kasson stopped to make rabbit-skin coverings for them but the cold passed through to freezing flesh.

Nome saw him come in from the edge of darkness at 5:36 A.M., February 2, 1925, some 128 hours after the serum left Nenana, 665 miles away. The waiting people stood about and said it was an all-time mushing record.

There was excited talk now and the sudden quick rise of hope and expectation that made men, friend and enemy, slap each other on the back. A day before they had counted 27 serious cases of diphtheria, 30 suspect cases and 50 others in the first stages. They had heard Dr. Welch say that if the antitoxin arrived by Tuesday, he felt sure the spread could be checked. And here it was, 24 hours ahead of time.

Someone reached for the package of serum on the sled and saw that ice had frozen the rope. It was cut away with axes and carried into the hospital. Outside, in the snow, the dogs slumped on their flanks. Gunnar Kasson, his hands torn and bleeding, his garments sheathed in snow and ice, fell on his knees beside Balto, half-sobbing.

"Damn fine dog!" he said. "Damn fine dog. . . ."

Chalk Talk

CHARLES M. SCHWAB had a mill manager whose men weren't producing their quota of work. "How is it," Schwab asked, "that a man as capable as you can't make this mill turn out what it should?"

"I don't know," replied the manager. "I've coaxed the men; I've threatened them with damnation and being fired. But nothing works. They just won't produce."

It was the end of the day, just before the night shift came on. "Give me a piece of chalk," Schwab said. Then, turning to the man nearest to him, he asked: "How many heats did your shift make today?"

"Six."

Without another word, Schwab chalked a big figure six on the floor, and walked away. When the night shift came, they saw the "6" and asked what it meant.

"The big boss was in here today," the day men said. "He asked us how many heats we made, and we told him six. He chalked it down on the floor."

When Schwab walked through the mill again the next morning he saw that the night shift had rubbed out the "6" and replaced it with a big "7." When the day shift reported for work they saw the big "7" chalked on the floor. So the night shift thought they were better than the day shift, did they? Well, they would show them a thing or two. When they quit that night, they left behind them an enormous "10."

And soon this mill was turning out more work than any other mill in the plant. —*Kanews*

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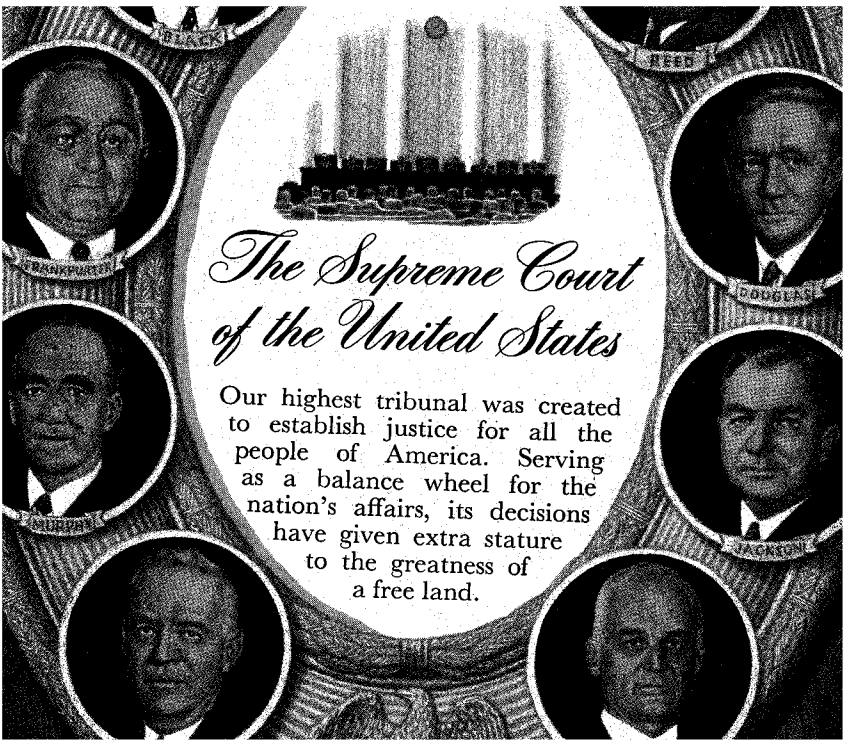
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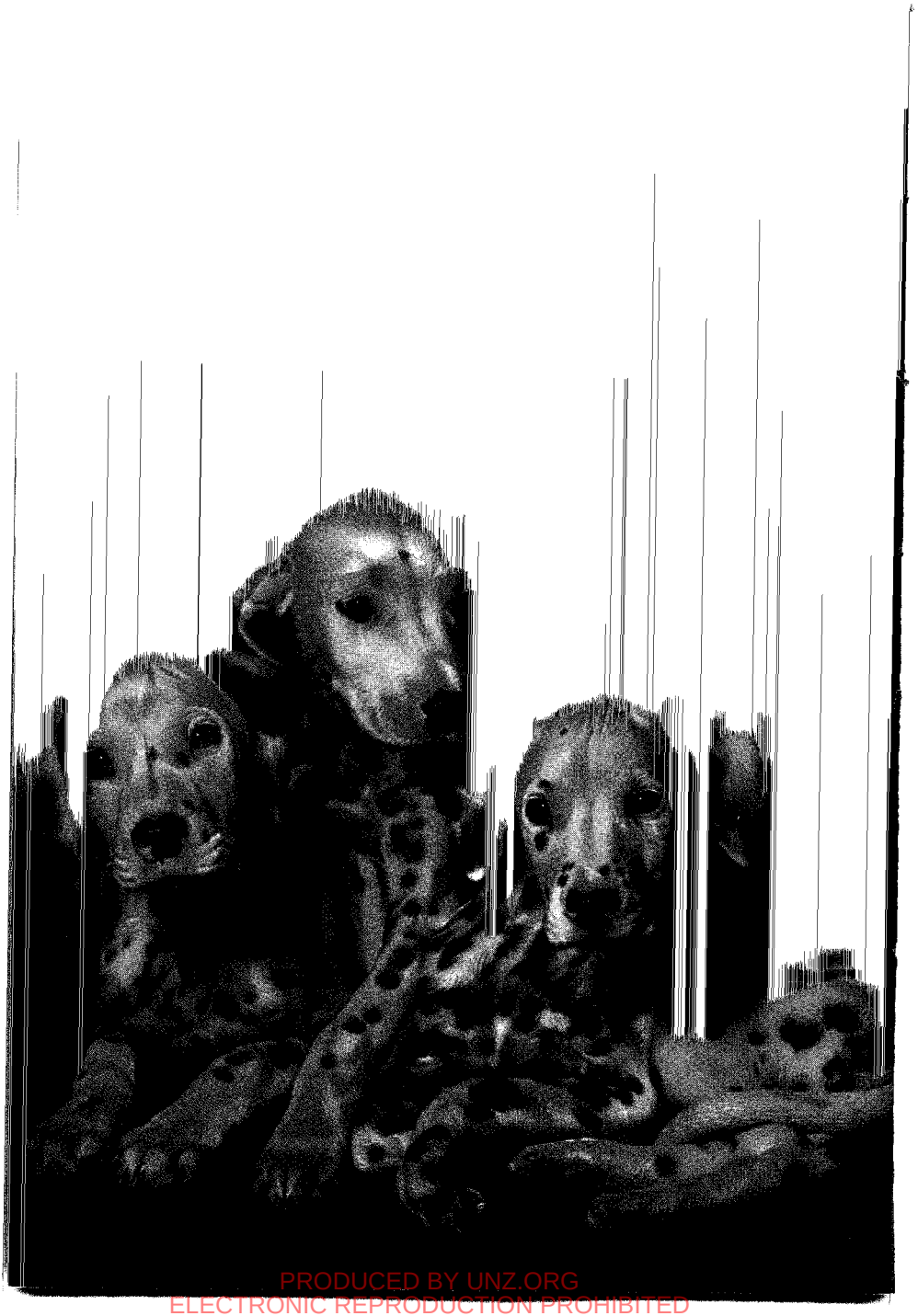

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Pride of the Firehouse

by EDWIN AFFRON

SINCE THE DAYS of the horse-drawn fire engine, the Dalmatian has been almost as much a part of the American firehouse as the firemen themselves. Even today, with horses replaced by motor power, the sturdy, friendly dogs are still the fire fighters' favorite pets and mascots.

The Dalmatian, or coach dog, is an affectionate creature with a remarkable facility for getting along with other animals—even cats. But he seems to have an instinctive love of horses. This was demonstrated not long ago when a group of firemen in search of a station mascot were examining a litter of young Dalmatians which had never seen a horse. The dogs were friendly but not demonstrative—until a policeman walked in. He was a stranger to the pups but they jumped about him excitedly: they had caught the smell of his horse.

Intelligent, obedient and easily trained, the Dalmatian learns quickly and acts promptly in an emergency. He is smart enough to keep out of the way of the fire engines, and when he enters a burning building he stays a floor below the blaze, out of the firemen's path if they should have to make a hasty retreat.

In the old days, the dog was trained to run ahead of the horse-drawn engine, barking to clear the way of traffic. Today he likes to ride between the two firemen on the driver's seat.

At the firehouse, the dog usually picks one man as his master, going on and off duty with him, accompanying him to fires and looking to him for food. In many fire stations, each dog has a small fireman's helmet attached to his collar to identify him as "assistant fireman." One, the pet of a New York station, had a permanent streetcar pass engraved on his collar, entitling him to ride to and from his master's home at will. The dog knew which streetcar to board, and where to get on and off.

Striking in appearance, with black or brown spots accenting his white coat, the Dalmatian is one of the handsomest of dogs. His beauty, intelligence, courage and gentle disposition all help to explain his enduring popularity with America's fire fighters.

Three handsome Dalmatian puppies sit for their portrait, unaware that some day they will probably be "assistant firemen." Kodachrome by Paulus Leeser.

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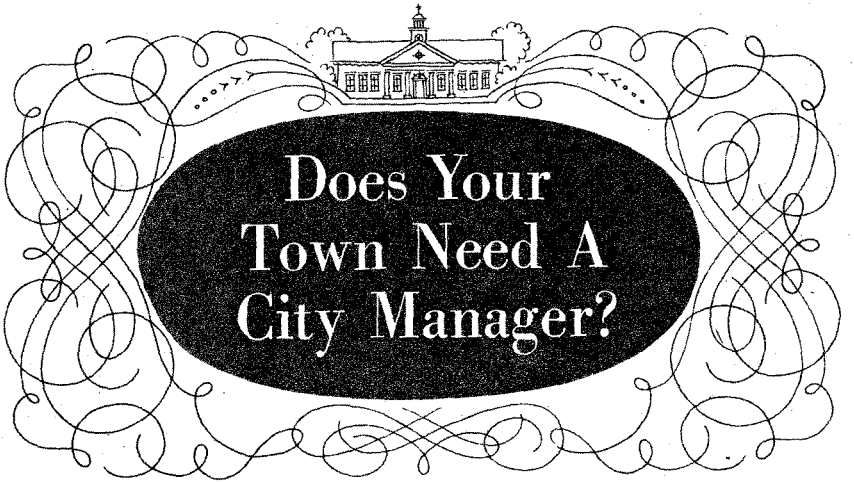

Does Your Town Need A City Manager?

by LAWRENCE LADER

Any community can rid itself of waste and corruption; it's up to you, Mr. Citizen!

WHEN A HIGH-SCHOOL teacher in Kansas City, Missouri, asked his students to write an essay on good government several years ago, half the papers were turned in to him unsigned.

"Even the children have to keep their mouths shut," said the teacher. "They're afraid if they say anything their fathers will be run out of business."

That was the way political terror had taken over Kansas City. In alliance with the underworld, Boss Pendergast ruled and plundered. Elections were a farce.

Then, in 1939, Pendergast was sent to prison for income-tax evasion. In the next year's elections, the decent citizens of Kansas City rose in wrath and defeated his machine. Politicians were thrown out and the annual cost of government cut $2,000,000.

Today, Kansas City is one of the best-run cities in the country. Yet the change can't be termed a "miracle." Kansas City merely did what hundreds of other smart cities had done. The citizens elected a nonpartisan city council and turned over administration of their government to a city manager.

Since 1912, almost 700 communities in the U.S., ranging in size from Teterboro, New Jersey, (population 40), to Cincinnati, Ohio, (population 455,000), have traded their political machines or inefficient government for a city manager. For years, Cincinnati, run via long-distance telephone by a boss who also ran a string of New York burlesque houses, was called "the worst governed city in America." After aroused citizens brought in a city manager in 1926, it soon became a model community.

A graft-ridden administration in

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Yonkers, New York, ran up a record debt. Within four years after a city manager was appointed, $1,500,000 in "past due" bills were paid and $9,000,000 in debt lopped off.

In 1942, the health department of Houston, Texas, was a state scandal. A year after a crusade by the League of Women Voters and the Council of Church Women had brought in a city manager, the department was cited on the honor roll of the American Public Health Association. In Saginaw, Michigan, the city manager cut the per capita cost of administration to $17.15, while the average for 93 other cities of the same size was $45.83.

THESE ARE JUST A FEW among hundreds of cases since 1912 in which city managers have established a record of efficient, enlightened government. The principles behind the City Manager Plan are simple. When a city elects a mayor, it is usually because he is a better vote-getter than the other candidates. But people in cities like Cincinnati, Houston and Saginaw had learned by experience that vote-getting didn't always bring good government.

After years of wasted tax money and corruption, they decided that, like any business corporation, they wanted a man who was trained for the job. They wanted a nonpartisan executive free of party control.

So they decided their city manager should be selected by a city council. As long as he ran affairs honestly and efficiently, he would stay on the job. But if he blundered, the council could replace him with a new manager.

Now watch how Saginaw, a typical city, put good government into action. When the reform committee—comprising a grocer, a lawyer, an accountant, a lumber dealer, a car dealer, a wholesaler, the president of a foundry workers' council, a manufacturer and a retired manufacturer—sat down in 1935 to draft a new city charter, they found that charters were usually 100,000 words long. They wrote one of 7,000 words, so that any citizen could understand it. It stated that the city council would consist of nine members, chosen in nonpartisan elections. The council would appoint a city manager.

After Saginaw voted approval of the charter and elected a council, its members picked as city manager L. P. Cookingham, civil engineer who was managing a small town near Detroit. Cookingham set to work cleaning house.

He found that 42 full-time bridge tenders did nothing but raise drawbridges an average of twice a week when barges passed through. By reducing the number of bridge tenders to seven and by having police cars speed to the bridges the few times they had to be raised, he saved Saginaw 35 annual salaries.

He found that city employees bought their cooking gas retail and charged it to the city. By installing a city gas tank, thousands of dollars were saved.

Then Cookingham went to work on Saginaw's books. Eighty-six separate accounts were condensed to 15. He discovered that householders owed $200,000 in delinquent water bills. From then on, Saginaw collected $5,000 a month from delinquents.

Cookingham also gave the people long-needed improvements. A new

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municipal information bureau provided a central clearinghouse for questions or complaints from the public. In two years, with the help of Federal loans, Cookingham built a new $324,000 city hall, a new $150,000 fire headquarters, and miles of new parks.

Over the same two-year period, Cookingham held taxes to 57 per cent of what they had been under the previous administration.

Don't get the idea, however, that the city manager is a wizard with a wand. He won't pay your mortgage or double your salary. But like L. P. Cookingham, he can do some practical things about making your city a better—and a cheaper—place to live.

One of the first things the city manager can do is to centralize administration in his hands. Centralization can save millions of dollars in city purchasing. By giving one man the responsibility, the city manager of Fort Worth, Texas, cut annual buying 10 to 20 per cent. From 1939 to 1942, Yonkers reduced purchases from $801,000 to $350,000. And when the city manager saves money, *taxes go down.*

In five years of city management, Cambridge, Massachusetts, reduced its property tax rate $10.50 per $1,000 assessed valuation, and reduced its gross debt 55 per cent. The per capita cost of government in Grand Rapids, Michigan, under a city manager is $15.64, while Hartford, Connecticut, a city the same size, pays $35.55. The greatest financial triumph of city management took place in Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1937. While citizens applauded, a match was touched to a $59,000 bond, and Kalamazoo became the first American city of more than 50,000 population without a debt to its name.

But cutting useless expenditure doesn't mean that the city manager is endangering jobs of city employees. If the employee is a political appointee, like hundreds in Kansas City under Pendergast, who received their checks by mail without ever appearing for work, he is fired. But in Chico, California, Newport News, Virginia, Cincinnati, and hundreds of other cities, the city manager has improved pay and working hours, and established a permanent civil service, with merit as the basis of promotion.

When a city manager saves money on waste, he has more to spend on municipal improvement. Kansas City almost tripled the number of playgrounds. Fredericksburg, Virginia, installed a modern garbage-collecting system. Cincinnati, under the management of Clarence Dykstra, built new bridges, sewers and streets, and more than doubled the number of community centers.

BACK IN 1912, WHEN Sumter, South Carolina, was first to adopt the City Manager Plan, men like Dykstra and Cookingham would have seemed supermen. But today, the city manager is a skilled professional. Many have studied public administration at college and postgraduate school; many are graduate engineers. Managing cities is their life career.

Take the case of C. A. Harrell. He started out as executive assistant to the city manager of Cincinnati in 1928. Two years later he advanced to the post of city manager of Portsmouth, Ohio, at a salary of

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How to Start a Campaign in Your Community

FIRST, GET FACTUAL ammunition from the National Municipal League, 299 Broadway, New York City.

Second, organize a committee of civic, business, educational, religious, labor and club leaders.

Third, draft a charter that explains clearly how the council-manager plan will work in your town.

Fourth, educate the public through meetings, speeches, posters, newspaper articles and radio talks.

Then, when enough people understand the council-manager plan, call a referendum. Let the politicians know that a majority of the people are ready to fight for good government.

With these five steps, the Charter Committee of Hartford, Connecticut, won an overwhelming victory on the first referendum. Your town can do it, too!

$8,000, then in 1932 he moved on to a similar position in Binghamton, New York. From Binghamton he went on to Schenectady, New York, as city manager in 1937, and last year he was appointed city manager of Norfolk, Virginia, at a salary of $20,000, one of the top city-manager posts in the country.

John N. Edy advanced from Berkeley, California, to Flint, Michigan, and next to Dallas, Texas, before he was named city manager for Toledo, Ohio, where he cleaned up the politics-ridden government that had plagued the city.

But no matter what men like Harrell and Edy can do for a city, the people who count most are the plain citizens who put them into office. In every one of the cities which now enjoy city managers, it was small groups of determined men and women who fought to make good government possible.

Consider what Mrs. Edith Welty did in Yonkers. In 1936, the city, saddled with a political machine, was staggering under a record debt of $38,000,000, a $5,000,000 deficit and $1,500,000 in "past due" bills. Mrs. Welty and a few friends in the League of Women Voters decided that something had to be done. They were just housewives and clubwomen, but they knew how to organize meetings and promptly plunged into the biggest organization job of their lives.

Mrs. Welty urged friends to give teas, at which she talked about the City Management Plan. Most of the women liked the idea and gave teas for still other friends. Soon Mrs. Welty was speaking at four or five meetings a week.

In April, a group of men called on her. They were not politicians but merchants, lawyers and doctors who had been talking political reform. Joining Mrs. Welty, they organized the City Manager League

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with committees in every precinct.

Finally the time came for the city to vote on the plan. But the politicians won the first round. And a year later, the plan lost again. But Mrs. Welty didn't give up. More and more people were supporting her. What was needed now was a dramatic campaign to rouse everyone in Yonkers.

Mrs. Welty called on the editor of the local *Herald-Statesman*. "If you can think of a campaign that'll wake up this town," he said, "I'll give you a story every day."

Something clicked in Mrs. Welty's mind. She had her slogan: "Wake Up Yonkers!" It became a battle cry all over town. The City Manager League staged rallies on every corner. And when election day came again, Yonkers had been awakened. The City Manager Plan won, and Mrs. Welty was elected to the City Council.

After 35 years, the City Manager Plan has definitely come of age. Nothing has proved it so well as the recent victory in Hartford, Connecticut. Despite opposition from machine politicians, the City Manager Plan won by 21,089 to 9,748.

What makes the Hartford victory doubly important is the fact that there was no major scandal to rouse the city. For years, regardless who held power, there had been the same costly, inefficient government.

In 1943, William Mortensen, Hartford's Republican mayor, decided that instead of running again he would campaign for a city manager. Forming a Charter Committee, he carried his fight to the people.

Republican and Democratic voters, civic groups and both major newspapers rushed to support him. Up to the last moment, the machine tried desperately to keep voters from the polls. But Hartford voted "yes" by an enormous majority, and the power of machine politicians over local wards was smashed.

If aroused citizens in any community want good government, the Hartford experience clearly demonstrates that they can get it. For housewives, City Management means more parks and recreation centers, safer streets, a better place for their children to live. For taxpayers, it means elimination of waste and establishment of the city on a sound financial basis. For the workingman, it means civil service with promotion by merit and fair treatment for labor.

So if the men and women of your town are sick of ward bosses and corrupt political machines, why not urge them to try the City Management Plan? Almost 700 other communities throughout the nation are effective proof that you, too, can establish real democracy—if you are willing to fight for it!

Philosophy Footnote

It may be that the race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong—but that's the way to bet.

—Damon Runyon

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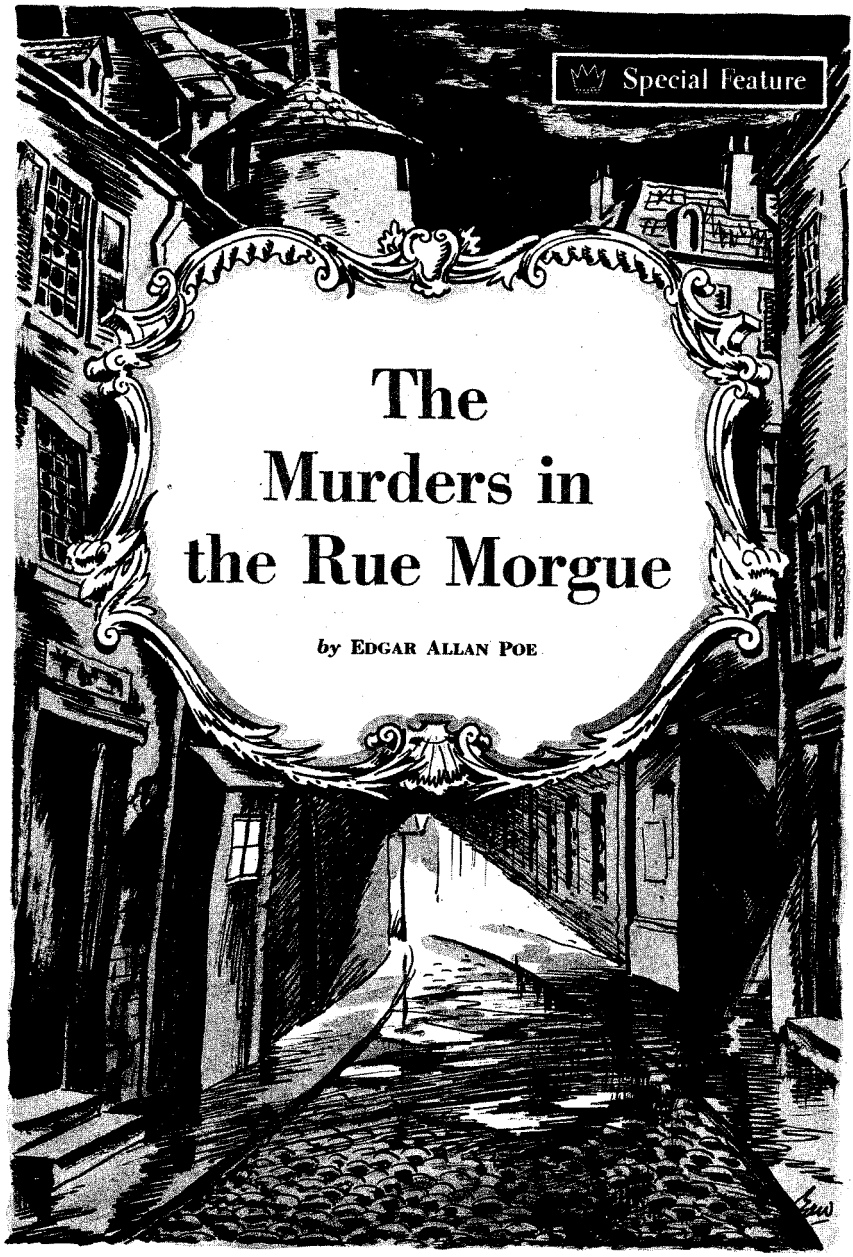

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The Murders in the Rue Morgue

Written by Edgar Allan Poe more than 100 years ago, this great American classic—forerunner of all "whodunits" and one of Poe's most popular short-story masterpieces—is as engrossing today as it ever was. Whether you are reading it here for the first time or the tenth, you will find fresh enjoyment in this condensed version, illustrated especially for Coronet by Edward A. Wilson.

RESIDING IN PARIS, during 18—, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent family, but had been reduced to such poverty that he ceased to bestir himself in the world. Books were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same rare volume brought us into close communion. I was astonished at the vast extent of his reading and the vivid freshness of his imagination.

At length it was arranged that we should live together, and I rented a time-eaten mansion in the Faubourg St. Germain. There our seclusion was perfect. We existed within ourselves alone, spending our time in reading, writing, or conversing.

On occasions, I could not help admiring a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise. He boasted to me that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and he was wont to follow up such assertions by exposing my own innermost thoughts.

One evening we were looking over an edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* together when the following arrested our attention:

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS. — This morning, about 3 o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were roused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Mme. L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mlle. Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, the gateway was broken and eight or ten neighbors entered, accompanied by two gendarmes.

"By this time the cries had ceased; but as the party rushed upstairs, two or more rough voices, in angry

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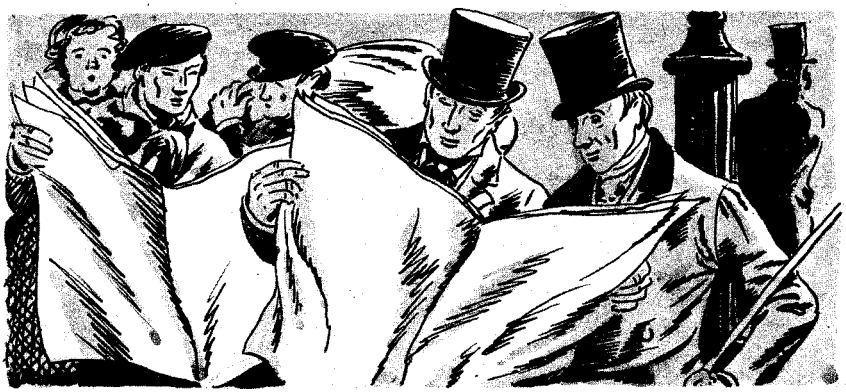

One evening we were looking over an edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux* together when the following headline attracted our attention: "Extraordinary Murders!"

contention, seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds also had ceased. When the party arrived at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being locked on the inside, was forced open) the spectacle it presented struck all with horror.

"The apartment was in wildest disorder — furniture broken and thrown in all directions. On a chair lay a razor, smeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled with blood, and seemingly pulled out by the roots.

"Upon the floor were two bags containing 4,000 francs in gold. The open drawers of a bureau had been apparently rifled, but many articles still remained in them.

"Of Mme. L'Espanaye no traces were seen; but a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom; it having been forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon the face were many scratches, and upon the throat, dark bruises and deep indentations of fingernails.

"After searching the house, the party made its way to a paved yard in the rear, where lay the corpse of the old lady, her throat so cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet the slightest clue."

The next day's paper had these particulars:

"TRAGEDY IN THE RUE MORGUE. —Many individuals have been examined in relation to this frightful affair, but nothing has transpired to throw light upon it.

"*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she knew the deceased for three years. The old lady and her daughter seemed very affectionate toward each other. Never met any person in the house when she called for clothes. Neighbors gave evidence to the same effect.

"*Isidore Muset*, gendarme, deposes that he was called to the house

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In a small paved yard at the rear of the house lay the corpse of Mme. L'Espanaye; the old lady's throat was cut, and the body, too, had been fearfully mutilated.

about 3 o'clock. The shrieks continued until he forced the gate—then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one gruff, the other much shriller. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman; the words were '*sacre*' and '*diable*'. The shrill voice was a foreigner's. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish.

"*Henri Duval*, neighbor, corroborates Muset's testimony. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was not acquainted with the language, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian.

"*Odenheimer*, restaurateur. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was sure the shrill voice was a Frenchman's. Could not distinguish the words uttered. But the gruff voice said repeatedly, '*sacre*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon Dieu*'.

"*Jules M. Mignaud*, banker. Mme. L'Espanaye had opened an account with his bank eight years previous, and three days before her death took out 4,000 francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Le Bon*, clerk, deposes that he accompanied Mme. L'Espanaye to her residence with the 4,000 francs. He then departed.

"*William Bird*, tailor, an Englishman, says the gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Heard distinctly '*sacre*' and '*mon Dieu*'. Is sure the shrill voice was not of an Englishman. Sounded like that of a German. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the windows, both back and front room, were firmly fastened within.

"*Alfonzo Garcio*, undertaker, a native of Spain, said the gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Is sure the shrill voice was that of an Englishman. Does not understand English, but judges by intonation.

"*Alberto Montani*, Italian confec-

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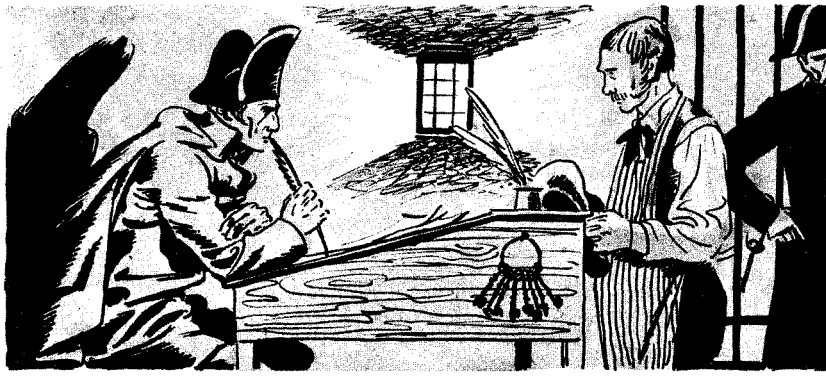

Many individuals have been questioned by the Parisian police, but nothing has transpired to give the slightest clue to the horrible murders in the Rue Morgue.

tioner, deposes that the gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Thinks shrill voice was a Russian's. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses testified that the chimneys on the fourth story were too narrow to admit a human being. Mlle. L'Espanaye's body was so firmly wedged in the chimney that four or five of the party had to unite their strength to get it down.

"*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that the corpse of the young lady was much bruised and bore deep scratches below the chin, as well as livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, the eyeballs protruded, the tongue had been partially bitten through. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mlle. L'Espanaye had been throttled to death.

"The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. A heavy club, a bar of iron, a chair, any large, heavy weapon would have produced such results if wielded by a very powerful man. The throat had been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably a razor.

"Nothing further of importance was elicited. A murder so mysterious, so perplexing, was never before committed in Paris. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue."

The evening edition of the paper added that Le Bon, the bank clerk, had been arrested, although nothing appeared to incriminate him beyond the facts already detailed.

DUPIN SEEMED SINGULARLY interested in the progress of this affair, but it was only after Le Bon's arrest that he asked my opinion. I could merely agree with all Paris in considering the murders an insoluble mystery.

"We must not judge," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so extolled for acumen, are cunning, no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. Their results are not infrequently surprising, but for the most part are brought about by simple diligence and activity.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for

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Dupin suggested entering into some examinations for ourselves before making up an opinion. "We will go and see the premises with our own eyes," he said.

ourselves before we make up an opinion. Besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, Prefect of Police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining permission."

When we reached the Rue Morgue, curious persons were still gazing at the closed shutters. We walked up the street, turned down an alley and then passed in the rear of the building — Dupin, meanwhile, minutely examining the neighborhood, as well as the house.

Retracing our steps to the front of the dwelling, we were admitted by the agents in charge and went upstairs—into the disordered chamber where both the deceased still lay. Dupin scrutinized everything, including the bodies. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard, a gendarme accompanying us. The examination occupied us until dark. On our way home Dupin stopped for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

It was my friend's humor, now, to decline all conversation of the murder until next day. He then asked me, suddenly, if I had observed anything peculiar at the scene of the atrocity.

"No," I said, "nothing more than we both saw in the paper."

"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered into the unusual horror of the thing. This mystery is considered insoluble for the very reason which should make it easy of solution—I mean for its unusual features. The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself but for its atrocity. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices with the fact that no one was discovered upstairs but Mlle. L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of escape without the notice of the party ascending.

"In investigations like this, one should not ask 'what has occurred' but 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, my facility in solving this mystery is in direct ratio to its apparent insolubility by the police."

I stared at him in amazement.

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When we reached the Rue Morgue, curious persons were still gazing up at the shutters. We turned down an alley, then passed in the rear of the building.

"I am now awaiting," Dupin continued, "a person who, although perhaps not the murderer, must have been implicated. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them."

I took the pistols, while Dupin went on, as if in a soliloquy.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "were not the voices of the women themselves, was proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt as to whether the old lady could have killed her daughter and herself. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now review the testimony about these voices.

"The witnesses agreed about the gruff voice; but in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is that an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander and a Frenchman each spoke of it as that of a foreigner. How strangely unusual must that voice have been, in whose tones denizens of five great divisions of Europe recognized nothing familiar! No words—no sounds resembling words—were distinguishable to any witness.

"Let us now return, in fancy, to the chamber itself. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mlle. L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs. It is, then, only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceiling, the walls, but not trusting to their eyes, I examined with my own. There was no secret exit.

"Let us turn to the chimneys. These will not admit a large cat, so only the windows remain. Through those of the front room, no one could have escaped unseen. The murderers must obviously have passed, then, through those of the back room.

"There are two windows in this chamber. One is unobstructed by furniture, the lower portion of the other is hidden by the head of the bed. The former was found securely fastened from within. A large gim-

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"Should the person whom I am now awaiting come here, it will be necessary to detain him," Dupin said. "Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them."

let-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a stout nail was found fitted therein. A similar nail was seen similarly fitted in the other window; and police were now satisfied that egress had not been in these directions.

"My own examination was more particular, however. I proceed to think thus. The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have refastened the sashes from the inside; yet the sashes were found fastened. They must, then, have the power of fastening themselves.

"I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all efforts, as I had anticipated. A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and a careful search soon revealed it. I pressed the spring and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to raise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. Therefore, the assassins must have used the other window. Supposing, then, the springs to be the same, there must be a difference in the nails.

"Getting upon the bedstead, I passed my hand down behind the headboard and discovered the spring. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner. But when I touched it, the head came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off, apparently by the blow of a hammer.

"I now carefully replaced the head portion in the indentation, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete. Pressing the spring, I raised the sash a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect. This riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through this window. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit, it had become fastened by the spring.

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Getting upon the bedstead, he put his hand behind the headboard and found the spring. Next he examined the nail in the window; the head came off in his hand.

"The next question is that of mode of descent. In my walk around the building, I had noted that five feet and a half from the casement is a lightning rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for anyone to reach the window, let alone enter it. I observed, however, that the fourth-story shutters take the form of an ordinary door except that the lower half is latticed, affording an excellent hold for hands. These shutters are fully three feet and a half broad.

"It was clear to me that the shutter at the head of the bed would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the rod. By exerting unusual activity and courage, a robber might have grasped the trellis work. Letting go the rod and springing boldly, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it and, if the window was open, might even have swung himself into the room.

"Let us now revert to the room's interior. If the intruder was a thief, why did he abandon 4,000 francs in gold which lay in bags upon the floor? If we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now in mind that peculiar voice, that unusual agility and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious, let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled by manual strength and thrust up a chimney. Think how great must have been that strength to thrust the body up such an aperture so forcibly that several persons had to drag it down!

"Turn, now, to other indications of a vigor most marvelous. On the hearth were thick tresses of gray human hair torn out by the roots; yet you know the great force necessary to tear from the head even 20 hairs together. The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head severed from the body.

"Of the bruises upon the body of Mme. L'Espanaye, the doctor has said that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument; and so far

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If the intruder was a thief, why had he abandoned 4,000 francs in gold? Mme. L'Espanaye's money lay, in bags, upon the floor of the disordered apartment.

he is correct. The obtuse instrument was the stone pavement upon which the victim had fallen from the window. This idea escaped the police because their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having been opened at all.

"We have now gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, and a voice foreign to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct words. What result, then, has ensued?"

I felt my flesh creep. "A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac."

"But madmen are of some nation," he replied, "and their language has coherence. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Mme. L'Espanaye. Tell me what you make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved. "This is no human hair!"

"I have not asserted that it is," said he. "Now glance at this sketch. It is a facsimile drawing of the dark bruises and deep indentations of fingernails upon the throat of Mlle. L'Espanaye. You will perceive that it gives the idea of a fixed hold. Each finger has retained—possibly until the victim's death—the fearful grasp by which it imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers in these impressions."

I made the attempt in vain. "This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a detailed account of the large Ourang-Outang of the East Indies: its gigantic stature, its prodigious strength and activity, its wild ferocity and its imitative propensities. . . . At once, I understood the full horror of the murders.

"I see that only an Ourang-Outang could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them," I said. "But I cannot comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, two voic-

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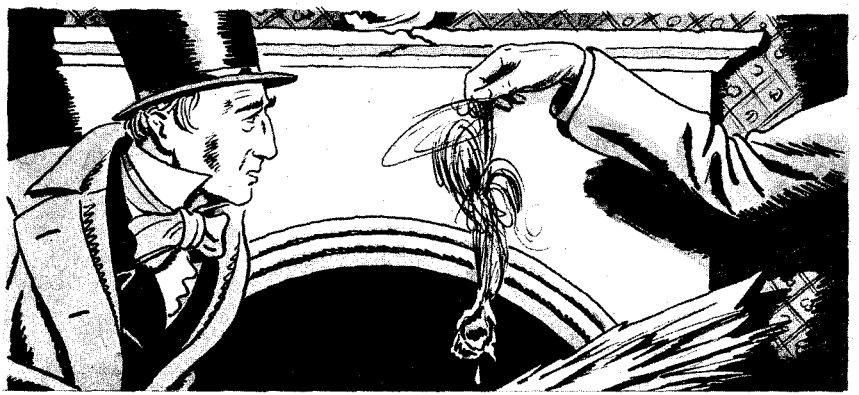

"What do you make of this tuft of hair?" he asked. "I found it in the fingers of Mme. L'Espanaye." "Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved, "This is no human hair!"

es were heard, one of them unquestionably a Frenchman's."

"True," said Dupin, "and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously by evidence—'*mon Dieu!*' Upon these two words I have built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle. A Frenchman knew of the murder. It is more than probable that he was innocent of all part in the bloody transactions. The Ourang-Outang may have escaped him.

"If he is indeed innocent, this advertisement, which I left last night at the office of *Le Monde* (a paper much sought by sailors), will bring him here."

He handed me the paper and I read thus: "Caught—in the Bois de Boulogne, a large Ourang-Outang. The owner (ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel) may have the animal upon identifying it and paying charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No. —— Rue ——.

"How could you know," I asked, "that the man was a sailor, and belonged to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do not know it," said Dupin. "Here, however, is a piece of ribbon, which from its greasy appearance has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long queues of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning rod."

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs. "Be ready," said Dupin, "but don't use your pistol or show it until at a signal from me."

The visitor rapped at our door. "Come in," said Dupin heartily.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, muscular person. His sunburnt face was half hidden by whisker and mustachio. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly and bade us "good evening."

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Ourang-Outang?"

"Have you got him here?" the sailor said quickly.

"Oh, no. He is at a livery stable near-by. Of course you are pre-

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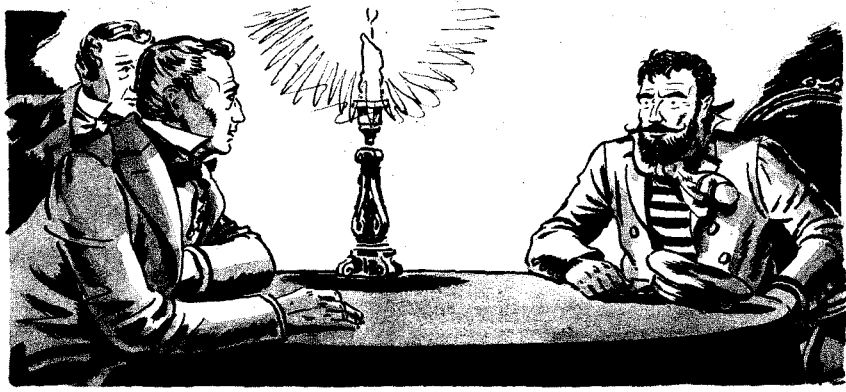

The man who entered was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, muscular person. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed.

pared to identify your property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing," said the man. "I am willing to pay a reward—anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is very fair. Let me think—what should I have? . . . Oh, my reward shall be this. You shall tell me all you can about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words very quietly. Just as quietly he walked to the door, locked it and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it on the table. The sailor started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently.

"My friend," said Dupin in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily. I know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. On the other hand, you are bound by honor to confess all you know, for an innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with the crime."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind while Dupin talked, but his original boldness was gone.

"So help me God!" said he, "I will tell all I know—but I do not expect you to believe half I say. Still, I am innocent, and will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance, this. On a late voyage to Borneo, he had captured the Ourang-Outang. After great trouble, occasioned by the ferocity of his captive, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where he kept it carefully secluded. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from a sailors' frolic on the morning of the murder, he found the beast had broken into his own bedroom from a closet adjoining. Razor in hand and fully lathered, it was sitting before a mirror, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had watched its master through a keyhole.

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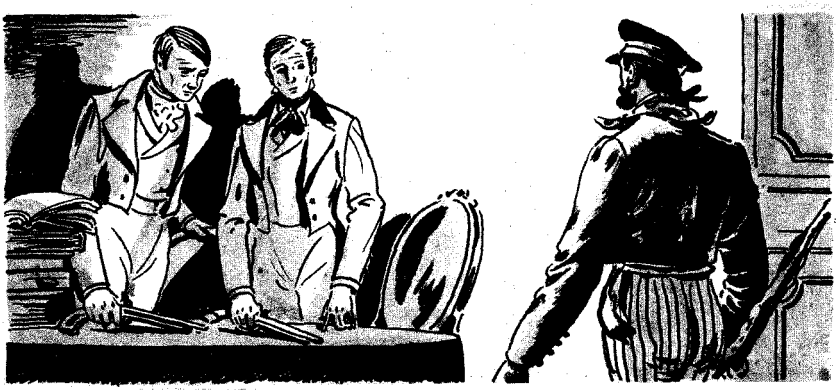

Dupin said the last words quietly. Then we drew our pistols and placed them, without flurry, on the table. The sailor started to his feet and grasped his cudgel.

Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, the man was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature by use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Ourang-Outang sprang through the door, down the stairs and into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair, the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at his pursuer. The streets were quiet, as it was nearly 3 o'clock. In an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Mme. L'Espanaye's chamber.

Rushing to the building, it clambered up the lightning rod with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter and swung itself upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute.

The sailor now had hopes of recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from its trap. On the other hand, there was cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This reflection urged him to follow the fugitive.

A lightning rod is ascended without difficulty by a sailor; but when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped. All he could accomplish was to obtain a glimpse of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold in horror.

The gigantic animal had seized Mme. L'Espanaye by the hair and was flourishing the razor about her face. The daughter lay prostrate; she had swooned. The old lady's screams and struggles (during which the hair was torn from her head) enraged the Ourang-Outang. With one sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, it flew upon the body of the girl and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired.

Its glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of its master, rigid

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"Let him talk," said Dupin. "It will ease his conscience. That he failed to solve this mystery is not surprising, for the Prefect is too cunning to be profound."

with horror, was just discernible. The fury of the beast, which no doubt bore in mind the dreaded whip, was converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation, throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved. Finally, it seized first the corpse of the daughter and thrust it up the chimney; then that of the old lady, which it hurled through the window.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod and, clambering down, hurried home—dreading the consequences of the butchery and abandoning all solicitude about the Ourang-Outang. The words that were heard from the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and fright, mixed with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Ourang-Outang must have escaped by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner, who sold it to a zoo. Le Bon was instantly released upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) to the police. The Prefect, however well-disposed to my friend, indulged in a sarcasm about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin. "It will ease his conscience. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means surprising; for our friend the Prefect is too cunning to be profound. But he is a good creature. I like him especially for one master stroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation for ingenuity: the way he has of denying what is and explaining what is not."

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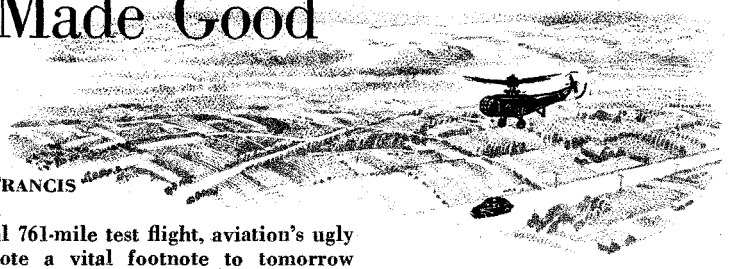
When the Helicopter Made Good



by DEVON FRANCIS

In an epochal 761-mile test flight, aviation's ugly duckling wrote a vital footnote to tomorrow

ON A WARM MAY MORNING in 1942, Charles Lester Morris, helicopter test pilot, prepared to set off on history's longest flight by a rotary-winged aircraft. There were some worried heads in the groups that stood around the queer-looking contraption, designed by Igor Sikorsky, Russian-born pioneer in aeronautics.

The ship sat in a little Connecticut field, a breeze barely stirring the leaves of the elms bordering the plot. This particular craft had been built for the Army. Snub-nosed, ungainly on the ground, it was the first direct issue of Sikorsky's prototype, the famous VS-300, aviation's ugly duckling. Whether it would fly 761 miles, from the Sikorsky plant at Stratford to Dayton, Ohio, was problematical.

Some aircraft companies, seizing on a topic tailor-made for exploitation, had whetted the public's appetite for flying machines that could be stowed in the garage and flown by any member of the family. Other manufacturers, disturbed over the general eagerness to make a down payment on a helicopter, warned against over-optimism. Publicity was ahead of technical developments.

Even Sikorsky, on this spring morning, had his tongue in cheek. He wished he had sent the thing to Dayton by truck. It had been in the air less than 20 minutes since it was rolled out the Stratford factory door. Yet if rotary-winged aircraft were ever going to have popular appeal, they must be as rugged as autos. Here was a chance to see what one could do.

On a road beside the field stood two dozen expectant workers from the factory. Morris climbed aboard, started the engine, arranged his parachute harness, glanced at the rotor flicking overhead.

Sikorsky thrust out his hand. "Today," he said smilingly, "you are making history."

The engine roared, the ship rose a dozen feet. Turning in a circle, Morris swooped low over upturned faces and waving hands. Then he began climbing.

Now an automobile with a large

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yellow dot on its roof sped out the factory gate. The car was to be Morris' shadow for five days. In it were the "project engineer" and three other experts.

Morris lost them in the elm tunnels of Stratford, but his maps were marked with the exact route they would take. He would follow it, ready to land beside the road if anything went wrong.

He climbed to 2,000 feet. Sixty miles an hour had been chosen as the best speed for the flight, but a head wind was cutting him to 45. Yet a steady pace of 45 in the air was equal to spurts of 75 on the ground. He slowed for no crossroads, waited for no green lights.

Crossing into New York State, the open fields of the Hudson Valley caught his shadow. It looked like a gargantuan spider in an H. G. Wells fantasy. He began throttling back for his first scheduled landing. The helicopter drifted lower. A foot off the airport he held it suspended, then the wheels touched like cushions.

After the helicopter was serviced, Morris pulled the ascent lever. Now he swung north, flying at 1,000 feet over the Hudson shoreline. He cruised up the Mohawk Valley, the hills on either side often higher than the ship.

The sun got low. A gentle tail wind nudged him on. Just ahead was the place he would stay for the night. He stopped the helicopter over the airport's concrete ramp.

A guard burst around a corner, stopped dead. Morris sat suspended in mid-air awaiting instructions. The guard recovered, gestured. Morris followed as the guard trotted along the ramp, the helicopter's nose a few feet above him. The ship settled, touched.

It had been a satisfying day. Morris had flown 260 miles in 5 hours and 10 minutes, smashing the world's endurance record for helicopters by almost two hours.

THE NEXT FOUR DAYS were much like the first. Small mechanical troubles were mended. Far below, plowed fields and green acres made a checkerboard pattern; azure-hued lakes reflected the sun. Sometimes Morris kept the ground car in sight, but it was hard. No matter how fast the car went, the helicopter got ahead of it.

Except for the indicator in front of him, Morris was oblivious to the pace he was setting. But below him the auto streaked onward in chase. Bored, the helicopter pilot contented himself with forging ahead to successive crossroads. When the intersections were clear he would signal the car to come ahead without slackening speed.

Then suddenly the sky darkened. Lightning slashed through it. He decided to land and sit the storm out. That was simple for he could put down anywhere.

Devon Francis, who has held a pilot's license for six years, divides his time between flying and writing about flying. Now a staff writer for Popular Science Monthly, he was aviation editor of the Associated Press for five years and in 1938 won the annual award of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., for "the best-informed aviation writing" of the preceding year. This article is from his book, *The Story of the Helicopter*, published at $3 by Coward-McCann, Inc., New York, N. Y.

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He found a farmhouse, beside it a strip of grass 75 feet wide. He throttled back, landed, crawled out. The storm swept in. An hour later it had swept itself out, and Morris prepared to leave.

"There's a hidden ditch 200 feet ahead," warned the farmer.

"Thanks," replied the pilot. "But you see, I go straight up."

"That ditch," persisted the farmer, "is 200 feet ahead."

"Yes, I know," said Morris patiently, "but you see—" He gave up. "I'll be careful," he added.

At the next scheduled stop a red light from the airport tower struck his eye. He must stay aloft until an airliner landed. He hovered, waiting. The light changed to green. He settled in slowly, purposely overshot the ramp. Then he backed up to land. "Never thought I'd live to see one back up," someone in the crowd said . . .

Soon after he took off again, visibility lessened. He steered half by compass, half by glimpses of highways below. At an intermediate field where he was to land, the wind ruffled rain puddles. Morris turned this way and that, like a bird dog. He found a dry spot and sat down. He didn't want to get his feet wet.

As he took off again, the elements did everything to complicate the helicopter's cross-country baptism. Sailing into rough air, Morris bellied close to the ground where the ship rode easily, floating up and down, smoothing the jolts.

At the next stop, Sikorsky was waiting; he had raced in by airliner. Morris took him aboard for the final leg. As they neared Dayton the two strained their eyes to pick up big Wright Field, where experimental Army planes are tested.

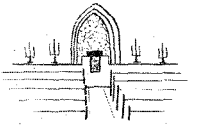
"There it is!" cried Sikorsky.

They circled buildings at one side of the field, eased over the ramp. Sikorsky waved. A welcoming group waved back.

All about squatted the big fixed-wing planes that had sprung from experiments in human flight only four decades before. Acres of airport were a concession to their inability to take wing or to return to earth except by running along the ground at high speed.

Morris brought the helicopter to rest on an area covered by the dimensions of the machine itself. He switched off the ignition, they climbed out. A delegation there to see a record broken offered congratulations. Sikorsky, in his restrained way, smiled a benign smile.

Nobody knew for sure, but Sikorsky may have been thinking that it was here in Dayton, at the turn of the century, that a couple of bicycle mechanics, Wilbur and Orville Wright, dreamed up another way for man to fly.



Fellows who drive with one hand are usually headed for a church aisle. Some will walk down it, some will be carried.

—CALGARY *Herald*

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Help Your Child to Better Eyesight

by MORT WEISINGER AND DR. JOSEPH SAMACHSON

With common sense and steady vigilance, American parents can bestow a gift of better vision on tomorrow's citizens

IN SOME 600 classrooms throughout the nation, American children are receiving education under conditions ideal for their defective vision. Boys and girls use textbooks printed in extra-large type. Teachers write on the blackboard with a special, thick chalk, permitting pupils in rear rows to read with ease. Even the location of every electric light and seat has been carefully chosen to insure correct illumination at all times.

But don't think that all of America's children stand an immediate chance of learning the three R's in such a perfect visual environment. *This optical paradise exists only for children with bad eyesight!* Public-school budgets provide for these special sight-saving classes only to prevent such children from losing the little sight they possess.

What is being done to protect the eyesight of the millions of children who enter school with fairly normal vision? What are public authorities doing to make sure that *your* children, now possessing healthy eyes, do not end up in those emergency classes for the near-blind? Not enough. Largely because insufficient funds are allotted to the schools, poor visual conditions still prevail in thousands of classrooms. As a result, children's eyes are getting worse by the minute.

During the war, when Selective Service physicians discovered some 224,100 cases of serious visual defects among our youth, eye specialists pointed out that many thousands of these cases could have been corrected during childhood.

But, you protest, your son *does* receive a physical examination when he enters school. In some cities he is vaccinated for smallpox, given the Schick test for diphtheria, the Dick test for scarlet fever, the Snellen test for vision. What more can you ask? Plenty—particularly if you are reading these words through thick-lensed glasses.

Unfortunately, the Snellen vision test, though useful, is far from foolproof. Perhaps you remember the test from your own school days. Examined by a teacher or nurse, you were asked to read letters from a chart at a standard distance. If your vision seemed faulty, your parents were told you needed glasses. In some cities you were referred to an ophthalmologist.

But even these standards are not

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uniform today throughout the nation. Your child might fail the test in one town and pass in another. What's more, the Snellen test does not screen out all poor eyes. In one city where 248 children who had passed the test were later examined by ophthalmologists, 14 per cent required treatment.

Why do children with poor vision pass the Snellen test? Let's take the case of any normal child —your child. Born with eyes that can do little more than distinguish light from dark, he soon learns to see. But he has difficulty seeing objects too close at hand. He is farsighted. Ordinarily, the degree of farsightedness will decrease with time. If it persists, however, there is danger of overtaxing the muscles of accommodation.

These muscles, used without the child's being aware of them, change the shape of the eyeball and permit him to see clearly at close range. They are utilized by a child with normal vision as well as one who is farsighted. But with the latter type, the amount of use is much greater. The result is serious strain.

But that is only the beginning. It is impossible for your child's eyes to accommodate without also using the muscles for *convergence*—the attempt to focus both eyes simultaneously. Should one eye be more farsighted than the other—as happens often—there is a greater strain on the muscles of one eye, usually resulting in cross-eye.

Not only are the effects of this process difficult to undo after the age of seven, but cross-eyes lead to headaches, nausea and further eye complications. Having difficulty in using his eyes together, your child begins to suffer from double vision.

Only the eye specialist can detect the danger in time. In addition, an ophthalmologist may discover such diseases as tumor, tuberculosis or focal infection caused by the teeth. Yet the custodians of our nation's health program have done little to tap the eye specialist's services. Only during war do our legislators seem to realize that human eyes are rationed, two to a lifetime.

New York is one city that tries to watch over the eyes of its younger generation from infancy until the children leave school. Parents who cannot afford a pediatrician are encouraged to visit Baby Health Stations, where trained volunteers examine the eyes of children up to the age of three. When youngsters enter public school they are given a health examination, and continue to receive such examinations during each term. Eye defects are referred to an ophthalmologist. Acute cases are assigned to the sight-saving classes described previously.

Eye specialists agree that exami-

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nation by an ophthalmologist for *every* child entering school, with periodic tests thereafter, is the ultimate goal for the U. S. Meanwhile, your child may be in desperate need of an examination and never receive it. Obviously there should be qualified state or city agencies to supervise the matter.

Only about half the states have official or voluntary agencies associated with sight-saving functions. Twenty states have sight-conservation committees of ophthalmologists. But some of the committees, for lack of funds or shortage of personnel, are able to do little. New York is the only state which has an ophthalmologist in the Department of Education.

ASIDE FROM TAKING your child to an ophthalmologist for periodic examinations, what can you do to protect his eyes? A great deal. Even though it may deflate filial pride, don't teach your children to read too soon. If your child delights in poring over illustrated books, make sure the paper is not glazed, for glare is a worse enemy of the eyes than dim light.

If your child frowns often, rubs his eyes frequently, stumbles over small objects, holds things close to his eyes, a trip to the ophthalmologist is necessary. If he seems uninterested in distant objects or can't play games, again the eyes may be the cause. If he has recurrent sties or red-rimmed eyelids, or complains of headaches or dizziness following close work, don't ignore the symptoms.

Injuries are another factor in poor vision. An incredible number of parents permit their children to play with sharp or pointed objects. The result is that today thousands of adults have defective eyes resulting from childhood injuries.

The scientific measures taken in the 629 sight-saving classes throughout the country should, to a large extent, be duplicated in ordinary classes. If you belong to a PTA or other school organization, visit your child's classroom to see if the precautions against improper light and glare are being observed.

Large type in textbooks is of vital importance, especially in the lower grades. If the print is too small, suggest that it be improved. Keep making suggestions until you get action.

Helping to correct defective vision is a responsibility of progressive parents throughout the country. Until the situation is acted upon as a national problem, they will have to continue to act as visual vigilantes, safeguarding the eyes of tomorrow's citizens.

Worth Trying

SOMEONE ONCE ASKED the former Prince of Wales, "What is your idea of civilization?"

"It's a good idea," replied the Prince. "Somebody ought to start it."

—De Laval Monthly

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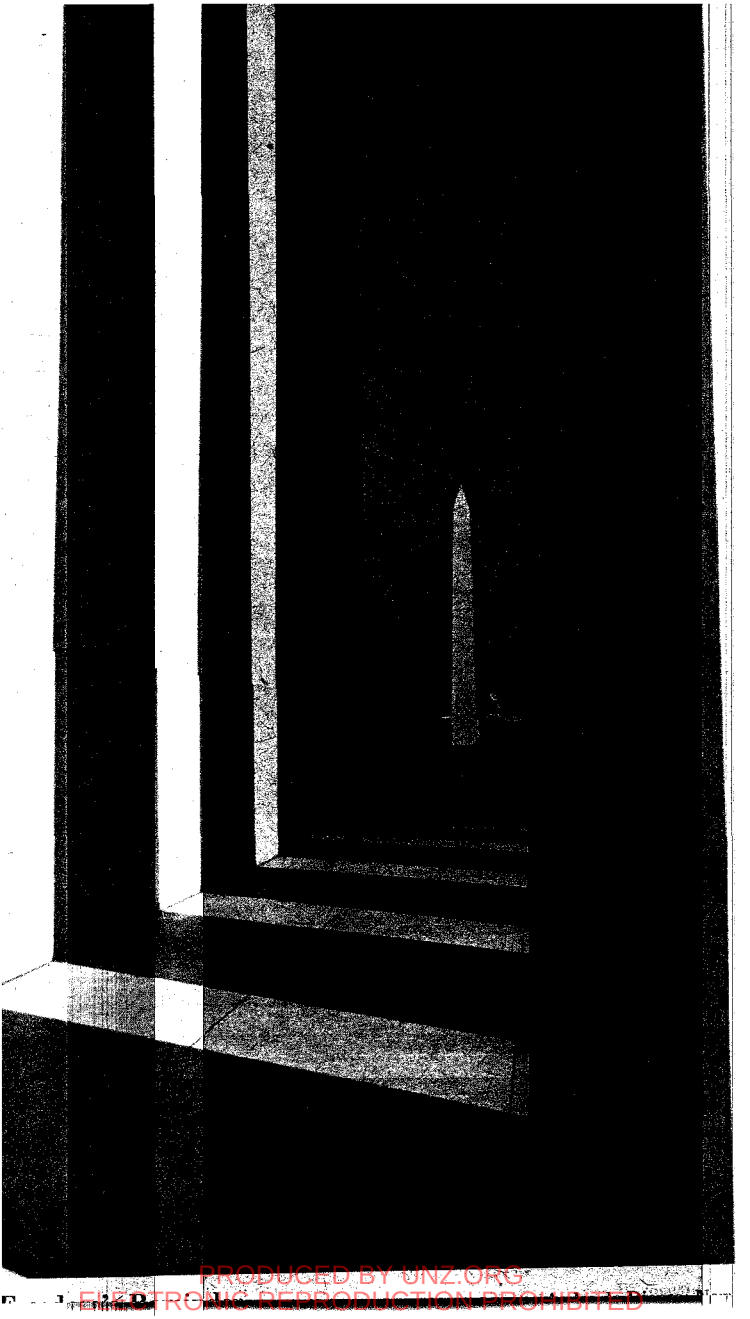

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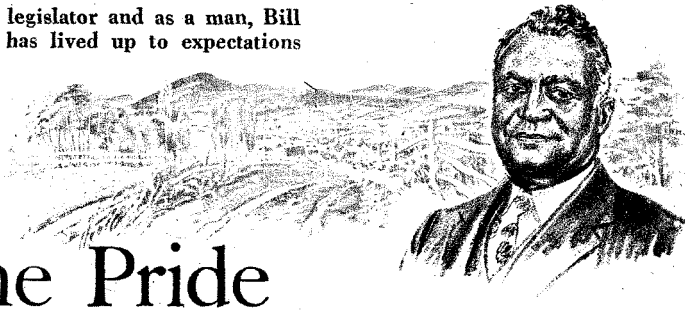
Both as a legislator and as a man, Bill Anderson has lived up to expectations



The Pride of Vermont

by ROGER WILLIAM RIIS

"MR. SPEAKER!"...Silence settled over Vermont's House of Representatives. William John Anderson, newly elected Negro member of the Legislature, was about to make his maiden speech, amidst a bitter controversy.

Bill No. 73 prohibited coercion by any union or association in seeking membership; what a Negro had to say on this would count. In the critical stillness of the big chamber, Anderson spoke powerfully in favor of the bill. When he sat down, such applause burst out as no member of the Assembly could remember. The bill passed.

Seventy-one years old but looking and acting 50, Representative Anderson is the son of a former slave, head of the only Negro family in the village of Shoreham, a leading apple grower of the Lake Champlain apple country, and friend of presidents, senators and governors. For this achievement, it is difficult to apportion credit justly between the town of his birth and himself. Indeed, it is difficult to separate the two in any way.

Shoreham, a White Mountain hamlet of 965 people with neither railroad nor bus service, rests above the shining waters of Champlain. Everyone in town knows Bill Anderson, and almost everyone, both Republican and Democrat, voted to send him to the Legislature. Now, they are comfortably content about their selection.

"Folks around the state raised their eyebrows when we sent Bill up as town representative," commented farmer Frank O'Rourke, pausing in his work of spreading lime on a barley field. "Had a letter from a friend downstate. Fellow says: 'See you sent a Negro to Montpelier. What's the matter, runnin' short of men in Shoreham?'

"I says, 'No, sir, we just pick our best brains for representin' us.' "

Apparently it was J. R. Jacobs, then proprietor of the general store,

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who first had the idea in 1944. Before the cracker-barrel political experts one rainy day, he turned to Anderson. "Why don't *you* run, Bill?" he asked.

"That's good, coming from a Democrat," Anderson laughed. "Don't forget, Dick, I'm a Republican."

But before Anderson realized it, voters of both parties nominated him. Immediately a dissenter raised the race issue.

"Has Shoreham come to the point where we have to send a Negro to Montpelier?" he demanded. Indignant friends urged Anderson to retaliate in kind. "No," he replied. "It's a fair question. Let's see what the voters say."

The voters said "Yes" by 218 to 5. And they've never regretted it.

"Sure Bill's colored, but he's the brainiest man in town," says a farmer in the store, looking up from buying a lantern. And in the kitchen of a hill farm, an 89-year-old woman speaks: "Did I vote for Bill? Oh-my-goodness-yes. He's a *man!*"

Again and again that simple comment, "He's a *man.*" In 1946 he was re-elected with only a single vote against him. Vermonters know a bargain when they have it.

NEAR THE END OF THE Civil War, a 17-year-old Negro slave, William Anderson, escaped to the Union lines. Col. Charles Hunsdon, 11th Vermont Infantry, put him to work at headquarters. Hunsdon came from Shoreham, and after the war young Anderson made his way to that remote village.

In time he married Philomen Langlois, a French-Canadian girl with an Indian heritage. Two children were born, William J. and Annette. Today, when Shoreham folks talk about Bill Anderson, they say proudly: "You should have known Annette, his sister—first Negro girl ever to be valedictorian in an Eastern college."

Bill attended Shoreham public school, then went to Mt. Hermon School at Northfield, Massachusetts, where students do all the work. Bill was assigned to the laundry, and soon it became the first school department to show a profit.

"What degrees do you hold?" a Doctor of Civil Law once asked Anderson at a college ceremony.

"Only one," smiled Anderson. "It's a DCL, too, but with me it means 'Dispenser of Clean Linen!'"

When the young Negro finished his schooling, he got a job as bellhop at the Hotel Champlain, across the lake from Shoreham. While President McKinley was at the hotel one summer, Bill was made doorkeeper.

One morning the President thrust a newspaper before Anderson's eyes. "Your name is Anderson," he said. "Do you know the Miss Anderson in this newspaper story?"

The item told of a girl's graduation from Middlebury College as class valedictorian.

"Yes, sir," said the boy proudly. "She's my sister."

"Then what are you doing here?" demanded the President, and walked away without waiting for an answer.

Bill was startled and awakened, and soon he went back to Mt. Hermon where the school renamed him manager of the laundry. But as the years passed, he would occasionally visit Shoreham; and in time he

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planted apple trees on his father's farm. Also he drifted into Northfield politics, became secretary-treasurer of the town Republican committee, then a delegate to the Massachusetts Convention which nominated Calvin Coolidge as governor. He knew and worked with Coolidge, Senator Lodge and Speaker of the House Gillett.

A World War I interlude in Army Intelligence did not throw Anderson off his chosen path. Increasingly, his apple trees drew him to the soil; and devising his own radical planting methods, his trees flourished. For a quarter-century he has lived and worked among them, a rock-like figure of a man, calm, easy-moving, powerful.

No orchards in the region surpass the Anderson orchards—his and his son George's. As he has brought them to the top, so too has he worked into personal leadership among his fellow citizens. They have named him to town offices—the school board, town auditor, town agent (a kind of corporation counsel), chairman of the Selective Service Board, leader in War Bond rallies, and so on.

In the Legislature, Anderson has made a brilliant record. From every source comes unanimous testimony: he himself says he "loves every minute of it." When union leaders heard that Anderson planned to speak in favor of the bill to prohibit coercion in getting members, they took him aside.

"Now, Mr. Anderson, you're making a mistake. You'll damage your political future."

"*My* political future? Why, I'm 70 years old! I haven't any future."

Quickly he became well-known in Montpelier, and not alone for political activity. One woman urged Anderson to attend a New York conference on interracial affairs.

"Why, I don't know anything about such matters," he said. "I grow apples. I'll go anywhere and talk about them. But interracial stuff? They'll argue learnedly about what the Negro wants, when all he wants is what any man wants."

No one could patronize Anderson. He made his way strictly on personal merit, just as he did when a Negro church in Newport invited him down to speak. He stayed a week, and exchanged ideas with Newport's civic leaders from the mayor down.

Anderson's popularity as an orator is regional. Years ago he was invited to speak at the annual fruit growers' banquet in Quebec. When he had finished his talk in English, he said: "And now, if you don't mind, I'll just shift gears," and repeated the talk in French, the language of 75 per cent of his delighted listeners. Since then he has been invited to speak every year.

But it is on the hill farms of Shoreham that one sees him most clearly. Vermonters have a deep devotion to their basic ideas of government, great pride in their political achievements. Each of the 246 towns elects a single representative, making a large, democratic Assembly.

Born and bred in an atmosphere of political freedom, Anderson is truly, as a neighbor diagnosed, "apprenticed to the people." Neighbors come to him constantly for judgments in disputes.

He has always made a lasting

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friend of any man he wanted to know, like Dr. Paul Moody, son of famous evangelist Dwight Moody, who founded Mt. Hermon School; President Coolidge; former President McConaughy of Wesleyan College, now Governor of Connecticut; Gov. Robert D. Blue of Iowa; former Senator Austin, now U.S. representative to the United Nations; Addison Burbank, nephew of Luther Burbank.

ALTHOUGH BILL ANDERSON is darker than the average Indian, his face has so much Indian in its features that a visitor once asked: "Why don't you call yourself an Indian instead of a Negro?"

Anderson's reply was serious. "If you think the white man has made the Indian's lot any easier than the Negro's, it's because you don't know what it is to be either. I know what it is to be both, and I'd rather be a Negro."

Which explains the slow drawl with which he once remarked of his apple trees: "A hybrid, you know, is a strong type."

His view of his own record is modest. "I can't get hepped up about it," he wrote a friend. "I have only done the day's work as it presented itself from day to day. I have tried to weigh all matters, and have refused to let anyone or anything make me bitter.

"I have found more good than bad in life. All prejudice, I have learned, springs from greed or ignorance. I have tried to correct in my own life those things that I object to in the lives of others, and that's my whole story.

"You see, it doesn't take up much space, and after it is written, what does it amount to? Very little."

The State of Vermont, watching the public service of this, her native son, is inclined to think it amounts to quite a lot.

Miscellany

CHINESE BRASS BANDS which accompany many of the funerals in Shanghai often lead the cortege to the grave with such airs as *My Old Kentucky Home*, and *Marching Through Georgia*.

NOT ONE WOMAN in a thousand remains a spinster in China.

•

IN CHINESE THEATERS in Singapore, Straits Settlements, two attendants walk about continually with wet towels and wipe the perspiring faces of the audience.

MOST OF THOSE dangerous-looking machetes, the knives carried by natives of Central America, are made by a man named Collins in Connecticut. An enraged native will threaten to stick it into you up to the "second L in Collins."

—FRANK E. SHEA

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There's Money in It—

With ingenuity and initiative, anyone can turn a good idea into a profitable business; here's evidence to prove it

WHEN A NEW HAVEN warehouse burned in 1942, 47 stores lost $7,000,000 in furs. The job of identifying coats that were saved and settling claims on those which were damaged or destroyed took many weary and costly hours.

After hearing about this case, insurance agent Orieon M. Spaid got an idea. Why not stamp permanent, registered code marks on fur coats, making their identification simple and accurate in case of loss, theft or damage?

Spaid discussed his idea with fur dealers, storage and insurance people, and received such enthusiastic support that last year he opened for business.

International Registry, Inc., of Newark, New Jersey, now sells "SaFURage" registration service, by which the identifying personal brands are filed under the owner's name in fireproof vaults. The lifetime registration fee for each coat is only $6.50.

Retail stores, realizing the good will to be created by offering fur customers the registration service, were quick to subscribe. Many stores now stamp their entire fur inventories as they come in, and include the registration fee in the cost of the fur coat when sold. Already, owners of registered furs have enjoyed a 10 per cent reduction in insurance rates.

DURING THE WAR, ENERGETIC MRS. Betty Olson of Minneapolis worked as a shipyard welder. But when the yard closed and Mrs. Olson went back to being a housewife, she found that taking care of five children and tending a garden didn't keep her busy enough.

So she decided to use the family station wagon for a neighborhood delivery service. Today, Mrs. Olson accepts shopping orders for housewives, filling them all in one trip a day. Her 12-year-old daughter helps as "office manager" during the summer, taking phone orders at the Olson home.

Small firms have now started using Mrs. Olson's service for special jobs, and business has grown so rapidly that she is thinking of buying another station wagon and employing a full-time helper

FOR A NICKEL YOU CAN call MAin 5-6171 and find out what's playing; when, where and at what minute each feature starts in any of New York's 700 movie theaters;

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twenty girls, working in two shifts on ten switchboards, set up shop at 8:30 A.M. and pull the last plug at 10 o'clock on week days and at midnight on Saturdays. They answer as many as 35,000 calls a day, 70,000 on Saturdays and Sundays.

The idea for such a service came to Julius Polinger eight years ago. At first people laughed at him. Movie customers, they said, would just as soon get their schedules from newspapers. But Polinger proved that the idea would pay off. Theaters like Paramount, Fox, Roxy and Astor pay up to $150 a month, others as little as $1 a day. A daily chart of theater facts is before each operator as she starts work.

Polinger is making money just because he gives free information to people who are too lazy to read their newspapers or don't find what they want there.

"BUSINESS GIRL" IS A NEAT, informative magazine designed for the feminine half of American enterprise. Millions of people might have thought up the same idea—but they didn't. Starting out with only $7.50 and a little credit, Betty Oliver, a Dallas, Texas, newspaper girl, published the first issue.

She wrote articles for the magazine, edited copy, read proof and solicited buyers by herself. There were times when Betty had to sell subscriptions in order to get money to pay for her lunch, but when the first issue appeared in February, 1945, it had a circulation of 4,000. During the war the circulation reached 5,000.

Recently, the magazine was changed from pocket-book size to a larger form. People began to ask for it. Now, with a mail subscription list of 25,000, Betty confidently dreams of 100,000 copies, nationally distributed too.

I. M. WEINSTEIN and Joseph Weiss were in the hotel and hospital linen-supply business in New York City when they decided that a rental service for private homes might be an even better occupation.

Today, their Consolidated Laundries Corporation supplies fresh sheets, pillow cases, bath, kitchen and face towels to approximately 15,000 happy families for less than the usual cost of having the household linen washed.

Clients pay only $1.44 for four sheets, four pillow cases, and four towels of each kind. Low operating costs permit low charges. Since the linen is owned by the company rather than by the customers, there is no labor charge for sorting and identifying—a big item for most laundries. And there is no pickup and delivery expense, because housewives exchange their linen at 15 centrally located stores throughout Greater New York.

Do you know someone who has turned a good idea into a profitable occupation? Coronet invites contributions for "There's Money in It," and will pay $25 for each accepted item, upon publication. No contributions can be acknowledged or returned. Send your entries to "There's Money in It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

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PORTRAIT OF NATURE: ONE OF A SERIES

SUNSET NEAR WEBSTER CITY, IOWA. KODACHROME BY LOUIS C. WILLIAMS.

An August day! A dreamy haze
Films air, and mingles with the skies.
Sweetly the rich, dark sunshine plays,
Bronzing each object where it lies.
—ALFRED STREET

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ILLUSTRATED BY FRED LUDEKENS

"Say a Prayer For a Pal . . ."

Five years ago, on Guadalcanal, the Marines turned the tide of war and won undying glory

by **JOSEPH E. SHANER**

AT DAWN OF AUGUST 7, 1942, on a little-known pinpoint of land in the South Pacific, the U. S. Marine Corps added a new name to the shining legion of its far-flung battlefields: Guadalcanal.

Though they scuttled virtually unresisted up the dun-colored strand toward the deathly green, malaria-breeding jungle, they did not send back their traditional message: "The Marines have landed. Situation well in hand." It required four months and seven battles before victory could be claimed.

The Japs shot the works. Surprised, but realizing that if the Americans held fast the chance to slash the already thin life line between the U. S. and Australia was lost, the Japs hurled their picked troops, their fastest Zeros and best pilots, their newest cruisers and de-

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stroyers, at the slim invasion band. Offshore, their submersibles massed like hungry sharks waiting abeam a foundering life raft.

Few Americans will ever know how much the fate of a great but uninformed nation depended upon this small but valiant Corps on that August morning only five years ago. Yet on the 'Canal, as they called it, in this first ground offensive against the Japs, the Marines delivered.

They delivered although they had come only on a shoestring to establish a beachhead, in an operation pushed up five full months because we were losing the war. They delivered although they had to fight a full-fledged campaign in a blistered, shell-pocked and fever-ridden land where night pounced suddenly like a great black cat with hidden, multitudinous claws.

Well up in the art of strangulation, knife-fighting, head-trampling, eye-gouging and machete-throwing, the Japs lurked everywhere in the vast jungle. But they lost to a foe hot-tempered, spirited, and profanely pledged to vengeance for Pearl Harbor, Bataan and Wake.

The Marines went into hellish jungle and swamp on hot days that left heat rash so galling that even a breeze set it to frying. They went in by day and night in torrential rain, to plow up with rifles, to harrow with bayonets and crush flat with their feet and fists anything the freshly turned earth revealed. At Bloody Knob, they left 2,000 Jap corpses behind them—and went on.

Though bloodier beachheads were to come, though the Japs resisted stubbornly and fought to the last ditch in a long series of ditches, Guadalcanal stands high among the Marine Corps' illustrious deeds. It broke the string of Jap triumphs and hurled their aggressiveness back in their teeth. Had we lost we would have lost Australia; perhaps we would be fighting still.

In all, some 50,000 Japs lost their lives on the 'Canal; but we left some Marines there, too. On Guadalcanal Street, which is what the Marines named this original extension of the Main Drag, there is now a cemetery where Protestants, Catholics and Jews are buried side by side, in ageless testimony to the will and might of the Marines, to the Army Division which bolstered them, to the Navy and Coast Guard who carried them ashore and kept them supplied in the face of overwhelming odds—and to the democracy which bore them all.

On some of the grassy mounds where airmen are buried, plane propellers stand up-ended. On others is the piteous word, "Unidentified." Finally there is a common inscription, a brief, throat-catching fragment from the simple heart of the American fighting man, as fervid and fresh today as when first scrawled by some war-weary hand.

Over many graves its message pleads: "Say a prayer for a pal, who died on Guadalcanal."

The greatest remedy for anger is delay.
—*Seneca*

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by DONALD B. ROBINSON

29 YEARS Without a Strike!

The tiemakers' union has set an enviable record for maintaining peace in industry

THE WORKERS IN THE BIG New York necktie factory were tired and irritable. For five years they had been plugging incessantly to meet military and then civilian demands. Overtime was increasing, quarrels with management had multiplied. Soon someone started talking "Strike."

A dispute with a "bossy" foreman set off the spark. Throughout the big Broadway loft, work slowed down. It was not a stoppage but production dropped 50 per cent.

The date was a few days before Christmas, 1945, busiest time of the year for a necktie concern. The manufacturer was distraught. So was the union shop-chairman. He pleaded with the workers to "get going again." They wouldn't. Finally he reached for a phone.

Ten minutes later, Louis Fuchs, manager of the New York Joint Board of Neckwear Workers (CIO), arrived. He got up on a table and spoke to the employees.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "we've ample machinery in this union for settling disputes. A slowdown is not part of it. If production is not moving normally within five minutes, the union will send in other workers to take your places."

Production got moving.

In the front office, meanwhile, Fuchs was talking just as bluntly to the manufacturer. "I told you a year ago that foreman would cause trouble," he was saying. "You'd better get rid of him."

"You're right, Lou," the manufacturer replied. "I'll let the foreman go."

No union in the country fights harder against strikes than the New York Neckwear Workers. And few employers are as cooperative with a union in satisfying legitimate labor grievances as the New York necktie manufacturers. That's why there has not been a strike in the New York necktie industry for 29 years!

How much both sides have gained from this unbroken harmony can be seen in the industry's soaring volume and the workers'

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rising wages. In 1918, producers in the New York area turned out about $20,000,000 worth of neckties. In 1946 the volume was approximately $30,000,000.

The workers have profited too. In the old days, they used to slave 66 to 70 hours a week for as little as $8. Today, cutters get a minimum of $69.30 for a 36-hour week, and operators, paid on a piece-work basis, earn at least $2 an hour.

JUST TWICE IN 29 YEARS has there even been a walkout threat. Back in NRA days, the union and employers clashed over a demand for a 20-cent-an-hour increase for hand sewers. The conferences were long and heated. Ultimately the employers agreed to 18 cents.

To Fuchs and his fellow union officers, it seemed like a victory. But extremists in the union thought otherwise. At a noisy mass meeting, they argued vehemently against the proposed agreement. Fuchs was in Washington, but one of his colleagues telegraphed him: "You'd better get here quick."

He caught the next plane. Point by point he went over the new contract, arguing acceptance. He got nowhere. Finally he played his big trump card. "If you turn down this settlement," he announced, "I'm out of the union tomorrow!"

That stopped the fight. After more than 20 years of Fuchs' capable leadership, the workers were in no mood to lose him. So they voted for the pact.

Two years ago, trouble brewed again. This time it revolved about a new contract for an eight per cent wage boost, plus a health-insurance fund and one week's vacation with pay. Some workers insisted on a full 15 per cent increase under the "Little Steel Formula."

Fuchs called them together. "The government's formula does not apply to trades earning such high pay as ours," he stated. "Any 15 per cent increase above our levels would be genuinely inflationary. It's up to us to think of the national economy as well as ourselves."

The workers saw it his way. Strike talk ceased.

Nor has all cooperativeness been on the union side. Recently a big manufacturer hired an efficiency expert and installed a new production system. To old-time employees the new methods were anathema. They flocked to union headquarters seeking other jobs.

Fuchs took up the matter with Jack Roth, quiet, dignified, 56-year-old president of the employers' organization, the Men's Neckwear Manufacturers Association of New York. "Leave it to me, Lou," Roth suggested. Then he went to visit the employer.

"I'm not trying to tell you how to run your business," Roth declared, "but I've a good idea that you may soon be trying to run your business without workers. Take my advice and forget this new system."

With the entire industry hard-hit by a manpower shortage, the employer saw the point. The new efficiency system—"speed-up," the workers called it—was abandoned.

"It's a matter of give and take," remarks Roth of the pleasant labor relations which prevail in his industry.

Such amity, of course, is a far cry from the warfare that ravaged the sweat-shop, low-pay industry 30

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years ago. It was then traditional that there had to be at least one general strike a year. Not until 1912 did the situation improve. That was when 19-year-old Louis Fuchs, a Hungarian-born tie presser, rose to leadership among the workers.

"What this industry needs is thorough organization of workers and employers," he said. "If each side is equally strong, both can share responsibility for uninterrupted production and jointly evolve a system for insuring it."

The manufacturers took him at his word, and in 1916 organized an association composed of most of the firms manufacturing the higher-priced ties. With the ending of an industry-wide strike in 1918, industrial warfare passed out of the New York picture. "Forever, I hope," says Fuchs.

Years of dealing together have taught union and employers a three-point formula for maintaining industrial relations that, experts say, could serve as a model for most small American industries.

Point No. 1 asserts that the cornerstone of good labor relations lies in the hands of the foreman and the union shop-chairman. On how they dispose of day-to-day difficulties depends factory morale. Therefore the union sees that only competent, cool-headed members are selected as chairmen, while management has been careful in choosing good foremen.

Because of continued attention to this first point, 75 per cent of all disputes are settled in the shops, and Point No. 2 is scarcely ever resorted to. This provides an impartial chairman for the union and the manufacturers who belong to the association; the chairman has the power to rule irrevocably over controversies that labor and management cannot resolve themselves. Knowledge of his existence acts as an effective safety valve for tense tempers. In the ten years that Justice Nathan D. Perlman of the New York Court of Special Sessions has held the office of impartial chairman, serving without pay, only five minor cases have been submitted to him.

Point No. 3 holds that it is imperative for the leaders of management and labor to have a thorough technical knowledge of the industry as a whole. Thus, if disputes develop, the employer-negotiator sees the workers' viewpoint, and the union chiefs understand management's problems.

When collective-bargaining contracts expire in the neckwear trade, there is no needless excitement. Upon expiration of the last one some months ago, both sides were deadlocked over suggested revisions in the new agreement.

"Do we stop work?" some union members asked Fuchs.

"Stop work nothing!" he answered. "We'll come to an agreement sooner or later. We always do, don't we?"

Production continued for months with only a verbal agreement on wages. Eventually a retroactive contract was signed, granting the industry's workers two-week vacations with pay as well as sickness and hospital insurance.

Today, there are 210 tie companies in the New York area, with an average employment of 30 to 40 workers each. They produce approximately two out of every five ties worn in the U. S., from the

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swanky hand-painted models which cost $15 to $50, to the mass-production items that sell for $1. Fuchs gets $110 a week as union manager—just about what he would get today as an operator in a necktie factory—and his salary goes up and down with the industry's wages. He spends most of his time going from shop to shop, conferring with manufacturers on their production and personnel problems.

Recently, when the post-war dearth of job seekers started to cripple production, the union inaugurated a campaign to attract ex-GIs into the industry. Waiving all initiation fees, it arranged for hundreds of veterans to learn tie-making from union experts and get paid $26 a week while studying. Within three months, these former soldiers earn $45 a week. At the end of six months, they receive the regular union scale.

To these men, fresh from the service where they had heard much about labor strife, conditions in the neckwear industry have been a revelation. Says one 25-year-old veteran of 23 months in Europe with the Ninth Air Force: "This is the way all American labor and management should get along. It makes it seem like everything we fought for was really worth while."

NEXT MONTH IN CORONET

Irving Berlin, Song Writer to the World: A bright, revealing word-portrait of a simple but remarkably gifted man whose musical career has been a 40-year Hit Parade. Don't miss George Frazier's penetrating study of America's favorite song writer.

Golden Land, Coronet's picture story of the way our land was built by immigrants, and of the immigration setup today. With touching photographs and thought-provoking commentary, *Golden Land* is one of the most unforgettable picture stories you have ever seen.

Peron, Latin Superman: Ruth and Leonard Greenup, two young American writers who lived in South America for several years, give you their expert appraisal of one of today's most important figures—the dynamic president of Argentina.

How Weather Affects Your Life: Your career, your health, your very life depend a great deal on the climate in which you live. You can't escape weather, of course, but the new science of meteorobiology is learning just how weather affects you and what you can do about it.

From cover to cover, the September issue of Coronet, on sale everywhere August 25, is filled with exciting, informative material. You won't want to miss a single page of it!

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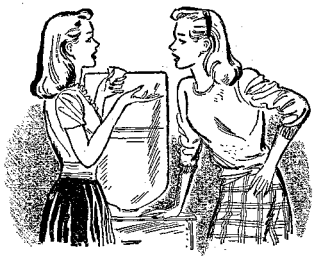
by RALPH WALLACE

FOR BUSINESS GIRLS ONLY!



You'll go farther and get ahead faster if you learn the important "Do's" and "Don'ts" of office behavior; here are a few simple rules worth remembering

LET ME TELL A HORRENDOUS tale of American business: the story of *you*. Yesterday, as one of America's 3,000,000-odd women office workers, you asked for a raise. Your boss liked your work. He thought you deserved more pay. And he'd be glad to recommend it to the personnel manager if you'd see that gentleman next day.

But when you phoned the personnel manager next morning, you were giggling a greeting to a fellow-worker when the p.m. picked up his receiver—and it took a moment to stifle the giggle and ask for an appointment.

Then, in the p.m.'s office, your trick off-the-shoulder blouse brought a glint to his eye—and it wasn't amour. Finally—but finally—you nervously selected that very moment to peek in your compact.

The usually affable personnel manager became gruff. Times are getting a little tight. . . . Perhaps later. . . . So you walked out, puzzled and hurt, without your raise.

Exaggerated? Unusual? Not a bit. Any company employing even half a dozen girls could tell similar stories. American women in business can be charming and efficient, courteous and helpful, and of incalculable worth to their employers in dollars and cents. But all too often they can, and do, run through the whole lexicon of bad manners, bad taste, and even exhibit the most unholy fault of all—bad temper. They don't realize it, but their unbusinesslike feminine conduct annually costs tens of thousands of business girls the chance for promotion and better pay.

Can anything be done about this sadly universal problem? The answer is a resounding "Yes!" Not long ago I talked with an executive of a large American corporation—Schenley Distillers—which has approached the subject in a scientific way: an eight-week course in personality in business, given on office time by an expert woman business psychologist to more than 2,000

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women employees of the company.

As a result of the course, office morale immediately improved. Courtesy—to fellow employees and important customers—shot up overnight. Efficiency increased measurably. And a sizeable percentage of the girls taking the course have since received that most satisfying of tangible results—a raise in pay.

THE STORY OF THIS experiment goes back to two years ago, when an executive of Joseph S. Finch & Co., a Schenley subsidiary, passed a group of girls chatting in the hall. One of them had a lipstick in her hand. As the executive passed, the girl gestured with the hand holding the lipstick—and the executive found a red mark smeared across his shirt.

Enraged and irritated—lipstick being difficult to explain to other executives, not to mention wives—he brought up the matter at a company meeting. The girls should not have been chatting in the hall in the first place, he exclaimed bitterly; it seemed the whole office was getting out of hand. His story resulted in a deluge of similar tales—tales of over-officious secretaries, of a receptionist who had offended an important visitor, of general carelessness and bad manners.

The executives decided part of the fault lay in the fact that many girl workers had been recruited desperately from high school and secretarial classes to reinforce the company's war-thinned ranks. Secretaries, stenographers, typists, messengers, file clerks—often the largest single group of employees in any office—were rushed from the classroom, frequently with no more than a bare mechanical knowledge of shorthand and typing. But what could be done about it?

C. W. Young, office manager for Finch, had an inspiration. Salesmen, engineers, foremen and even executives received training courses in the practices and policies of their firms, he said. Couldn't a training course be designed for office girls?

One great problem was that women too often regarded almost any criticism as a personal affront. A course in which all women workers were lumped together, with no one singled out by name, might solve the difficulty.

General Manager T. J. McConville, an efficiency-minded Scotchman, listened approvingly.

"All right," he snapped. "Figure something out."

Young's first step was to consult other employers. The same problem bedeviled all. The young women in their offices were decent, conscientious girls, but too many of them lacked poise, confidence and an understanding of the behavior required of them as responsible representatives of their employers. Yet no one had designed a program to correct such evils.

Finally Young consulted a Pittsburgh school of business administration—and discovered Mrs. Alberta Greene Redenbaugh teaching a class in personality development for business girls.

A white-haired, motherly woman with a sense of humor and unshakable poise, Mrs. Redenbaugh had been a psychology student at Columbia and the University of Chicago, a schoolteacher, an interior decorator and an executive of one of Pittsburgh's largest department

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stores. Young found her enthusiastic about his plan. He assured her no businessmen wanted to regiment employees—the object was to *help* the girls make progress in their own careers.

Fired with the idea of creating a course which might become a model for industry everywhere, Mrs. Redenbaugh put together a comprehensive outline of subject matter. Designed to run an hour a week for eight weeks, the miniature university for working girls included lessons in charm, personality and poise; business etiquette, from proper introductions to good telephone manners; health and personal hygiene; the right type of clothing and clothes budgets—even a list of business words frequently mispronounced.

With the natural anxiety that besets the experimenter, Mrs. Redenbaugh met her first class. She faced 100 girls, some plainly resentful, some frightened of the company brass present, some there just to gain an hour from work.

Addressing one girl, she said: "I don't want you to name names, but if you've ever met any girl in business whom you don't like, tell us why she annoys you."

The girl blushed, but under Mrs. Redenbaugh's cajoling she said defiantly: "I know several girls who go out to fix their make-up every hour. They're gone five minutes each time. That's 35 minutes a day apiece, which means more work for the rest of us."

Another target for criticism was a girl who courted her boss. "She acts like a dope," said the complaining colleague. "Besides, we all know he has a wife and kids."

One girl proclaimed: "The party I don't like is always hogging the phone with personal calls. She talks so much my boss can't even get through on company business."

Presently the girls had constructed a composite creature who had all the unpleasant habits and characteristics that plague personnel executives everywhere. She came to the office overdressed or underdressed. She screamed in elevators or shouted in public places about office business. She pried persistently into intimate or personal affairs. She gossiped, alibied, passed the buck, shirked her job or wore a permanent scowl. She was officious, nosy, left visitors standing foolishly in the reception room.

Having induced the girls themselves to create this monstrosity, Mrs. Redenbaugh skillfully set them to the task of routing it from their ranks. She gave them five basic rules by which to work:

"*Courtesy is a profitable commodity.* Your tactless or ungracious conduct may kill a prospective deal and cost your firm a profit that helps to pay your salary.

"*Take criticism as a helping hand.* The blackest mark against businesswomen is that they can't stand to be corrected.

"*Dress for your job.* An office isn't a ballroom or a picnic. Don't look outlandish when you come to work.

"*Keep office business to yourself.* Don't give away your boss's ideas. They're hard to come by and his judgment is his stock in trade.

"*Keep clean.* If you don't, it's one error that even a tough boss won't correct."

Mrs. Redenbaugh was careful never to suggest that she was teach-

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ing her students something new, merely that she was refreshing their memories. And, recognizing that many girls might be too embarrassed to inquire openly about vexing problems, she installed a question box and promptly was engulfed by inquiries.

They asked: "Should I say 'Good morning' first or wait for my boss to say it?"

"How can I improve my memory for names?"

"Is it proper to sit on the arm of a chair when no other seats are available?"

"Should I stand up if the boss stops in the lunchroom to say 'Hello'?"

Each question was brought up in class and answered. Thus classes became open forums for problems which had faced almost every individual. By thus making each girl *part* of the course—instead of a mere observer—Mrs. Redenbaugh not only aroused interest but worked some miraculous improvements among the girls themselves.

One secretary, for example, had been so blatantly inquisitive that other girls in the office dreaded her. Her loud conversation consisted of a virtual inquisition into their personal affairs. She would yell across the office: "Jeannie, I hear you're not engaged any more. What happened?" Or, "Hey, why isn't your brother working? He get fired?"

When Mrs. Redenbaugh first talked on the subject of inquisitiveness, she noticed the girl looked incredulous, then flushed, then set her chin. Today, the girl has stopped asking prying questions.

In contrast, there was a tall, thin, quiet girl who had no intimates and whose friendlessness was reflected in her work. Each time a supervisor spoke to her, she cringed. So she had been relegated to an unimportant routine job with little future. Eagerly, she took class hints on make-up and dress, and overnight gained confidence. When a secretary's job opened up, she summoned her new-found courage and asked for it. The executive agreed to take a chance. Now he's enthusiastic about her work—and she has had two raises in pay.

At one of the first class sessions, a representative of Schenley's director of personnel appeared. On the strength of his report, the course was offered to other offices of the corporation, provided the girls wanted it. They did, and since May, 1945, the course has enrolled roughly 2,000 girls, including affiliated company offices in Chicago, Milwaukee, Cincinnati, Lawrenceburg, Frankfort and New York.

The course in each town was brought to a spectacular conclusion with a commencement exercise—usually a fashion show for business women—with local stores cooperating. Macy's participated in the New York show, and Mrs. Redenbaugh's pupils served as models, with radio and stage stars as judges.

"The classes in New York cost the company the girl's wages for 5,200 hours, plus Mrs. Redenbaugh's fee," a Schenley executive told me, "but it was worth every cent of it. We not only proved to the girls' satisfaction that such a course helped them, but we proved it increased the efficiency and office morale of the company as a whole."

Are other companies interested in

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"Personality in Business" courses? Schenley has been swamped with inquiries ever since other corporations heard of the exceptional results achieved. Queries have come from companies, colleges and schools throughout the U. S. One inquiry has even been received from a tramway company in far-off Bombay, India!

One of the most significant results of the course is that personnel managers have found the burden of frequent admonitions lifted from their shoulders. Dorothy Cruger, executive in the Schenley offices in New York, says that before the course was started she often found it difficult to correct a girl on some intimate detail of dress or work.

"She'd resent it bitterly, and usually any improvement I obtained was offset by the grudge the criticism created. But in a class, the criticism can't possibly be taken as personal. And that means better feeling—and improvement by the girls themselves—all the way round."

Tomorrow, if you are a woman employee, you may easily run head-on into some such problem as the "Personality in Business" course has unearthed. Even without such a course, tact, good sense and a careful appraisal of the manners, dress and deportment of the top woman executives in your company should show you a way out.

Neither Rome nor a better job can be built in a day. But you can build both your own personality *and* a better job if you take to heart Mrs. Redenbaugh's five rules—courtesy, cleanliness, a healthy attitude toward criticism, proper dress and caution in discussing office secrets.

Improving on the Dictionary

A-part'ment—A place where you start to turn off your radio and find you've been listening to the neighbor's. —*The Heating Equipment Dealer*

Bride'groom'—Something they use at a wedding. —Ed Wynn

Can'di-date—A politician who stands for what he thinks people will fall for.

Com'mu-nist—One who has given up hope of becoming a capitalist.

Ex-pe'ri-ence—What you have left after everything else is gone.

Hard Times—When hitchhikers are willing to go either way.
—John Garland Pollard

Middle Age—That time of life when the average man is going to begin saving next month.
—Wally Maher

Sub'tle-ty—The art of saying what you want to say and getting out of range before it is understood.
—*The Wyatt Way*

Yawn—Nature's provision for letting married men open their mouths. —*The Burning Question*

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SENSE and *Nonsense*

Milton Berle, ebullient comedian and master of ceremonies, does the honors as this month's guest editor of the Coronet Game Book section. Long a favorite entertainer on the stage, screen and radio, he now has his own network program, the Milton Berle show, heard Tuesday nights over the NBC network.

MILTON BERLE, GUEST EDITOR

Ask a Foolish Question . . .

Most quizzes today are too darned sensible! What's the good of a quiz if you have to think—and what's the good of thinking if you only get a sensible answer as a reward? I like a little foolishness in my quizzes. For instance, *you* might say that "nowhere" is straight down and turn to your left, and *I* might say that it is entirely even throughout. We'd both be right, so there is no real answer. But here's a foolish quiz to which there *are* real answers, though there isn't much sense to the questions. Try it, anyway, and see how well you do. **(Answers on page 117.)**

1. A prominent publisher was found dead and the following note was pinned to his coat: "I killed myself. My full confession will be found between pages 129 and 130 of the dictionary." Why is it reasonably sure that he did not kill himself?
2. "Make this next frame wider than it is long" said the carpenter to his helper. "You're nuts!" said the helper, and he is right. Why?
3. You go to bed at 7 P. M. and set the alarm to wake you the next morning at 8:30. How long do you sleep?
4. If you have $1.05 in change and you cannot change a dollar, a half dollar, a quarter, a dime or a nickel, how many coins have you and what are they?
5. Jones is left-handed, yet he stirs his coffee with his right hand. Is this very unusual for a left-handed man?

Two Little Words

A common eight-letter word has only one vowel and a fairly common five-letter word has only one consonant. What are these words? (Answer on page 117.) P.S. If you know any other words like these two, your vocabulary is better than mine.

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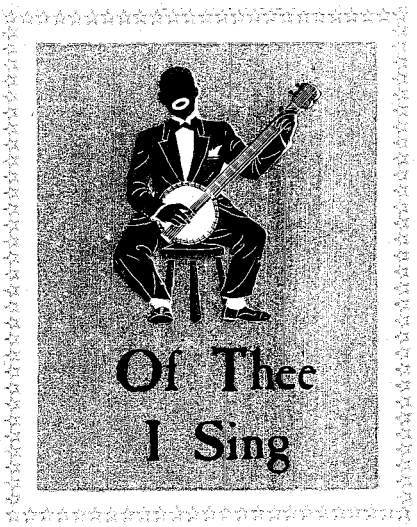
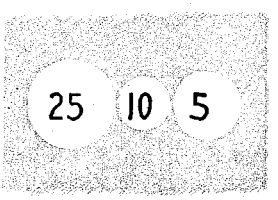

These lines, taken from America's most popular songs, may look OK at first glance, but they are all slightly misquoted. Either a word or words are missing or a wrong word or words are included. Do you know what the missing words are or what words to substitute for those that are wrong? If you can correct more than three out of the seven you are remarkable! **(See page 117.)**

1. "O say, does the Star-spangled Banner still wave
   O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave"
2. "We'll sing one song for my old Kentucky Home
   For my old Kentucky Home far away."
3. "Give me a home where the buffalos roam
   And the deer and the antelopes play"
4. "Drink to me only with thine eyes
   And I will drink with mine."
5. "O promise me that some day you and I
   Will take our love together to the sky"
6. "Darling we are getting old
   Silver threads among the gold."
7. "Way down upon the Swanee River, far, far away
   There's where my heart is turning ever
   There's where the old folks stay."

One for the Money Changers

Place a dime, a quarter and a nickel on a table as shown in the diagram. (If you don't have that much dough, borrow some.) The coins must all be touching one another. You can touch the dime but may not move it and you can move the nickel but may not touch it. And you're not allowed to touch the nickel with the quarter. The object is to place the quarter between the dime and the nickel. Can you do it? (If not, turn to page 117 and see how it's done.)



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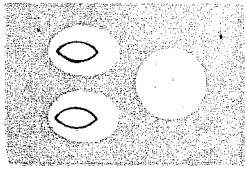
Musical Memories

On the way over to the studio the other night, I got an idea for a memory game which has to do with theme songs of famous stage, screen and radio artists. I tried it out on some of the folks in the studio, and they seemed to like it. Now, as Game Book guest editor, I am offering it for your approval. I'll give you the name of the song, and you tell me the artist generally associated with it. Just to get you started, the answer to the first one is Tommy Dorsey. What are the others? (For correct answers, see page 117.)

SONG	ARTIST
1. *I'm Gettin' Sentimental Over You*	*Tommy Dorsey*
2. *Sonny Boy*	_____
3. *Maine Stein Song*	_____
4. *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*	_____
5. *Rhapsody in Blue*	_____
6. *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*	_____
7. *When the Blue of the Night Meets the Gold of the Day*	_____
8. *Carolina Moon*	_____
9. *That's What I Like About the South*	_____
10. *When My Baby Smiles at Me*	_____

The Carpenter's Dilemma



I once had two oval pieces of board with holes in them as shown in this diagram. I took them to a carpenter's shop and asked to have the pieces made into one circular table top. The poor carpenter was confused; he struggled with it for hours and finally had to give up. Yet it can be done. Can *you* do it? (Solution on page 117.)

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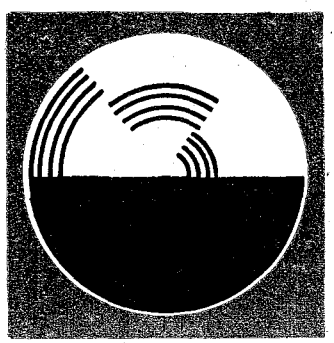
So YOU Think You Can Read!

This is a combination tongue twister and brain teaser. First see how fast you can read the passage below, then read it as an elocution student would—with expression. Finally, explain the situation described—without smiling or laughing.

General Fite stormed the fort of General Fort. Fite was before Fort's fort before Fort could fight Fite but Fite's unfortified fort enabled Fort to fight Fite better than Fite fought Fort. However Fite fought Fort until Fort took Fite's unfortified fort and then how Fort fought Fite! If Fite had fought Fort before Fort's fortified fort instead of Fort fighting Fite before Fite's fort, then Fort and Fite might not have fought.

I Don't Believe It!

You may not believe it, you may even think I'm delirious, but the black and white disc shown at the right will produce colors if you spin it. Cut out the disc and mount it on cardboard, then put a pin through the center and spin it. You don't have to imagine the colors—they are really there. And you don't have to take my word for it, either. Try it and see for yourself, but do it in good light—preferably electric light.



Monkey Business

The drawing at the left shows a little monkey holding on to a string. The string passes over a pulley and the monkey's weight is exactly balanced by an iron bob. If the monkey is perfectly still nothing will happen, but if the animal should start to climb the string, will the iron bob go up or down?

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Answers

Ask a Foolish Question:

1. There is no such place in the dictionary, and certainly a prominent publisher would know this. 2. Nothing can be wider than it is long because the width then becomes the length. 3. One hour and a half. 4. Five coins: a half dollar, a quarter and three dimes. 5. Yes. Jones should use a spoon, as most left-handers do.

Of Thee I Sing:

1. *that; yet* 2. *the* Old Kentucky Home 3. *O* give me; *buffalo; Where* the deer; *antelope* 4. *pledge* with mine 5. to *some* sky 6. *I* am *growing* old 7. *de* Swanee *ribber; Dere's wha; ebber; Dere's wha de*

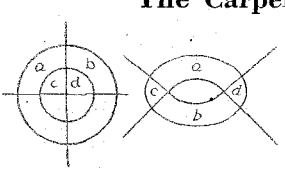
One for the Money Changers:

Press down on the dime with your finger and hit it hard with the quarter, using the other hand. This will knock the nickel away and you can place the quarter between the dime and nickel.

Musical Memories:

1. Tommy Dorsey. 2. Al Jolson. 3. Rudy Vallee. 4. Kate Smith. 5. Paul Whiteman. 6. Mary Martin. 7. Bing Crosby. 8. Morton Downey. 9. Phil Harris. 10. Ted Lewis.

The Carpenter's Dilemma:



By cutting each oval board into four parts, as shown, the circular table top can be made from the eight pieces.

Two Little Words:

STRENGTH QUEUE

Monkey Business:

The bob will go up.

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Where Unwanted Children Find Love

by ANNA M. ROBBINS

By providing a haven for handicapped youngsters, a widow found new happiness

IN A TEN-ROOM ROW HOUSE in Philadelphia a little girl born without two limbs sat playing in perfect harmony with an "incorrigible" six-year-old boy, a mentally deficient lad of five and three babies who had found abode here because no other private home would or could help them. By the time you read this, many other handicapped children will have been started on the road toward a full life through the love and compassion of Mrs. Lillian Stein.

Mrs. Stein, a motherly widow of broad proportions and an enormous heart, decided that she needed something "to keep her sane" when her oldest son entered the service in 1943. But her only daughter, then 14, and her son of four needed her attention at home. For their sake she felt she could not go to work.

Dimly she remembered reading about the Foster Homes Service—now the Foster Homes for Children Campaign. Perhaps taking in children would fill her time and her heart. At the Association for Jewish Children she was told about the Foster Homes plan, which would enable her to offer a temporary or long-term home to one or more normal, desirable children.

But she also found out about the unwanted—the maladjusted, the mentally deficient, the physically handicapped — some of whom are slated for institutions.

"No matter how good an institution is, it can never be like a real home. I want those unwanted children," she told astounded social workers.

In vain, staff members explained the sacrifices and thankless tasks she faced. Mrs. Stein's smile continued to beam in her round, pleasant face. "I want the children who most need mothering!"

Since that day four years ago, she has mothered more than a score of children whom no one else would take. She is the lay helper on whom social workers depend in emergen-

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cies, the one they call night or day when they have a really ticklish problem on their hands.

One SOS came when an "incorrigible" boy of six was brought to a social agency by his tearful mother, who wanted him placed in an institution. The agency phoned Mrs. Stein. "Bring him here at once," she said.

"He was the kind of boy who had so much nervous energy he just couldn't keep still," Mrs. Stein recalls. "If you were in his presence for an hour, you were exhausted."

The very first morning in her home, he had a tantrum and ran wildly about. Instead of whipping him, or even trying to catch him, Mrs. Stein just ignored his antics while the other children stared in amazement. When he was out of breath she called him.

"Bill, don't you like it here with the other children?"

"Yes," he said belligerently.

"Well, then," she went on pleasantly, "let's all be quiet so we can stay together."

Surprised and confused, he ate breakfast quietly. Within a few months Mrs. Stein's consistently calm but authoritative manner had turned him into a normal boy. "I just remembered that it's awfully hard to be six years old and quiet too," she says.

THE FIRST LITTLE GIRL she took under her wing was five. The father, a soldier, was in Australia and the mother had been forced to return to work. The child was sensitive and confused, but Mrs. Stein's patient affection soon put her at ease and gave her the happiness that only a well-loved one enjoys. The girl remained in the Stein home more than a year, visited occasionally by her mother. Then her father returned and she went back to her real home—a happy, well-adjusted child.

A boy of five presented a more complicated problem. Reports on his background and past conduct, and tests given by the placement agency indicated he was mentally deficient. His parents were neither financially nor emotionally able to help him—in fact, they just didn't care. But this ace of foster mothers came to the rescue.

Teaching and training him to talk, to play, to get along with other children, looked like a hopeless task at first. But Mrs. Stein persisted kindly, fitting his punishments and rewards to his conduct. When he engaged in such capers as throwing bed covers out the window, she made him eat his cereal without fruit; then she washed the covers and put them back on his bed without ado. In less than a year he was a normal child as far as any layman could tell.

One child was just three months old when he was placed in her care—a tiny, blue bundle. But his parents had tried to adapt him to their sophisticated city life which turned night into day. The infant had developed the habit of sleeping all day and staying awake all night. Night after night Mrs. Stein walked the floor with him until gradually she taught the baby to keep more convenient hours.

Another boy of three months, who had been pitifully neglected, was undernourished and underweight when he entered the Stein home. At nine months, when he

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went to a permanent foster home, he was slightly above average in weight and showed every sign of being a normal, healthy child.

"He was a big fellow for his age," Mrs. Stein remarked as proudly as any mother might in referring to her own offspring. "He was quite a little man, with dark, curly hair and big brown eyes."

Age, however, is no criterion of the need for her mothering. One of her boys was 16, an orphan who had lived in many homes but had never really felt wanted. He wholeheartedly enjoyed the atmosphere in the home of "Aunt Lillian" until he left, full-grown. He still returns occasionally for a friendly visit.

A girl of 15 who had spent a year in a German concentration camp and lost both parents and all trace of other relatives, found love and her fill of such luxuries as calf's liver and fruit in Mrs. Stein's generous home. Aunt Lillian never seemed to care that the money the agency paid for board was not scaled to the appetite of one who wanted to make up for lost time.

"We'll find a way to skimp on something else," Mrs. Stein remarked calmly.

"Often I get sassy little ones," she says. "They want the last word, or they sulk and pout, or strike me, or broadcast the accidents that happen to the other children. They're so upset, frightened and confused that they use these ways of showing me who's boss to offset it.

"But when I take each little one on my lap and correct him or her gently, when I give them all plenty of affection as a reward for good conduct, you'd be surprised how fast they learn normal behavior."

Oddly enough, Mrs. Stein has never studied Child Psychology. When her admirers envy her wisdom with children, she just smiles and says, "Somehow the wisdom comes when you most need it."

The little girl born without two limbs was temporarily in an institution without facilities to care for her properly. Should she be transferred to another institution or would Lillian Stein take her? "Of course I want her," was the immediate reply. And she not only took the crippled child into that house of motherly love, but used every possible means to help the little girl play with the others.

Because the child couldn't use crutches, she was always placed amidst the other children, while Mrs. Stein guided them into playing games in which she could participate. Once the girl was one of the crowd, Mrs. Stein no longer intruded, although she watched constantly. Through her clever guidance, the youngsters never mentioned the girl's handicap or indicated that she was "different."

Of course, the complex job of foster-mothering doesn't leave Mrs. Stein any time for movies or bridge. Her daughter tucks the children into bed at night when she returns from work. The older son, now returned from the service, loves to take them out to buy ice cream, with one or two in his arms and the rest trailing behind. But Mrs. Stein has all the routine care and the work.

Usually there are at least six waifs in her home at a time, each requiring more care than the average child, plus three of her own offspring. Nevertheless she does all the

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cooking and housework except for a part-time maid, and still finds time to read and sew, and occasionally to help a sick neighbor.

Mrs. Stein modestly shares credit for her good work, claiming that it is made possible through the "partnership" of the Association for Jewish Children. The executive director of this organization, Mrs. Herman P. Gumnit, explains that the agency pays a small, regular sum for the children's food, clothing and shelter, and sends trained caseworkers to check on progress and cooperate wherever possible. "But," she adds, "we all admire Mrs. Stein for the great woman she is."

Mrs. Stein says: "I've had more money in my life, and there was a time when I did less work. But I've never been happier than in the past four years. When I kiss my own children they expect it. But when I kiss those whom no one else wants, and feel their little bodies thrill to a love they never expected—I only wish I could take hundreds more!"

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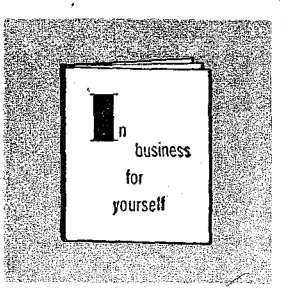

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It's not a God-given talent, but an art anyone can master with a little effort

How to Remember Names

by CAROL LYNN GILMER

AL MARTIN, OWNER of the men's clothing shop in the small town where I lived for many years, had won considerable renown through his poor memory for names. Al was a friendly, likeable old fellow, and we always forgave his shortcoming. But since he would never admit his failing and went to great lengths to conceal it, we took delight in reporting his latest blunders.

The best-known one concerned an old farmer who had been Al's customer for years. The farmer had just bought an overcoat, and Al asked the usual question: "Do you want to charge this?" The customer said he did, and waited for Al to write the charge slip.

Slowly Al filled in the date, the item, the amount. Then, with pencil poised above the space marked "Name," he hesitated. "You know," he said jovially, "it's a funny thing—I never can remember how to spell your name."

With straight-faced gravity the farmer replied: "I spell it J-o-n-e-s."

At one time or another, most of us, like Al Martin, are caught dipping frantically into a cluttered memory in search of the name that goes with some familiar face. We may mumble incoherently or chatter inanely to cover our embarrassment, but our forgetfulness won't be forgotten. It can cause us to lose friendships, to miss business opportunities. For when we forget a person's name we are saying to him, in effect, "I don't think you are worth bothering with."

On the other hand, by remembering a person's name, by recalling subjects which were discussed casually at earlier meetings, we pay him a sincere compliment. We are saying to him, "I consider you an interesting person."

The ability to remember names is *not* a God-given talent but an art which anyone can develop with a little effort. The accomplishments of such men as Charles M. Schwab of U.S. Steel, who could name each of his 8,000 employees at Homestead Mill, or memory expert Robert H. Nutt of Greensboro, North Carolina, who was once introduced to 220 persons in rapid succession and recalled each name when he met the same group two months later, prove how great is the capacity of the human memory.

James A. Farley, while serving

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as Democratic national chairman, claimed he knew the names of 50,000 people all over the country. Whenever he returned to a town he had once visited, he shook hands with voters he had met before and called each by his first name. Farley's memory paid off in votes which helped to put Franklin D. Roosevelt in the White House.

These men and many others have found that remembering names and faces is not too difficult. And you will soon agree with them if you practice these few simple rules:

1. *Be certain that you have heard the name correctly.*

Many introductions are performed with a hurried mumble. If you don't catch the name of the person being introduced, ask him to repeat it. He will not be offended —more likely he will be flattered.

Once you are sure of spelling and pronunciation, imagine how the name would look if written out. In other words, take a picture of the name with your memory camera.

2. *Repeat the name as often as possible during your conversation.*

You can tag the name onto your greeting: "How are you, Mr. Brooks." Or precede your questions with it: "Mr. Brooks, do you . . ." Thus you impress the memory picture on your mind, and again you please the person to whom you are talking, for there is nothing sweeter to our ears than the sound of our own name.

3. *Study the person to whom you have been introduced.*

William P. Sheridan, a New York detective, developed his powers of observation so keenly that he could recognize any of the 22,000 criminals whose pictures filled the files at police headquarters. If you want to remember people you meet, train yourself to notice unusual features —color of eyes and hair; shape of nose, mouth, ears, head; height, weight and build; mannerisms and favorite expressions.

4. *Learn as much as you can about your new acquaintance.*

Good salesmen often make notes of topics in which a customer has expressed interest, of little facts about his family life which might make friendly conversation later. Then, before calling on the client again, they review these notes.

You won't go to these lengths when meeting people casually, but each fact you learn about someone you have just met will help to fix him in your mind as a real person.

5. *Establish an association with the name in your mind.*

Once you have learned useful facts about your new acquaintance, try to connect his name with a mental tag which will help you recall the name on subsequent occasions. Memory, for the most part, is a matter of association.

A rhyme like "Mr. Blair has black hair," ridiculous as it may sound, will create a visual impression which connects the name with the appearance. A sentence like "Mr. Shipp is in the export business" links the man with his job.

Suppose you are introduced to A. J. Lyon. Your mind leaps to the king of beasts for an association; now think of two adjectives, using the initial letters for a phrase—

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"angry, jealous lion" or "awfully jumpy lion."

Often a person has a name familiar to you because it is the same as that of a friend, a movie star, a celebrity. On meeting a man named Allison, your thoughts might run in this haphazard fashion: "Mr. Allison. No relation to June Allyson."

6. *Test your memory after introductions.*

If you have met a number of people at a social or business gathering, review their names by trying to identify each as you look around the room. Whenever you are in doubt about a name, ask your host or neighbor to help you. Recall the association you made with each name when you first heard it.

Not many days go by that we do not meet one or more new people. At the end of the day, think back and see if you can remember the name and appearance of each person you have met. Perhaps you will never encounter him again, but should you run into him tomorrow, next week or next month, you will be able to place him immediately.

7. *Be genuinely interested in each new person you meet.*

According to psychologists, we remember best those things which we *want* to remember. Unless you are truly interested in other people, unless you really want to make new friends, you certainly will not remember names.

Stop and think before you say, "I can never remember names." Perhaps what you are really saying is, "I'm pretty smug and self-satisfied. I'm far more interested in myself than in other people."

When you can meet a person you haven't seen for years and greet him by name, you have taken the first big step into a new world of friendships and wider opportunities.

Classy Classifieds

Lovely two-bedroom home: This is a very livable home, especially with large loving room.
—SHREVEPORT (LA.) *Times*

For sale: White Spitz puppies. Call at Hot Dog Stand, Hamden, Ohio. —WELLSTON (OHIO) *Sentinel*

For sale: Good pair of shoes. Going back to Tennessee.
—DETROIT (MICH.) *News*

Wanted, a cook: Live in. Private room and bath. Meals, laundry, good-natured people to live with. Willing to lend diamonds, mink coat for one day off each week. Will exchange references.
—KINGSTON (N. Y.) *Freeman*

Ad in Chicago's *Northtown Economist:* "For rent: five rooms—without bath, newly decorated. Only clean people need apply."
—HAROLD HELFER

Attractive girl wanted to work in dark room nights.
SEATTLE (WASH.) *Post-Intelligencer*

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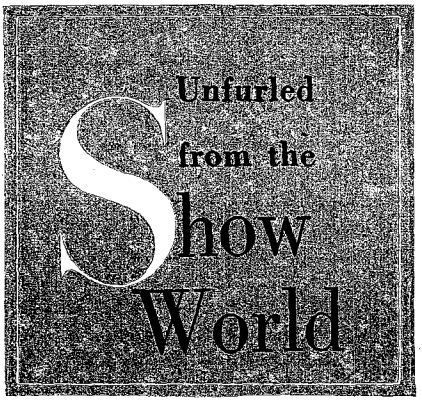

Columns Write

Samuel Goldwyn, accompanied by several of his executives, attended a preview of one of his pictures. He was dissatisfied with the film and looked unhappy as he left the theater. The executives, however, were jubilant.

"What a picture!" they exulted. "It's colossal, Sam!"

"Maybe," said Goldwyn gloomily, "but only in a small way."

—E. E. Edgar in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*

Overheard during a showing of *The Unfaithful:*

"I wonder if my husband loves me."

"Of course, he does, dearie. Why should *you* be an exception?"

—Erskine Johnson

Chinchilla-cheeked Monty Woolley was riding in a bus one day when a weird little man grabbed the famous Woolley beard to steady himself. As they kept swaying and twisting, Monty became so enraged he couldn't speak. Finally as the bus drew to a sudden stop he screamed, "Will you *please* relinquish my beard?"

"Why?" rejoined the little beard-hanger. "Are you getting off here?"

—Jack O'Brian

Cellulines

The night Al Jolson was tendered a testimonial dinner to launch *The Jolson Story,* a woman strolled into a room and saw Sid Skolsky, producer of the picture, pacing nervously up and down the room.

"Are you always nervous before making a speech?" the woman inquired.

"Nervous? I never get nervous," Skolsky snapped.

"In that case," demanded the woman, "what are you doing in the ladies' lounge?" —Hy Gardner in *Parade*

Hollywood is just a Gold Rush in a Dinner Jacket. —Boris Morros

They were at the movies and during an intense love scene she nudged her husband and said, "Why is it that you never make love to me like that?"

"Listen," he snapped, "do you know how much they have to pay that fellow for doing it?"

—Neal O'Hara

Dore Schary, whose task it was to prepare the screen treatment of *Edison the Man,* went to see one of Thomas A. Edison's daughters regarding certain biographic changes which were deemed necessary for movie purposes.

"I can well understand that some changes will be necessary," agreed the great man's daughter, "and I am sure that it will be quite all

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right. Father had a high squeaky voice, and I know that simply wouldn't do for Spencer Tracy."

—*Wall Street Journal*

Comic Section

Jack Carson was recalling some exciting fishing adventures. "My muscles of sinewy steel were more than a match for this denizen of the deep," he boasted. "Finally, after a three hour struggle, exhausted but triumphant, I landed this ferocious monster."

"Ferocious monster!" sneered Nephew Tugwell. "I saw a picture of the fish you caught. At most it might have been six inches long."

"All right," conceded Carson. "But in three hours of fighting a fish can lose a lot of weight."

—*The Chicago Tribune*

Air Lines

Fred Allen: You look frightened, Mr. Moody.

Titus Moody: Yep. I been layin' low all day.

Allen: Hiding?

Moody: Nope. Bottom fell outa my bed.

A fellow who was bound for Pittsburgh sat down in the station waiting room and waited anxiously for the announcement of his train. Finally the announcer came along and shouted: "Train on track 10 leaving for Cashla, Mardraw and Pashma!"

The chap continued sitting there. Ten minutes passed . . . half an hour passed . . . an hour. He decided to try the information desk.

"When," he asked, "are you going to announce the train leaving for Pittsburgh?"

He was told they had already announced it.

"You mean to say," cried the traveler, "that 'Cashla' was Pittsburgh?"

"Certainly not," replied the clerk impatiently. " 'Cashla' was Chicago. 'Pashma' was Pittsburgh."

—*Can You Top This, NBC*

The California weather man says they don't have rain in California, only dew. This morning he stepped off his front porch, and now they're dragging the dew for his body.

—PHIL SILVERS ON THE *Vaughn Monroe Show, CBS*

A passenger aboard a steamboat asked the Captain why they had stopped in midstream.

"The fog is so thick that we can't see to proceed up river," replied the Captain.

"But Captain," the passenger persisted, looking skyward, "I can see the stars."

"Yes, Madam," he replied patiently. "But unless the boilers bust, that ain't the way we're goin'."

—ARTHUR GODFREY, *CBS*

Coronet invites contributions for "Unfurled from the Show World." Send us that gag you heard on the radio, that quip from stage or screen, and anecdotes about show business, but be sure to state the source of material you submit. Payment for suitable items will be made upon publication. Address your contributions to "Unfurled from the Show World" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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. . . and the music begins, with the dee
of the long names and the broad histori

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Suddenly, there are bells, there are cymbals.
is the call of horns. These are the tunes

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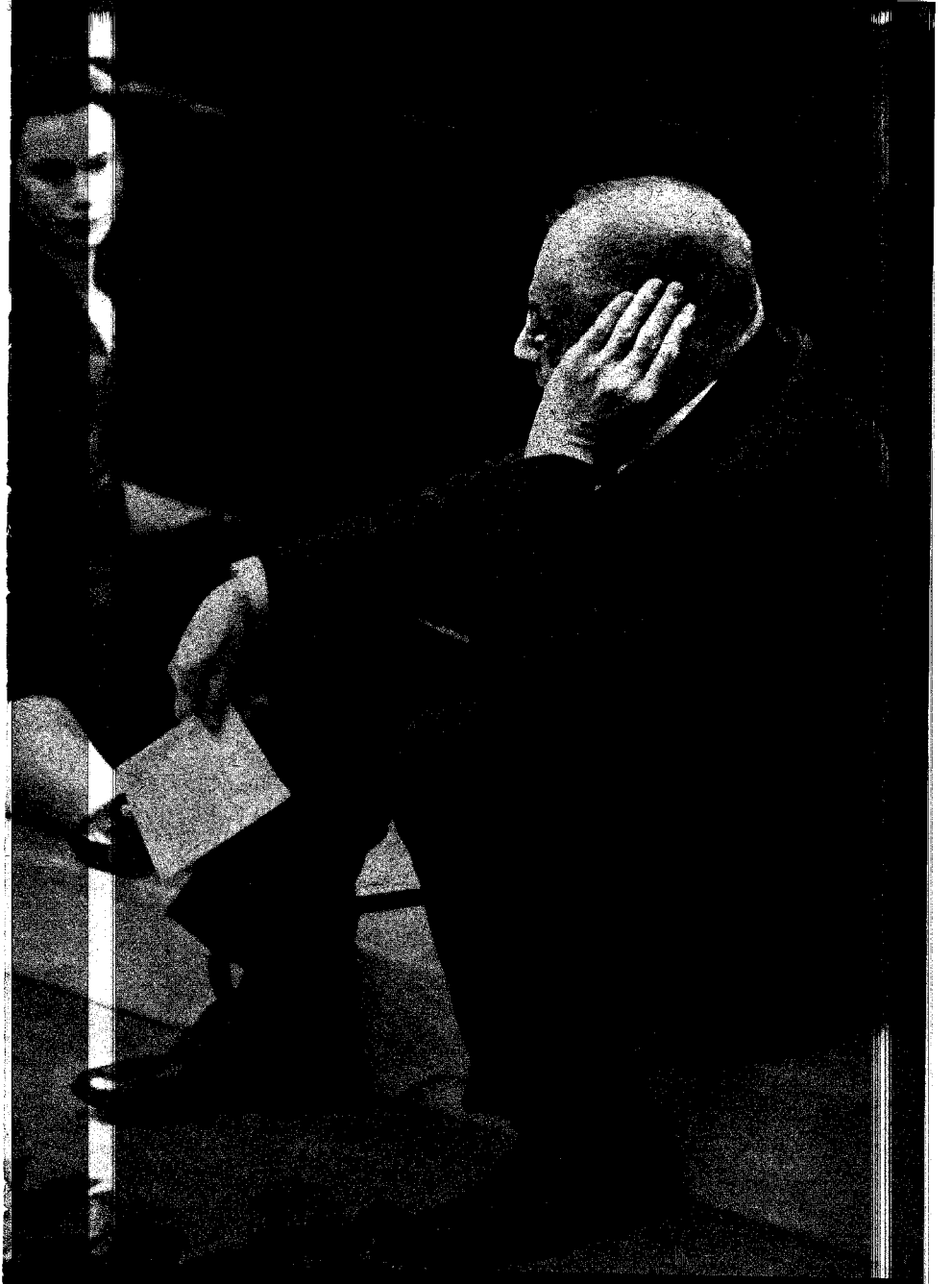

. . . time and the universe sing, building height upon height, crescendo above crescendo, soaring and singing like triumph . . .

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. . . and hearts are filled and dreams take wing, and castles are built in the air. *Then silence settles like a sigh . . . but the music is forever un-*

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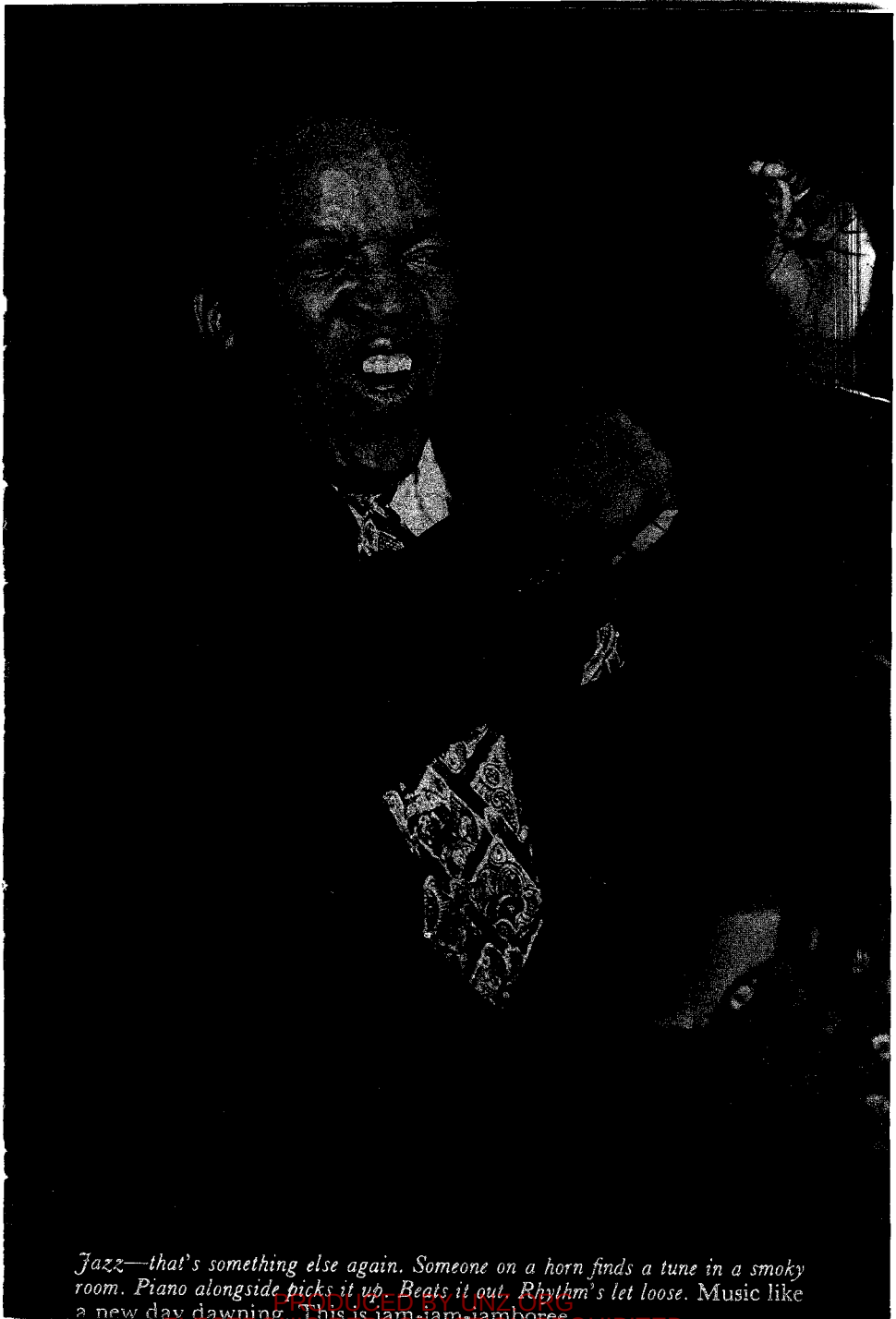

Jazz—that's something else again. Someone on a horn finds a tune in a smoky room. Piano alongside picks it up. Beats it out. Rhythm's let loose. Music like a new day dawning. This is jam-jam-jamboree.

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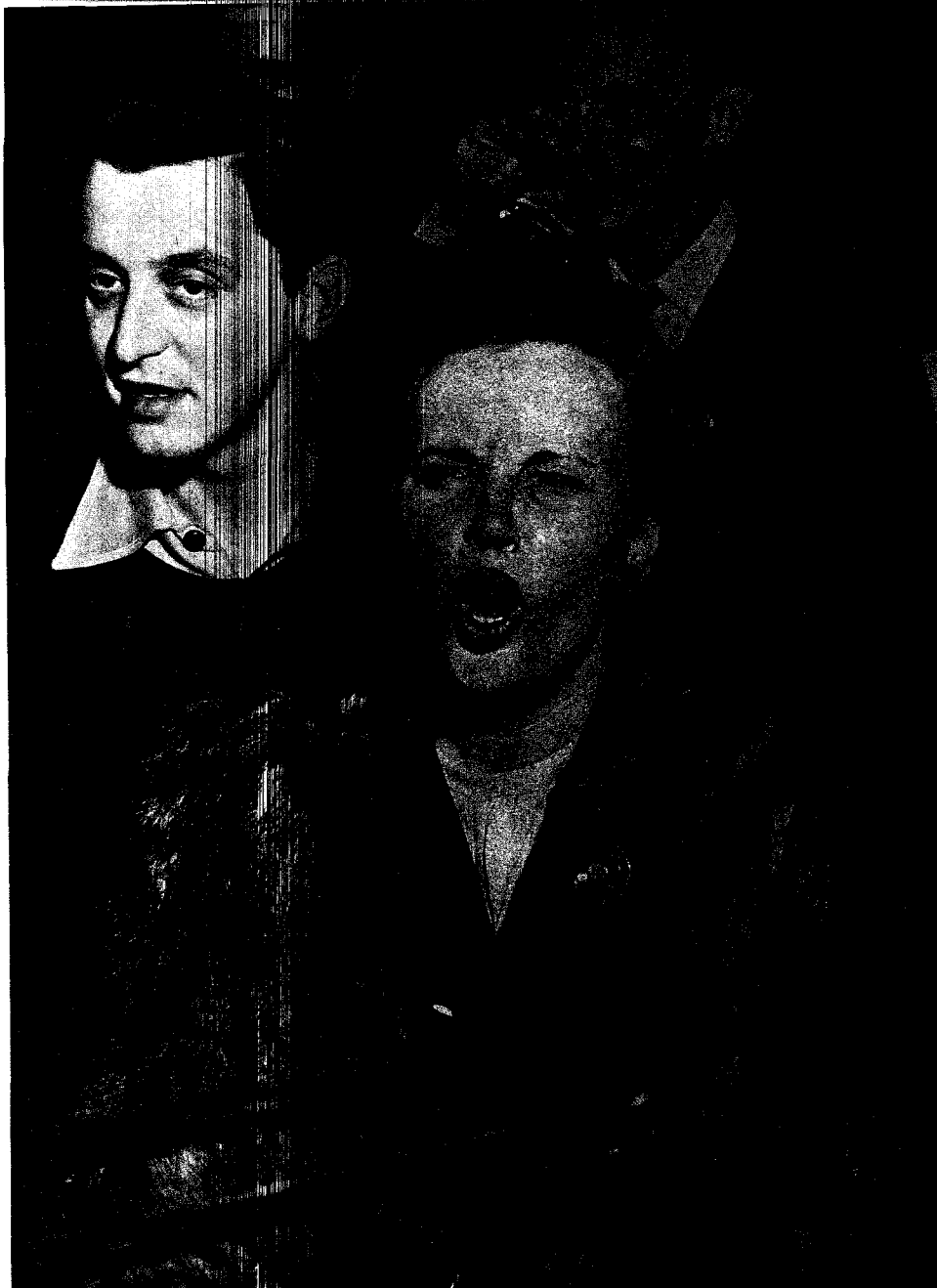

This is the song of solid joy served piping hot. *Here's a high-toned sax, a mumbling bass, a slide trombone.*

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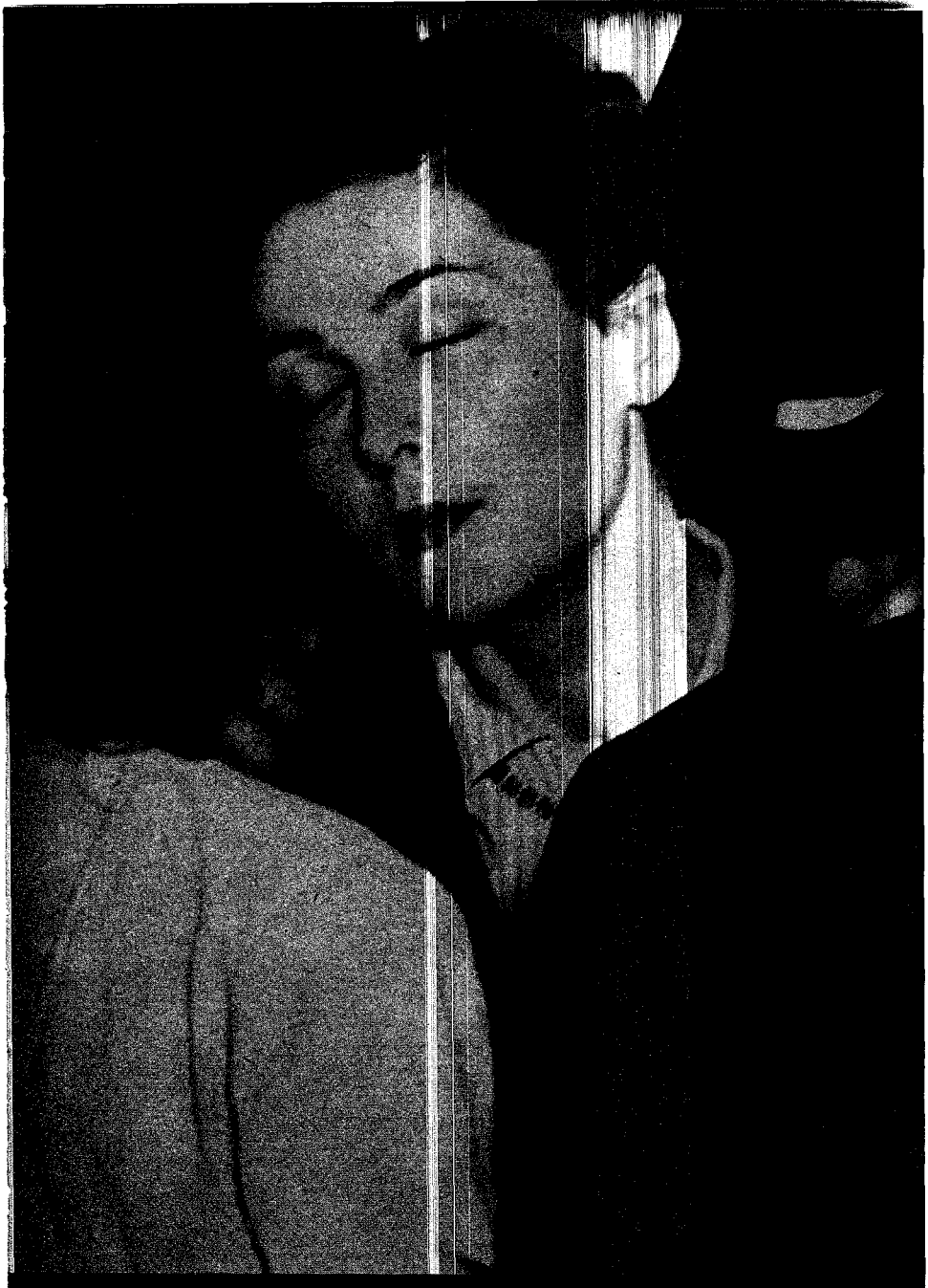

This is rocking rhythm. This is swinging rhythm on ***the piano*** *keys, on an old guitar, on a flock of drums.* Where is that sweet, sweet land of dreams?

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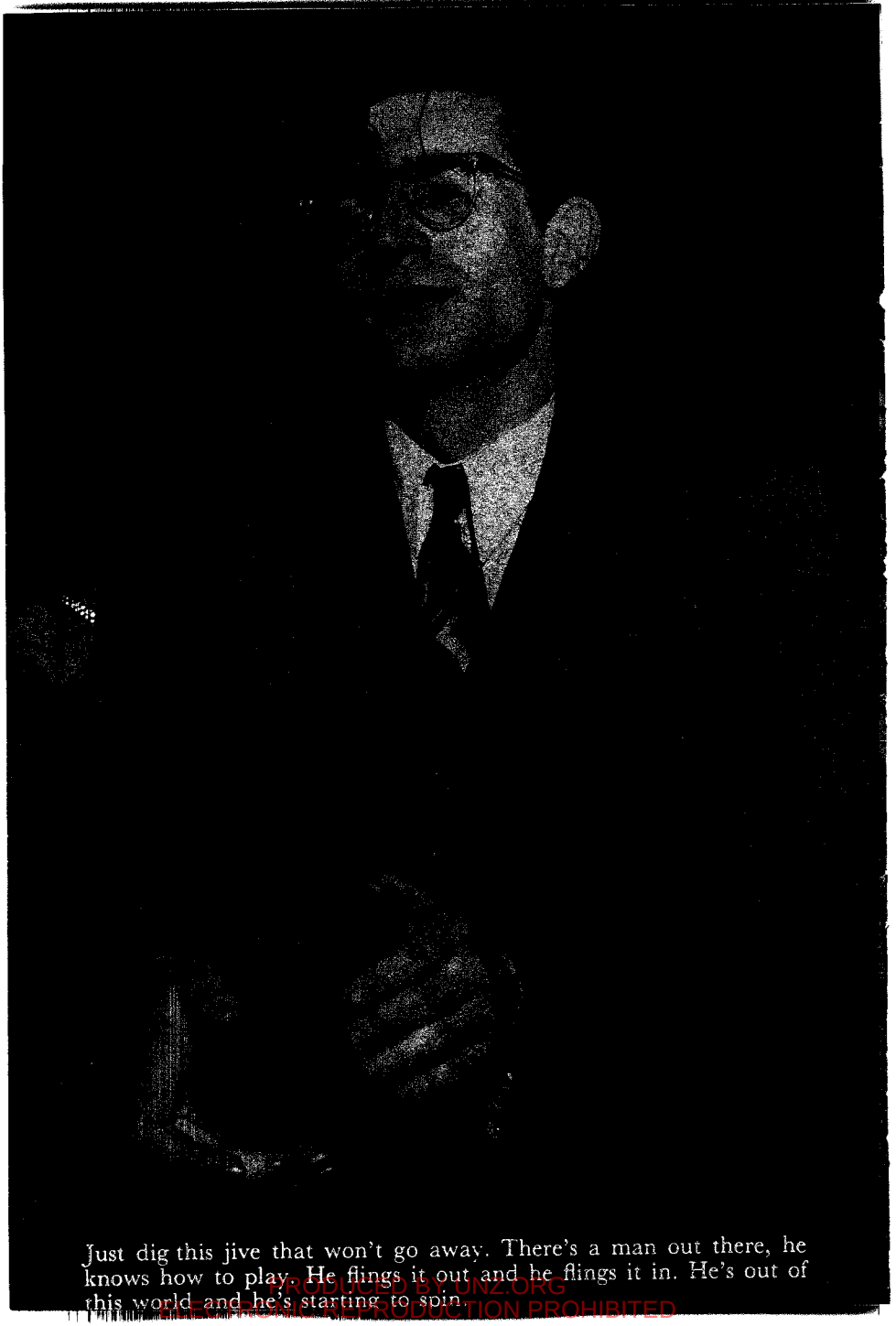

Just dig this jive that won't go away. There's a man out there, he knows how to play. He flings it out and he flings it in. He's out of this world and he's starting to spin.

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And then the big beat stops and the high notes cool . . . but even when it's done, it's not the end . . . for music—fast and hot or deep and broad—leaves

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by LARRY JAEGER

The Amazing Career of Cheiro the Great

Was he a fraud or a genius, the palmist whose predictions stirred two continents?

HESITANTLY THE GIRL reporter entered the incense-laden room, a brief case under her arm. A tall young man with heavy-lidded eyes rose to greet her. He was Cheiro, the fabulous English palm reader, center of a storm of controversy raging over two continents.

The year was 1893, and Cheiro had just arrived in New York to open offices on swank Fifth Avenue. The girl reporter had been sent by the New York *World* to settle the bitter debate over this mysterious palmist, who claimed to have learned his science in India from books so ancient that their language could be read by only a handful of scholars.

Stories of Cheiro's uncanny powers had preceded him to America. He had begun his career in London's East End by trapping a murderer after baffled police had failed. Cheiro read a bloody handprint on a wall and declared it belonged to the murderer, a close relative of the victim. With this as the only clue, incredulous London police tracked down the criminal, who turned out to be the dead man's son. Nevertheless, skeptics continued to scoff at Cheiro's occult powers.

The girl reporter quickly stated her mission. "My newspaper has prepared a test for you," she said. "If you accept and are successful, you'll get the biggest free advertisement of your life. But if you fail or refuse it, you might as well take the next steamer back to England."

Cheiro accepted. The "test" was to analyze 13 palm impressions, taken by the *World* in New York. The people were unknown to the palmist, but he was supposed to read their characters and then make

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predictions about their futures.

Cheiro glanced at the print on top of the pile. "This is the hand of an Irishman," he said casually. "I judge that by the thumb."

The girl reporter gulped. It was the hand of Richard Croker, an Irish immigrant who had become "Boss" of Tammany Hall.

"There is a tremendous sign of strength, both physically and mentally," Cheiro went on. Boss Croker had been a boxer and wrestler.

"The subject ought to be an impressive speaker and would have greater success in politics than in business." Croker had started his career as a vote-gathering ward-heeler for the notorious Boss Tweed.

Cheiro picked up another palm impression. "The owner of this hand," he said, "may not be exactly what we call a genius, but there will be times in his life when he'll be considered worthy of the name. The man must be an artist —perhaps a composer."

The palm print was made by Reginald De Koven, a minor composer of operettas. After one production, *Robin Hood*, critics thought he had the makings of a great composer. But *Robin Hood* turned out to be his most notable work.

Cheiro labored at the *World's* test for more than three hours. The ninth impression, he declared, was a woman's hand. "The owner of it is almost a child of fate," he read. "The fate line (indicating fame) makes one magnificent sweep from beginning to end. She is talented, has enormous ambition."

Cheiro then predicted great wealth in later life, but failure in gaining social recognition. He saw "a great deal of unhappiness from marriage" and foretold serious ill-health in the second half of her life.

The hand was Lillian Russell's. When she died 29 years later, after four marriages, three of which ended in divorce, New York society had still refused to grant her full recognition.

At the next palm print, Cheiro stopped short. "I refuse to read this hand to anyone but the owner," he said.

The girl reporter sat upright. "Why?" she asked.

"It is the hand of a murderer, one who may still be undetected but who will give himself away by his own self-confidence. He will die in prison, after living in mental anguish under the shadow of death."

The girl reporter was dumbfounded. It was the print of Dr. Henry C. F. Meyer, made in Tombs Prison where he was awaiting trial for poisoning patients in order to collect insurance. Only a few months later he was convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. In prison Dr. Meyer's mind collapsed, and he died in Matteawan, New York State institution for the criminally insane.

CHEIRO'S DEMONSTRATION won him a two-page write-up in the *World's* Sunday Supplement. But not even this was enough to convince his numerous attackers that he was anything but a "humbug."

For the next 40 years, Cheiro practiced his occult trade here and in Europe. He read Oscar Wilde's palm after the brilliant opening of the playwright's greatest triumph, and warned him that within five years his career would be "broken and ruined" and that he would

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"send himself into exile." Wilde laughed derisively.

Three years later Wilde was tried and sent to prison for immorality. The scandal shook Victorian England and put an end to Wilde's meteoric career. Upon release from prison, he fled to France and died there in obscure poverty.

Cheiro worked out a system of mystic numbers which he combined with palmistry. The system was based on the birth date of his subject and his "fatal number." With it, Cheiro predicted the exact month and year of the death of England's King Edward VII—years before it happened. Edward kept the prediction locked in his desk.

In June, 1902, the coronation ceremonies were postponed because of Edward's serious illness, but he had already become King by proclamation. The King was 60. Alexandra, his wife, called Cheiro in to assure Edward that he would live until his 69th year, the date the palmist had predicted.

In the sick room, close to the Prince's hand, was the paper on which Cheiro had made his calculations. "Do not worry, Your Majesty," he said, "you will live to be crowned." Edward's face brightened. "When," he asked, "will the coronation take place?"

"August ninth," said Cheiro; and on August 9, the jovial monarch officially became Edward VII.

While on a trip to Russia, Cheiro was summoned by Czar Nicholas II in disguise. This was the occultist's written prediction: "Whoever the man is that these numbers and birth date represent will be haunted all his life by the horrors of war and bloodshed . . . His name will be bound up with some of the bloodiest wars in history, and in the end—about 1917—he will lose all he loves most by sword or strife, and he himself will meet a violent death."

The prediction was made in 1897. Twenty years later the Russian Revolution toppled Nicholas from his shaky throne. True to the palmist's prophecy, the revolution came toward the close of World War I. And further bearing out the grim forecast, Nicholas and his family were executed in the period of chaos that followed.

But perhaps Cheiro's most startling case involved a palm print brought to him by skeptical members of New York City's detective squad. Cheiro, studying the impression, saw melancholic tendencies of an abnormal nature. "If this man isn't stopped," he said, "he will commit suicide in a matter of days or weeks."

The print had been taken an hour before from the hand of an unidentified corpse—who had just leaped to death from an office building.

IN SPITE OF SUCH feats, the world could never decide whether the incredible Cheiro was fraud or genius. Yet the controversy did not seem to bother him. He clothed himself in mystery, except to say he had lived in Ireland as a child, had gone to school in London, and had studied palmistry under Brahman priests in India.

After his successful visit to America, Cheiro returned to London and there continued his feats until police banned palmistry and forced him to move to Paris. By this time his fortune totaled $250,000, for in

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addition to consultation fees he was receiving royalties from a number of books on the occult.

Then suddenly Cheiro decided to go into more legitimate callings. He purchased a vineyard near Rheims and began to turn out champagne. Next he bought a society newspaper, *The American Register*, and reported the doings of wealthy Americans in Europe. Finally he established a private banking house.

In 1909, two American women, both expatriate New Yorkers, accused Cheiro of misappropriating $500,000 in stock. Then it was discovered that Cheiro—or Count Louis Hamon, as he was then best known—had disappeared. Newspapers reported that his real name was John E. Warner.

Soon he turned up in London to defend himself. The Americans settled their suit out of court, but a Hungarian nobleman pressed another suit, charging that Cheiro had swindled him of 1,000,000 francs. The palmist was found guilty and sentenced to 13 months in jail.

Three years later, Cheiro was back in the U. S. practicing palmistry. As time passed, however, America's interest in palmistry waned and Cheiro sank into obscurity. He died in Hollywood in 1936, at the age of 70; and only his closest friends knew that he had once been Cheiro, most remarkable palmist of modern times.

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In a daring experiment, a remarkable California boys' camp is reclaiming juvenile offenders for a useful life

My Biggest Job: Saving Tomorrow's Citizens

by **JUDGE LOUIS C. DRAPEAU**

WHEN A JUVENILE offender stands before me in the quietness of court, his fright-widened eyes gazing up at me as the representative of a vast judicial system far removed from the quick passion of the act which brought him here, I want to toss him a baseball and say, "Let's go home and play catch." But I cannot do this, for he has no home, in the sense that home is a place of loving care, tenderness and sane guidance.

There was a time when I faced a Hobson's choice with such boys: either send them to the crowded facilities of the California Youth Authority, usually for two years, or release them. But today we judges in Ventura and Santa Barbara counties have a bright alternative—Los Prietos Camp — established three years ago as a bold experiment in juvenile penology. There, in the atmosphere of a mountain school, we are salvaging most offenders in less than six months, and doing the job so completely they never again become serious offenders.

When I came to the bench 10 years ago, I began visiting reformatories and other institutions to which I sentenced youthful delinquents. I was shocked when I discovered what was happening to these boys under lock and guard. Not only were youthful offenders tumbled together with older, hardened boys, but they were being cowed by the intangible cruelty of confinement. Permanent scars were left upon the vague something—part pride, part self-confidence—which makes a man.

Those were my boys because I sent them there. What happened to them was my responsibility. Nor was punishment curing them of crime. Frequently they returned to my court, usually to face more serious charges.

This situation was allied to two basic facts: first, the fundamental principle of penology with young-

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sters is to hold them until they attain the knowledge necessary for good citizenship, instead of punishing them. Second, crime is the result of immaturity, and those who never mature live and die in penal institutions.

I realized we needed a new type of institution, one which would be a warm foster home for delinquent boys, not a cold, forbidding place of imprisonment. After much planning, Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties jointly established Los Prietos Camp for boys between 14 and 18. It was an act of the people, expressing their confidence that improvement could be achieved.

When we undertook this task we threw away the book, as well as the locks, and moved ahead in a new direction. Our first goal was to make each boy realize he was going to Los Prietos as a result of his own choice, not because we were sending him. Our second goal was to mature him sufficiently to insure his safety when returned to his home environment. A third goal was to prevent Los Prietos from becoming a labor camp of punishment, since both punishment and labor are ancient fallacies in juvenile penology and would destroy our efforts to convince the boys that we were interested only in teaching them good citizenship.

It is never easy, however, to teach citizenship to such boys. Whenever I am discouraged I recall the case of Carl Williams, who first came to me in 1943, accused of burglary. He was 15 and a fine-looking, intelligent boy. He impressed me so much I sent him back to his parents to continue school.

That was a mistake, for boys who have minor law infractions on their record, especially when coupled with bad school attendance, should be placed under competent supervision. I next saw Carl in 1944. He had stolen gas ration stamps and sold them. His father felt no responsibility toward him and his teacher called him a bad influence on other students. Obviously, we had to do something with Carl.

I explained to him that if he were sent to a reformatory, he probably would be under guard for two years. As an alternative, I told how he could be admitted to Los Prietos and learn good citizenship. I explained, too, that he could earn his graduation points in as little as three months. Carl decided on Los Prietos, and that was his first step toward social rehabilitation.

WHEN CARL ARRIVED at camp, after traveling 25 miles by car from Santa Barbara over beautiful San Marcos Pass, he found scattered buildings which had once formed a CCC camp. No guards stood at the entrance, no bars cast shadows, no locks were on the doors. The only fence was around the garden, and its purpose was to keep deer from the vegetables.

His first interview was with Superintendent Hal Erickson, patient and shrewd chief of the best staff ever collected to operate such an organization. Erickson explained to Carl that honesty, daily baths and sincerity were expected of him, that he would attend school half of each day and spend the rest of the day working on one of the various camp projects—animal husbandry, gardening, kitchen detail or general service. These are *not* labor projects

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but the type of activity natural to every boy.

Those in animal husbandry care for the rabbits, chickens and pigs, supply food for the camp. The gardening project, now under direction of Kenneth Engle, who served throughout the war as chaplain for the famous 101st Airborne, supplies vegetables for the table; the kitchen detail helps prepare the meals; and the general service squad, under ex-Marine Master Sergeant Elmer Rund, gives the boys with a mechanical turn an opportunity to do the maintenance work so necessary around a camp.

Carl next met Elmer H. Sundquist of the Santa Ynez Union High School faculty, who is assigned to the camp because Los Prietos is a branch of his high school. Sundquist scanned Carl's scholastic record, but his own tests quickly determined Carl's "break-down" point in fundamental subjects. The break-down points were high since his intelligence quotient of 128—good even for a prep-school average—had allowed him to absorb considerable education even though he never applied himself.

Sundquist, who works with 40 boys, has developed a method enabling each student to begin studying subjects at his break-down points. If Carl had required it, he would have started with third-grade spelling, fifth-grade arithmetic, ninth-grade history and so on. Time after time, Sundquist has found boys responding surprisingly well to his system.

Carl, however, needed no specialized academic aid, but he failed to meet the communty spirit of the camp. He had the delinquent's usual feeling of being picked on, and resented the corporal in charge of his gardening squad. Consequently we were not surprised when Carl ran away.

A runaway does not alarm Los Prietos. Two rugged trails lead up the mountains from the camp, and a boy must take one of these or go down the open highway toward Santa Barbara.

Carl had been scrambling up one of the trails for seven hours when he finally reached the top. A car driven by Paul Campbell, assistant camp superintendent, was waiting for him there. "If we'd known that you preferred Ventura County jail to Los Prietos, we'd have driven you down," he told Carl, almost gently.

Carl had nothing to say, but I gave him a good lecture, told him anyone who would hike over a mountain to get a ride to jail must be mentally ill. Then I sent him to a mental hospital for observation. This shook Carl's confidence, and after a month of psychiatric examinations he asked for another opportunity at camp.

His attitude had changed completely. Almost at once his capacity

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Judge Louis C. Drapeau of California's Superior Court studied law at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C., while serving as private secretary to U. S. Senator George C. Perkins. Upon graduation he practiced law in California until his election to the bench in 1937. The father of three sons who served in World War II, he is vitally interested in the problems of all boys and has been a leader in the fight on juvenile delinquency. Judge Drapeau was the organizing force behind Los Prietos Camp, the subject of this article.

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for leadership (virtually all delinquent boys have this ability) turned into social instead of anti-social channels. Soon he became a corporal in the gardening squad, and shortly after graduation was promoted to camp sergeant. When he left camp he returned to high school, was graduated with good grades and joined the Navy.

At Los Prietos, before a boy can be considered for graduation he must earn a daily average of 5.5 of a possible 6 points for 90 consecutive days. At the beginning of each day, every boy is given two points for being present in camp and "a good citizen." During the day he can earn one point for each of the following: good work on his project, cleanliness of self and quarters, manners toward fellow citizens and staff, and promptness.

A serious breach of manners, such as fighting, cancels all points for that day. If a boy becomes unruly he is assigned to the Discipline or "D" squad, where he loses all privileges, earns no points and does the harder camp work, such as digging ditches. If he refuses to cooperate on "D" squad, he is confined to bed on the theory that only a sick boy would refuse to play the part of a manly citizen. They respond quickly to bed treatment since quiet inactivity emphasizes their isolation from normal camp life.

I have a deep interest in the boys on "D" squad since some of our most successful graduates have spent considerable time there. Recently, while visiting the camp, I walked to the athletic field where "D" squad was salvaging drain pipe laid at the time the CCC camp was built. One boy with a quick smile and gleaming teeth worked on, watching me from the corner of his eye.

"Good piece of salvage work you're doing, Richard," I said.

"Yes, this pipe is worth something," he replied. "It's hard to buy now. But sir, why was it ever put here in the first place? It wasn't needed."

"Someone's mistake," I told him. "Many people make mistakes. Then somebody has to salvage the material . . . how did you get on 'D' squad, Richard?"

"Guess I made a mistake," he smiled, "and now I've got to salvage it." He laughed as he took a swing with his pick. "I made a 5.9 average my first month. Then I got into trouble. I'm glad it happened before I got on the outside. If I had kept up my average, graduated, and then fouled up, I'd have been right back where I started. Now, all I've got to do is keep working and I'll be all right."

Later in the day I sent for Whitey. A court officer had characterized him as "a sharp, cynical, cocky little crook who has been involved in car thefts and robbery since he was 10 years old."

Whitey, 15, short for his age, had studied magic for two years before we got him, made good marks in school, and in his first months at camp caused everyone trouble—boys and staff alike. In the beginning he was dominated by cynical contempt for everything, and in his first month earned a daily average of only 2.1. His second phase was to be smart, and his average rose to 5.4, but this was no true conversion,

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merely a studied effort to beat the system. No delinquent boy can maintain a pose for 90 days, so in the third month his average dropped to 4.5.

About this time Sundquist interested him in the Toastmaster Club, a course designed to teach boys to express themselves. The work really interested Whitey since he could speak before an audience while performing his magic feats. He started winning prizes for his effort, and his daily average went up rapidly. Now he stood at ease as he replied to my questions concerning his camp progress. "I'll have enough points for graduation this month," he said confidently, "but I'm not sure I'm ready—it's pretty hard to walk by an unlocked car at night."

"Do you want to remain longer?"

He shook his head quickly. "I didn't say that, sir. I said I wasn't sure. But I'll be sure by the end of the month. Anyway, I know I'll stop and think a long time before I take another car."

OUR LOS PRIETOS experiment has been as happy in its financial as in its sociological aspect. If I sentence a boy to a State institution he will cost the taxpayers $40 a month for an average of one year, or $480. If he is sent to Los Prietos, he costs $38.20 a month for an average of 10 months, or $382.

We kept down original capital outlay by converting a CCC camp. And one reason for low operating cost is the fact that we do not hire numerous guards to maintain rigid discipline. We are helping the boys mature to responsible citizenship, and we do not believe they can learn to live unguarded on the outside if they must be controlled harshly while at Los Prietos.

Our experiment has been criticized from time to time because of the tolerance we show the boys; some people have called it molly-coddling. I make no answer to these charges because I am satisfied that few experiments in juvenile penology have had so successful a salvage rate. I feel certain, too, that within 10 years hundreds of similar camps will be established throughout the U. S.

It is pleasant for a judge to look into the questioning face of a boy and know he does not have to choose only between reform school and outright release. Los Prietos offers the boy the chance of taking a new lease on his present—and future—life.

One Worry Removed

PRESIDENT TRUMAN told Helen Sioussat at the White House that he had gained 14 pounds since becoming Chief Executive. "Do you eat more?" Miss Sioussat asked.

"No," said Mr. Truman, "I guess I put on weight because now I don't have to worry about whether I might have to be President."

—FROM *Pike's Peek or Bust* BY EARL WILSON PUBLISHED BY DOUBLEDAY

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SWEET IRISH. Here are the O'Connor girls, New York society's 19-year-old twins whose talent and beauty have already launched them on successful careers as models and actresses. Though they look exactly alike, this portrait sets them apart by emphasizing their personalities. Consuelo (left) takes life a bit more seriously than Gloria. They may be as dark as Latin beauties, but they are as thoroughly Irish as their name.

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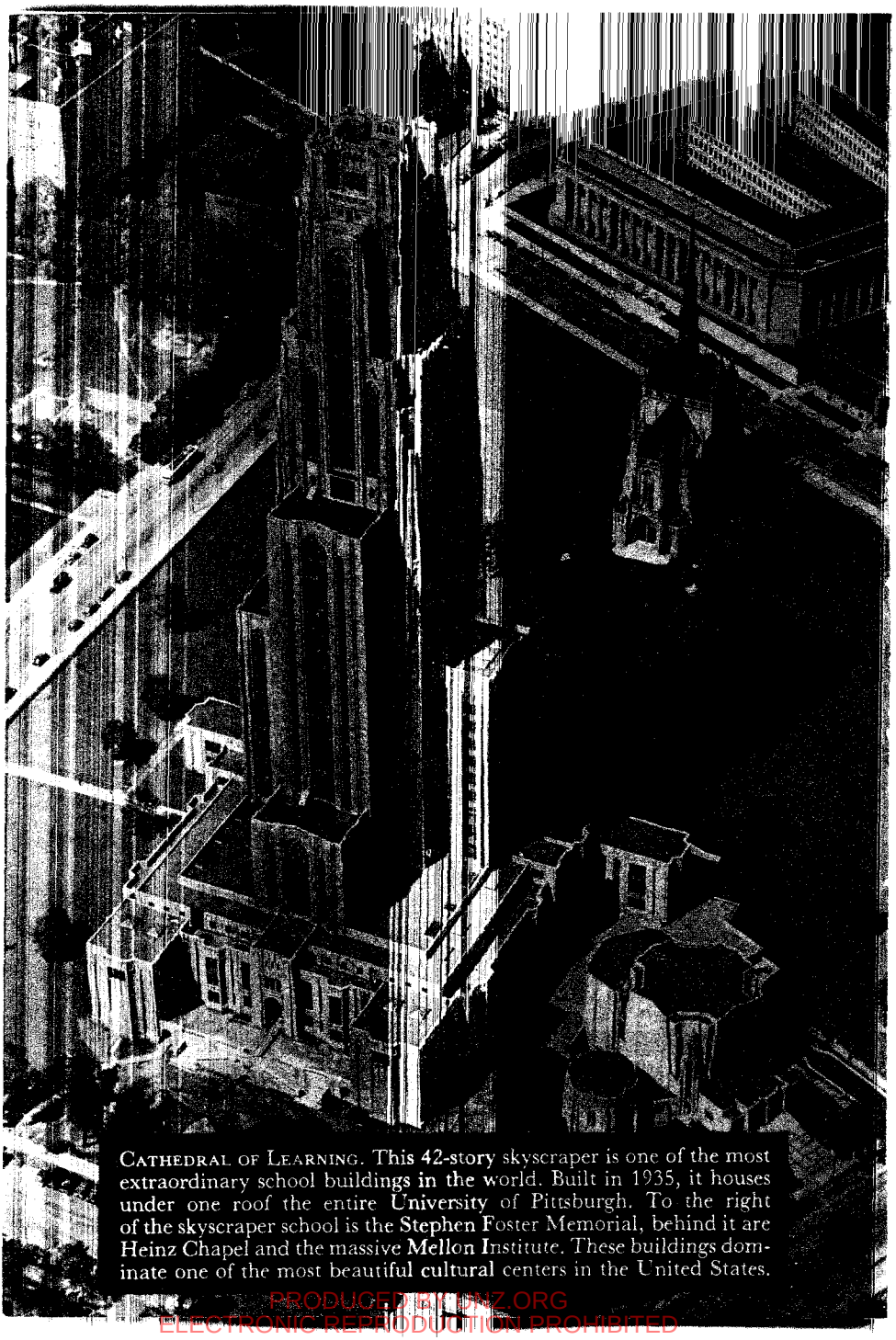

CATHEDRAL OF LEARNING. This 42-story skyscraper is one of the most extraordinary school buildings in the world. Built in 1935, it houses under one roof the entire University of Pittsburgh. To the right of the skyscraper school is the Stephen Foster Memorial, behind it are Heinz Chapel and the massive Mellon Institute. These buildings dominate one of the most beautiful cultural centers in the United States.

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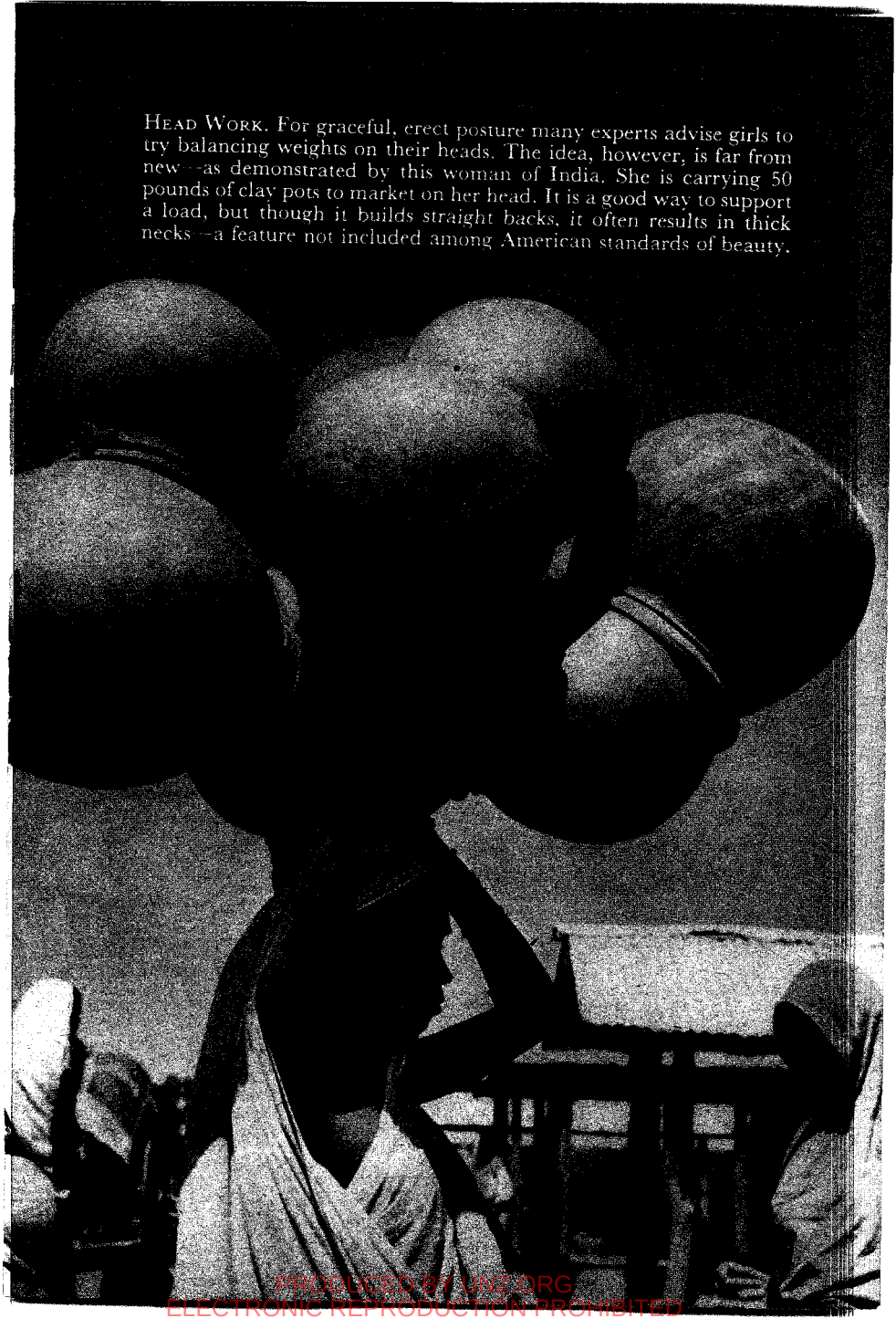

HEAD WORK. For graceful, erect posture many experts advise girls to try balancing weights on their heads. The idea, however, is far from new—as demonstrated by this woman of India. She is carrying 50 pounds of clay pots to market on her head. It is a good way to support a load, but though it builds straight backs, it often results in thick necks—a feature not included among American standards of beauty.

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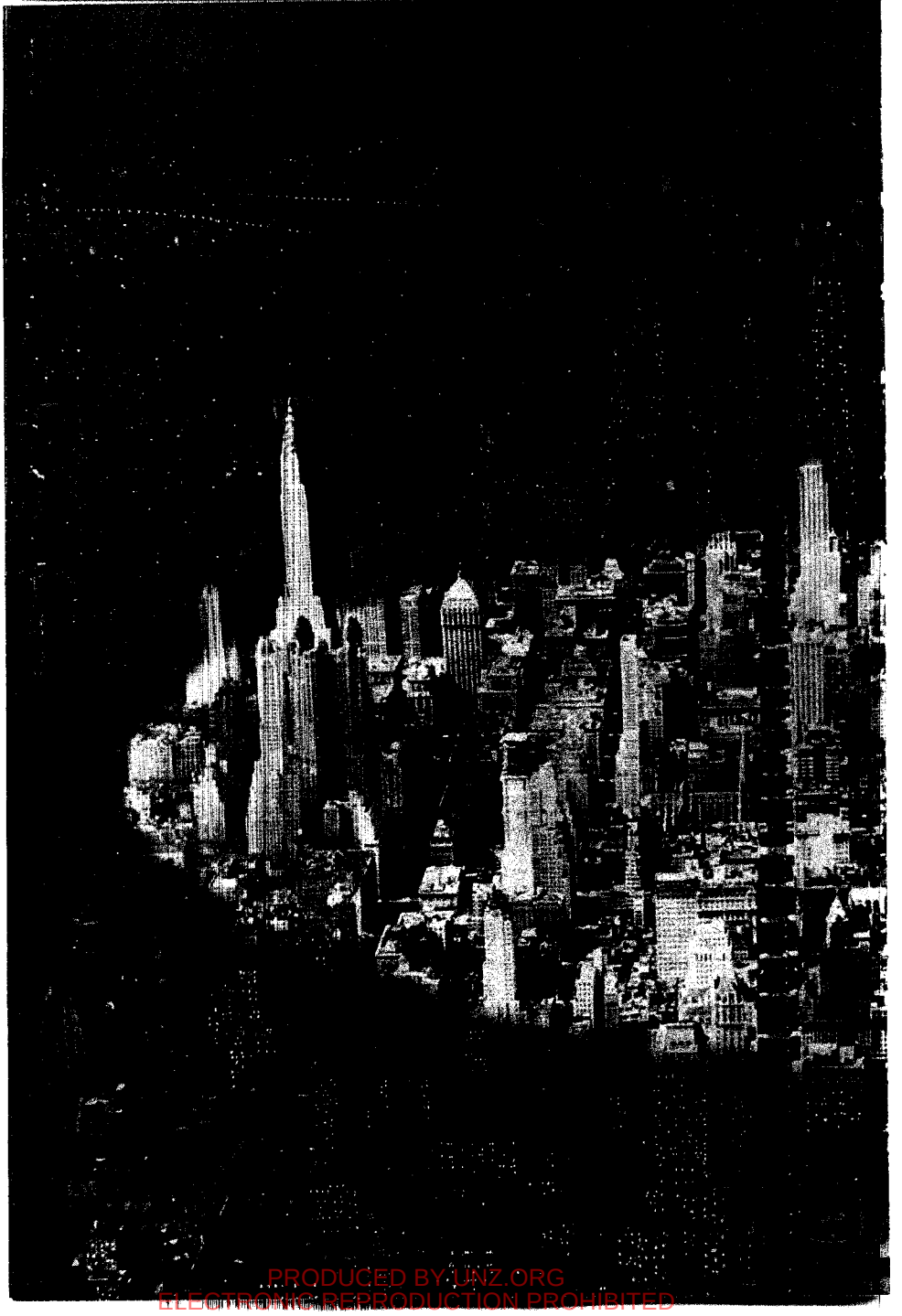

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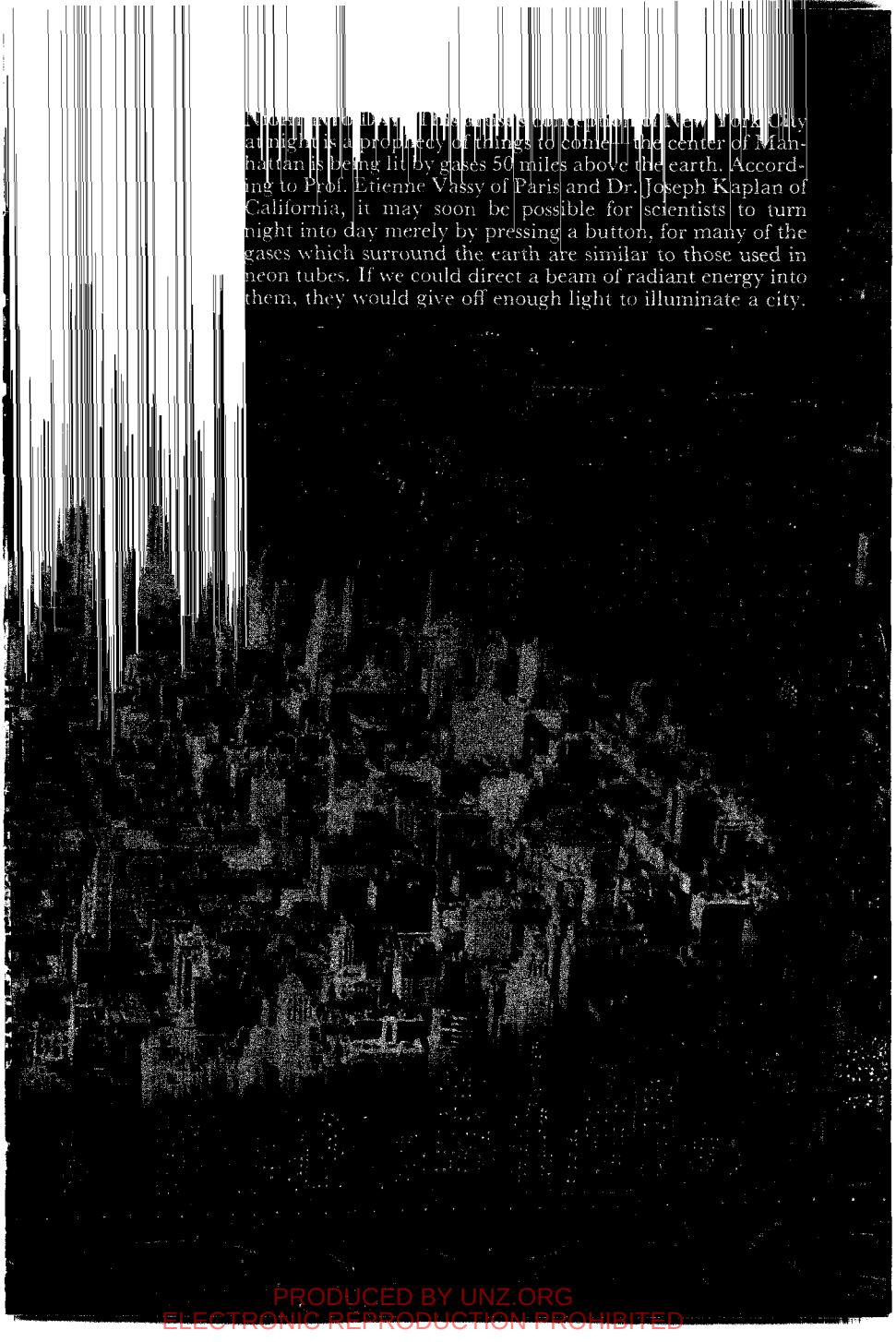

Modern Magic. This artist's conception of New York City at night is a prophecy of things to come—the center of Manhattan is being lit by gases 50 miles above the earth. According to Prof. Etienne Vassy of Paris and Dr. Joseph Kaplan of California, it may soon be possible for scientists to turn night into day merely by pressing a button, for many of the gases which surround the earth are similar to those used in neon tubes. If we could direct a beam of radiant energy into them, they would give off enough light to illuminate a city.

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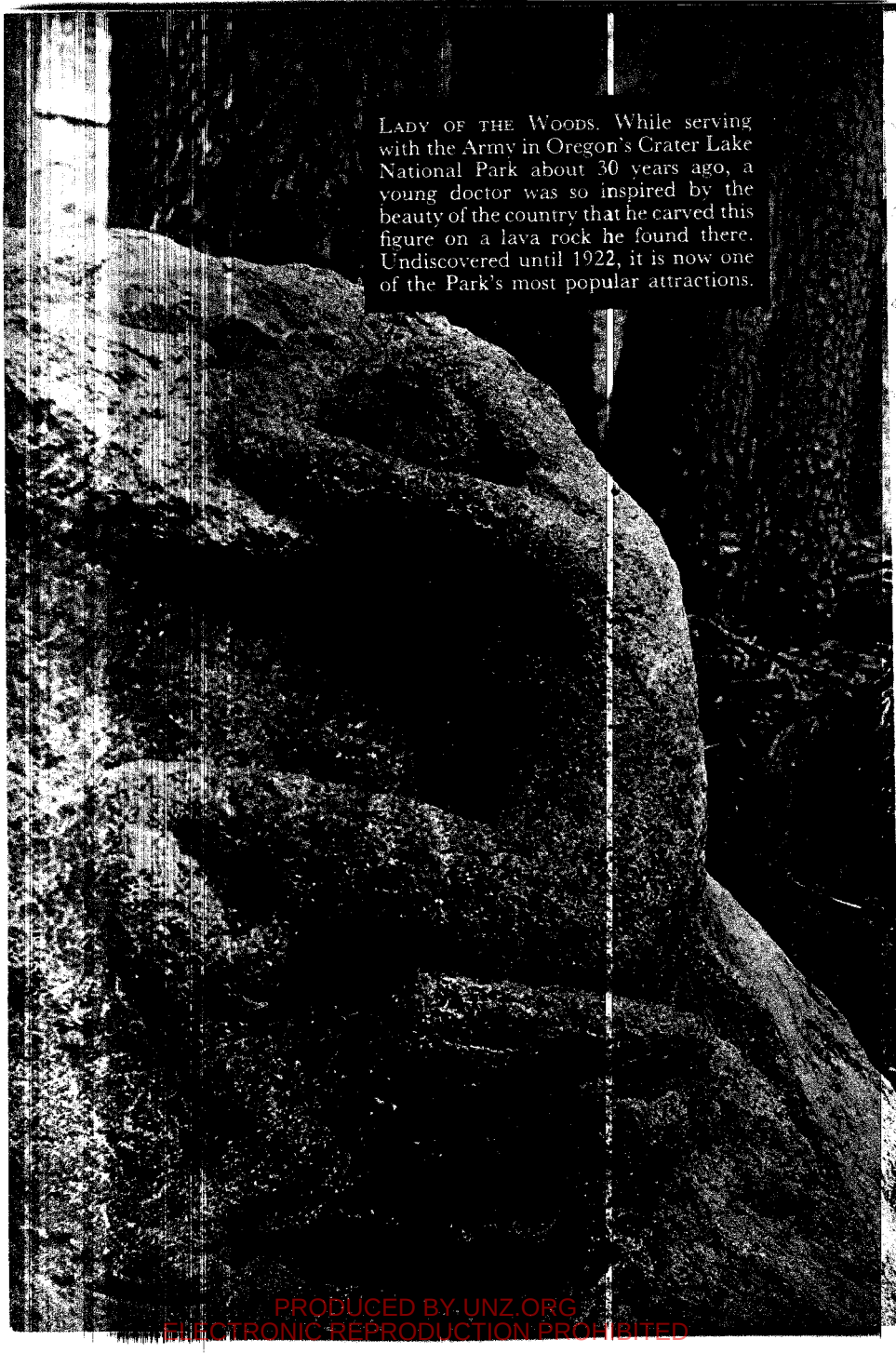

LADY OF THE WOODS. While serving with the Army in Oregon's Crater Lake National Park about 30 years ago, a young doctor was so inspired by the beauty of the country that he carved this figure on a lava rock he found there. Undiscovered until 1922, it is now one of the Park's most popular attractions.

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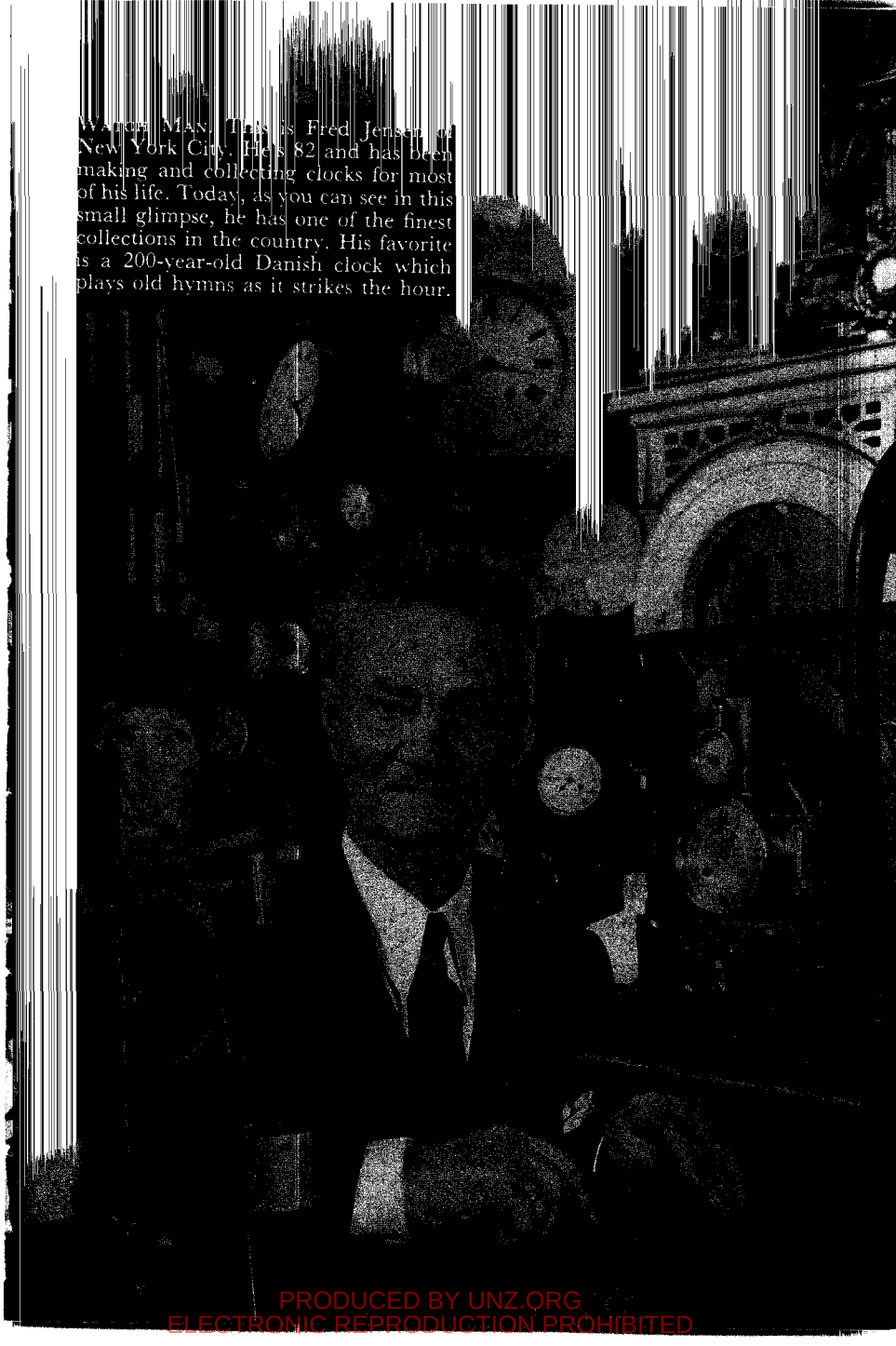

WATCH MAN. This is Fred Jensen of New York City. He's 82 and has been making and collecting clocks for most of his life. Today, as you can see in this small glimpse, he has one of the finest collections in the country. His favorite is a 200-year-old Danish clock which plays old hymns as it strikes the hour.

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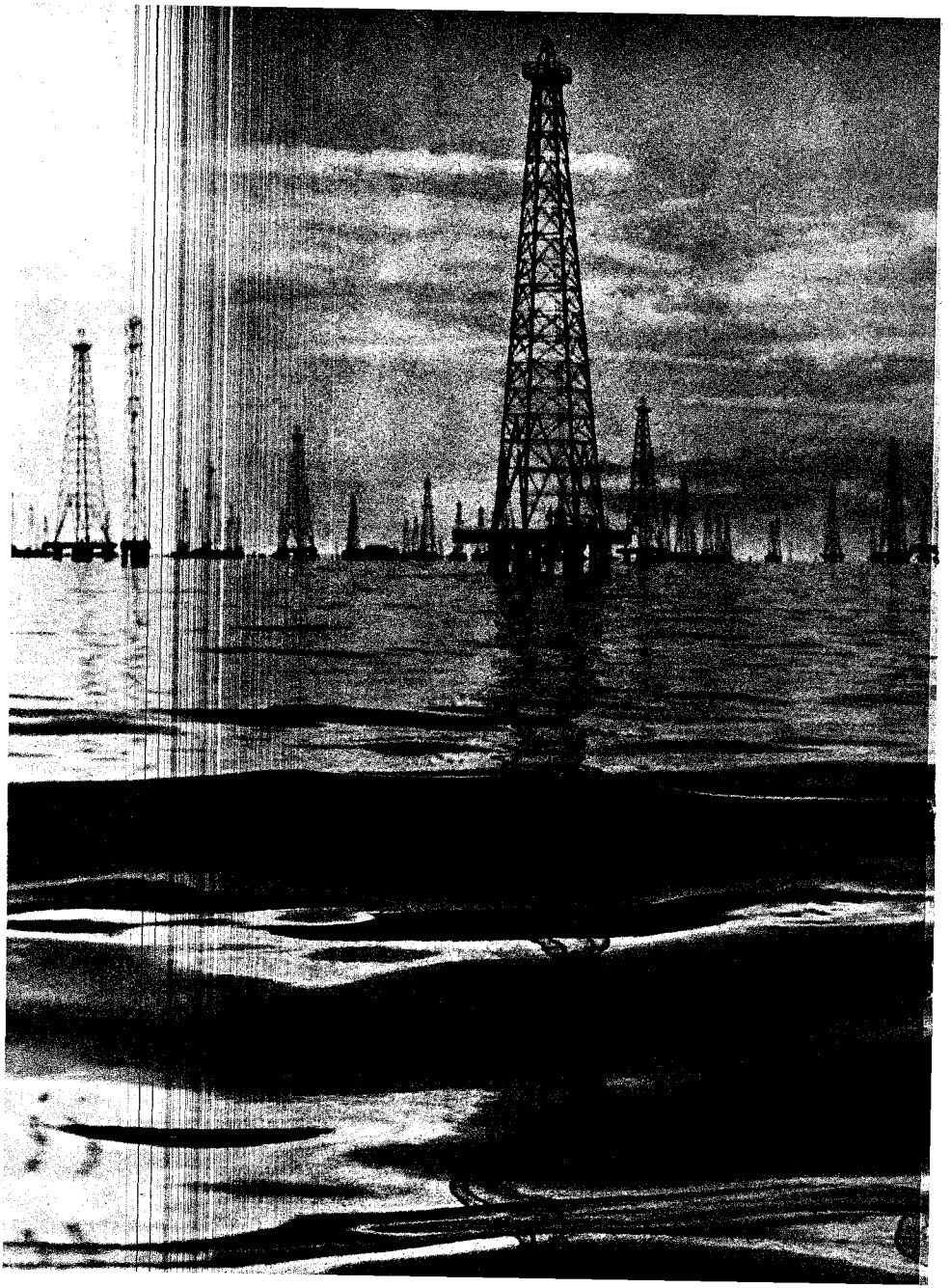

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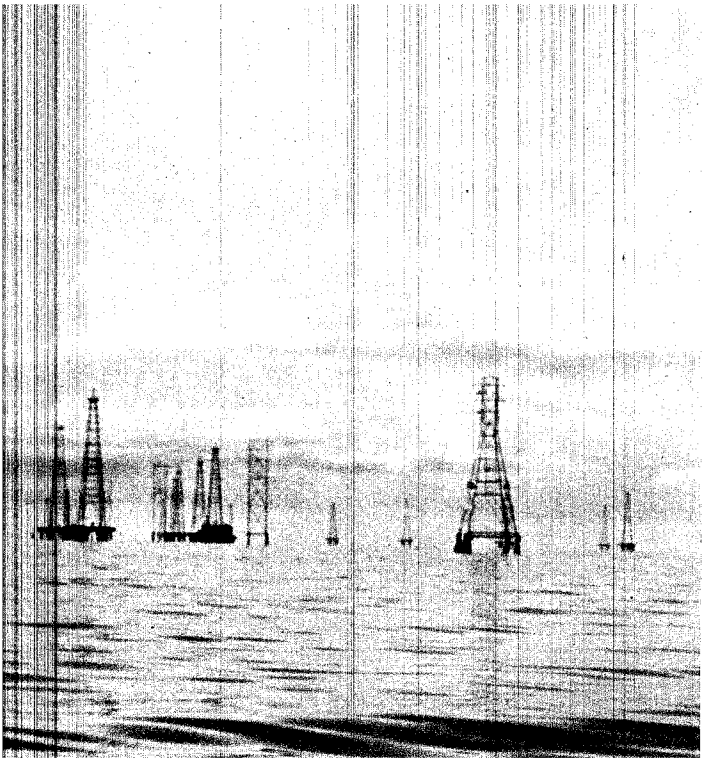

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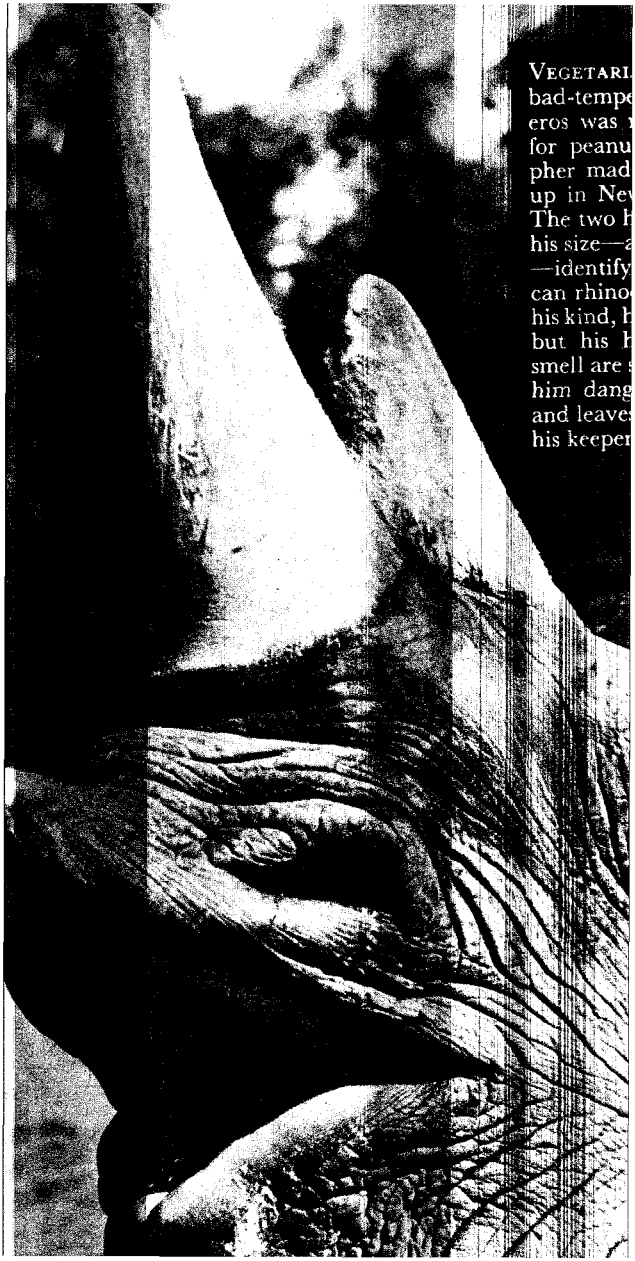

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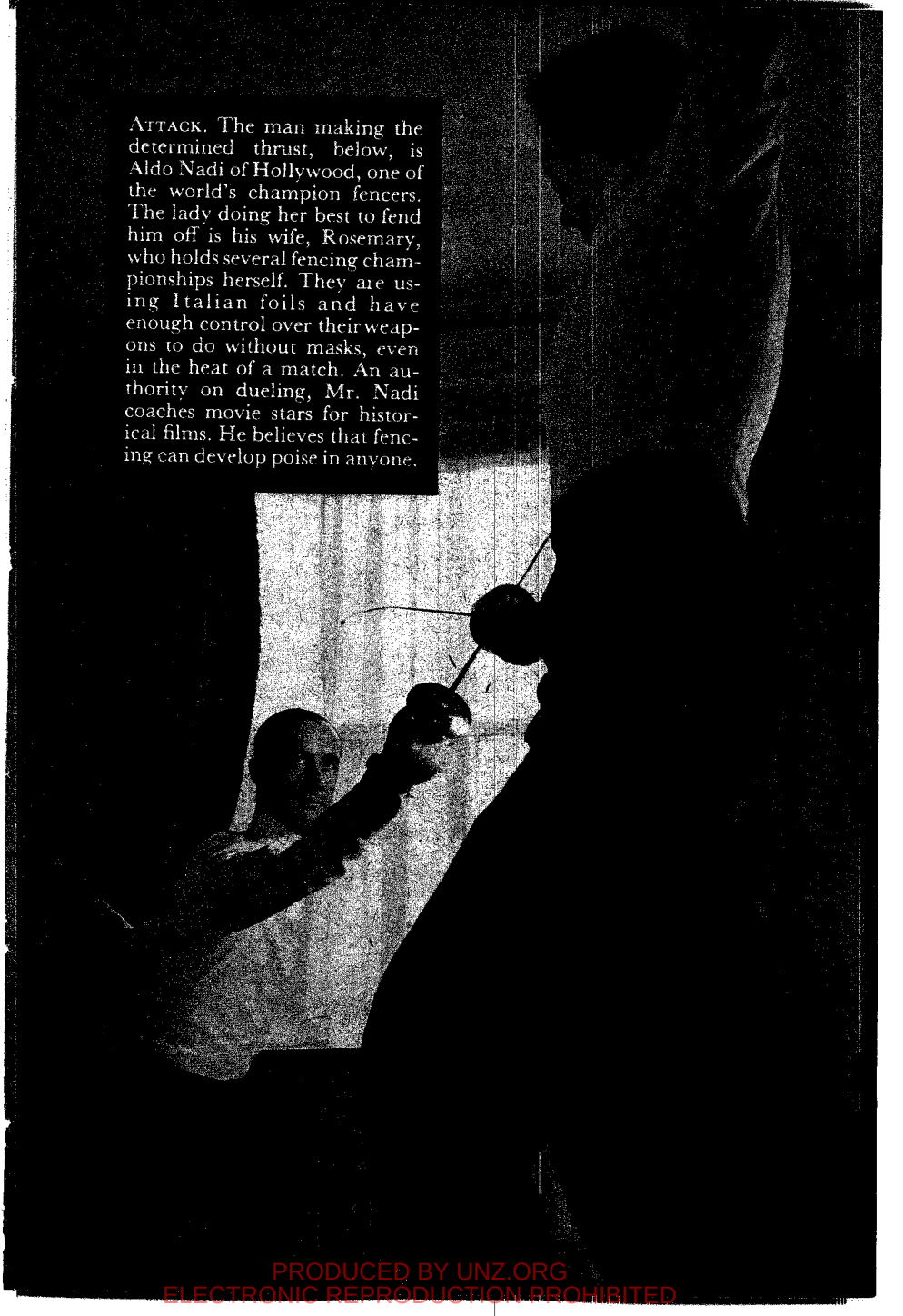

ATTACK. The man making the determined thrust, below, is Aldo Nadi of Hollywood, one of the world's champion fencers. The lady doing her best to fend him off is his wife, Rosemary, who holds several fencing championships herself. They are using Italian foils and have enough control over their weapons to do without masks, even in the heat of a match. An authority on dueling, Mr. Nadi coaches movie stars for historical films. He believes that fencing can develop poise in anyone.

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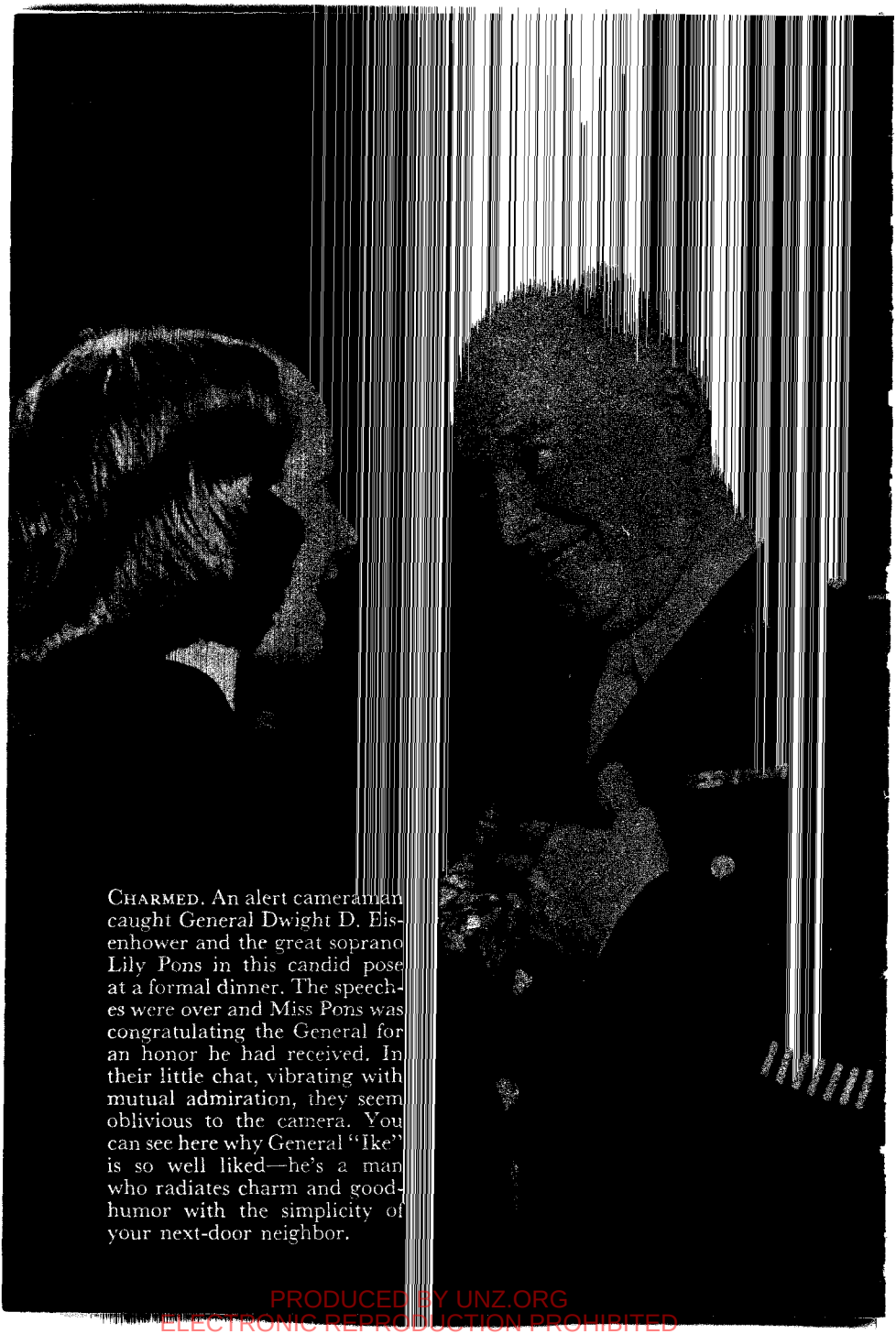

CHARMED. An alert cameraman caught General Dwight D. Eisenhower and the great soprano Lily Pons in this candid pose at a formal dinner. The speeches were over and Miss Pons was congratulating the General for an honor he had received. In their little chat, vibrating with mutual admiration, they seem oblivious to the camera. You can see here why General "Ike" is so well liked—he's a man who radiates charm and good-humor with the simplicity of your next-door neighbor.

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by HENRY KLEIN

The Sherlock Holmes of Radium

Frank Hartman can find that needle in a haystack —if it contains the earth's most precious mineral

EVERYONE KNOWS the adage about the futility of looking for lost needles in haystacks. But Frank Hartman of Philadelphia can actually find a lost needle in a haystack —or in a 300-room hospital, an incinerator or even a city dumping ground— provided the lost needle is filled with radium.

Why should anybody devote his life to locating tiny needles filled with only 5 or 10 milligrams of radium? Ask any radiation therapist who uses a trifling exposure of radium to burn away skin tissue. Ask the survivors of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, whose flesh was seared within a few blinding seconds, due to the Gamma rays identical with those given off by radium.

Because radium is used in such minute quantities, this most precious mineral on earth has an understandable habit of "getting lost." When prepared for use, it is always sheathed in neutralizing platinum. These tiny needles are passed back and forth among doctors, nurses and assistants at hospitals, or laid aside while some attention is being given to a patient — and presto, as if a fiendish magician had passed his clever hand over the spot, the precious needle is gone!

If such a disaster occurs along the East Coast or within quick flying distance of Philadelphia, a hurry call is sent for Frank Hartman, sharp-eyed, balding, 52-year-old "radium detective." Few men have a greater background of radium sleuthing experience. For years, Hartman has been seen running toward hospitals, laboratories and manufacturing plants with his famous "detector" in hand.

The idea for the machine was born in 1932 when Hartman and Dr. Milton F. Percival, radiologist at Philadelphia's Methodist Hospital, realized the urgent need for discovering misplaced radium, which could — and did — cause death if not quickly found. They

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set about to build their own radium detecting device, using a Geiger-Mueller tube—the same type used by Bikini scientists to test atom-blasted ships for radium counts.

Hartman's was a crude machine, three years in development, but it saved many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of radium. Housed in an ordinary oak box, it works like an old-fashioned earphone radio. Plugged into an electrical outlet, a sensitive Geiger-Mueller tube picks up the radiations of radium's Gamma and Beta rays, and translates them through an amplifier into static tappings.

In 1940 Hartman perfected his invention, making it three times as effective as his 1932 model. The new one responds to radium with a pleasant chime instead of the former unpleasant static crackle.

The machine, a Geiger-Mueller counter, sounds 12 times a minute when not near radium. But when it is within 50 feet of a lost needle, the chimes come more quickly. And when the detector is directly over the mineral, the chimes run together to form a continuous musical note.

FRANK HARTMAN FIRST became interested in radium during World War I, while painting luminous airplane dials for the War Department in the Waltham watch factory. During the war and afterward, he studied this mystery mineral and its strange ways. About this time, physicists were solemnly contemplating radium and its radioactive cousins with an awesome idea in mind.

Radium, they knew, contained so much energy that, at its calculated rate of dissipation, it "burned up" only *half* of itself after *1,680 years!* Suppose, they mused, the energy consumed in these 1,680 years could be so controlled as to burn up in a split-second? That would no longer be "burning"—that would be "exploding." And what an explosion! Thus Frank Hartman was one of the few laymen to glimpse the Atomic Age coming over the horizon.

Today, Hartman is sales representative for a radium firm which leases and sells metallic radium to hospitals, clinics, radiologists and metal workers who use X rays to spot metallurgical flaws.

Hurry calls for the "detective" come day or night. Arriving at the scene, Hartman interviews the persons who last used the radium needle. Then, near the suspected area, he sets up his machine and prowls about. Carrying the Geiger tube at his side, and with earphones over his head, he uses his machine as a hub and fans out, working on one spoke at a time.

In Philadelphia in 1933, with his old-style detector, Hartman located Jefferson Hospital's $3,000 capsule of radium in half an hour. In those 30 minutes, the perspiring detective's machine penetrated 18 inches of concrete floor and a one-inch pipe. The tiny tube was finally located in a drain pipe between floors.

In cases where a needle is stored in a room burned out by fire, Hartman's job becomes more difficult. Usually the solder of the needle's head has melted and tiny crystals of radium are scattered on the floor. Once the radium has been detected, Hartman carefully wipes it up with a wet towel, which he then tosses into a lead bucket. Back in his

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laboratory, the sleuth patiently picks each crystal from the towel.

Recently, he confronted an exciting though apparently hopeless case when a needle blew up in the office of a Wilmington, Delaware, physician. Crystals blasted the walls, imbedded themselves in carpet and furnishings. Quickly, Hartman ordered that the impregnated walls, floor boards and furnishings be carted to a near-by vacant lot where he burned the pile to ashes. Then, using his trusty wet cloths, he wiped up every speck of ash and triumphantly bore the radium to his Philadelphia laboratory.

Radium has disappeared in dozens of weird ways. Once a precious needle dropped from the lip of a hospital patient. Hours later it was found stuck in a newspaper which the patient had been reading and then had passed along the ward.

The wife of a home patient dutifully burned the used bandage dressings of her husband in the furnace. Then she remembered that they contained five radium needles! Four of the five needles were sifted from the ashes, but it took the Geiger detector to locate the fifth.

In a business that seldom has humorous angles, Hartman likes to tell the story of the South Dakota pigs. Two University of Minnesota scientists and their detector were called in by a Sioux City hospital, which reported a $3,000 needle missing. The scientists telephoned Hartman, who told them to take their machine to the hospital dump. But when they got there, they found the area being used as a foraging ground for 100 pigs!

At first the scientists were annoyed. Then they noticed that the detector's gauge jumped every time the squealing animals came near. In true scientific manner, the two savants subjected each protesting pig to the machine, and finally the finger of guilt pointed to one hapless sow. When she was executed in the name of science, her stomach gave up the lost needle.

Of the 100 cases of missing radium on record, Hartman has solved more of them than any other radium detective. And because of radium's singular scarcity, his searches are of international concern. Until 1940, only about one and three-quarter pounds had been produced in the world since Pierre and Marie Curie, in 1898, set about their historic labor. Since 1940, the amount of radium produced has been a closely guarded secret.

A pound and three-quarters of radium doesn't sound like much, but it is worth $20,000,000, and would fit into a child's sand bucket! So you can see why radium is so easily lost. And why Frank Hartman still runs around the country, looking for modern science's "needle in a haystack."

Get It Right!

"Look, Mummy, there's a cow tossing Daddy in the air!"
"Not a cow, dear, a bull." —*Contact*

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by WALLACE ASHLEY AND MAX SPITALNY

He Gets There — *Firstest* — *Mostest*

Meet Omero Cesare Catan, who has made a career of being the earliest bird in all New York

WHEN OMERO CESARE CATAN was 13 years old, something happened that changed the course of his life. He met William Goebel.

Goebel was a mature New Yorker who delighted in retelling various events of his long life. What particularly impressed young Omero was Goebel's account of the historic day when Brooklyn Bridge was opened, and he was one of the first awe-struck men to walk across.

That made the New York youngster think. "What a thing to remember all your life!" he mused. He was still thinking along those lines a few days later when he read that the *Graf Zeppelin* was making its first Atlantic crossing to Lakehurst, New Jersey.

Now Lakehurst is quite a distance for a 13-year-old, but Omero was a determined lad. He took some savings, hied himself to Jersey on the big day and quickly found out where visitors who wanted to board the giant dirigible would have to wait. While everyone else wandered about, young Omero posted himself at the designated spot, to maintain a lonely vigil. And, as he had planned, he was the first one aboard the craft.

That Lakehurst trip in 1928 embarked Omero Cesare Catan on a dizzy career. For then and there he became the first person on record to make a career of being first. Today he has some competition, but he's still way ahead of the field, with 357 big and little firsts.

He was first to drive a car across lofty George Washington Bridge, as well as the Triborough, Henry Hudson and Jamaica Inlet spans. First to drive along New York's West Side Highway and Connecticut's Merritt Parkway. First to buy a ticket in Newark's new Pennsylvania Station. First paying passenger to land at LaGuardia Field. First to ride on the Eighth Avenue Subway, and on four other subway lines. First visitor to board the *Queen Mary* and the *Normandie* when they arrived in the U. S. on their maiden voyages. First to be admitted to dozens of new post

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offices, parks, swimming pools and other civic improvements.

It took nerve in the beginning, and it still takes determination, but Catan has never regretted his choice of career. Nor does he limit himself to public functions. In 1938, after building up courage, he popped the question to the girl of his choice and was (presumably) the first to be accepted by that particular maiden.

They waited until New Year's Day when—you guessed it—they were first to take out a 1939 marriage license in New York City. Four months later the blushing bridegroom forgot courtesy long enough to step ahead of his spouse so that he could be the first person through Gate 8F of the New York World's Fair.

This unique career of being "Mr. First" doesn't pay off, except in its own type of fame. In order to eat, Catan has been a bank teller and, more recently, office manager for Harry M. Stevens, Inc., caterers at the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium, Ebbets Field and various race tracks. This job, fortunately, enables him to take time off whenever a possible first rolls around.

"Mr. First" is a dark-haired young man of 32 with a cropped moustache, an impatient manner (even though he can steel himself to wait for hours on end) and a growing distaste for publicity.

"That was all right at first," he explained at his home in Queens, Long Island. "It helped me to become known, but now publicity encourages the opposition, and I've got to be careful not to give away my plans."

"Mr. First" goes all out for his career. During America's pre-Pearl Harbor draft, Catan became the first New Yorker to register. While serving in England, stationed at an Army hospital, he learned that the north tube of the Lincoln Tunnel in Manhattan was soon to be opened. He had been the first to drive through the south tube, so he dashed off a letter to the Port of New York Authority, asking that his brother Michael be granted the honor of driving through first, thus giving Omero another first by proxy.

It was all right with the Authority; the difficult job was to persuade Mike, who doesn't care whether he's first or last, even at the dinner table. But Mike got up early the morning of February 1, 1945, drove to the tunnel entrance and waited in line for two days, just to humor his brother.

OMERO'S TRIP THROUGH the south Lincoln tube on December 22, 1937, is the "first" he remembers best: "I had to wait 30 hours on the Jersey side. All that time I was afraid someone would beat me from the New York side. But the cops and other officials helped me. Sometimes they think I'm just like anybody else, and push me around, but on that trip people treated me just like a celebrity."

Nevertheless, there was another claimant. George Horn of St. Albans, Long Island, drove through from the New York end, and nobody kept tabs on which *completed* the trip first. The Port Authority decided not to play favorites: each of the two "winners" was presented with a bronze medal struck for the occasion. But Catan points out that the toll booths are on the Jer-

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sey end, where he was first in line, and if the first toll payment doesn't outweigh all other considerations, well, then . . .

"Mr. First" has broadened out now to include important anniversaries. There was the day last year when the Triborough Bridge, highway structure that spans two islands and four bodies of water to link three of New York's boroughs, became ten years old. Catan sensed a celebration to mark the occasion. Several hours before 1:30 P.M., which he recalled distinctly as the hour of the 1936 opening ceremony, his shiny blue sedan began a slow trip up the long ramp.

Catan was nervous. He saw no line forming, no signs of an official gathering. But he bridled his impatience and kept on at snail's pace. Precisely at 1:30 he reached the toll booth. Col. William J. Farrell of the Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority stepped up.

"Young man," the Colonel began, "you are the first—"

Catan couldn't contain himself any longer.

"Don't you remember me?" he burst out. "I was first to drive through here when the bridge was opened ten years ago!"

He was presented with a slice of birthday cake and a $5 book of bridge tickets, free.

Why does "Mr. First" spend so much time on his self-chosen career? Hasn't he tired yet?

"I guess it's because I'm interested in government. I like to see all the politicians who are at these places. It started out because I wanted to have something to tell my grandchildren about. Now it's too big to drop."

The grandchildren aren't here yet, but the intervening link is. And Daddy is breaking him in right. Young Omero's sixth birthday, in June, 1946, coincided with the opening of a new bank in the Bronx. "Mr. First" took him there early enough to open the first savings account.

Some time in 1949, if all goes well, the Brooklyn-Battery Tunnel will be open to traffic. The first man to drive through is almost sure to be a 34-year-old resident of Queens. With him, undoubtedly, will be a nine-year-old boy and the unconsumed portion of a huge lunch with which the pair will have fortified themselves while waiting in line 48 hours or so. Also a folded tent under which father and son will have grabbed a few winks every now and then.

God and the Bridge and Tunnel Authority willing, the car's occupants will be Omero Cesare Catan and Omero Cesare Catan, 2nd.

When Children Ask

A BABY RABBIT had been pestering its mother all day. Finally the exasperated parent replied: "You were pulled out of a magician's hat—now stop asking questions."

—FRED NEBOT

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Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

ONE NEW YORK CITY hospital, to indicate that a new patient is single, enters the letter "S" on its card of admission; for a married patient the letter is "M." When the status is doubtful, the hospital straddles its dilemma by the simple entry, "Sin." —MILTON TOLMACH

THE NEWLYWEDS WERE honeymooning at the seashore. As they walked arm in arm along the beach, the young groom looked poetically out to sea and eloquently cried out:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!"

His bride gazed at the water for a moment, then in hushed tones gasped, "Oh, Fred, you wonderful man! It's doing it!" —GIL STOVER

WHEN A YOUNG lady visited a college professor and his wife, the couple found it difficult to choose a topic of conversation to which their guest could contribute more than a monosyllabic rejoinder. Despairing of the young lady's intelligence, the professor remarked that he owned a large collection of phonograph records, and did the young lady have a favorite song?

"Oh, yes," she replied. Then, as if changing her mind in the realization that her choice would not be anything like her hosts', she added, "I like the one about the bombs bursting in air." —TOM COX

THE CHIEF CONSTABLE of a small town was also an expert veterinary surgeon. One night the telephone bell rang and the constable's wife answered.

"Is that Mr. Jenkins?" asked an agitated voice.

"Do you want my husband in his capacity as a veterinary surgeon or as chief constable?"

"Both, madame," came the prompt reply. "We can't get our bulldog's mouth open and there's a burglar in it." —*Senior Scholastic*

"SO YOU AND FRED are getting married," exclaimed a friend to the bride-to-be. "Why, all along I thought it was just a flirtation."

"Yes," smiled the girl, "so did Fred." —NELLY P. AUERBACH

A MOTORIST IN THE South found a bridge over a stream washed away by a recent storm. A native sat whistling near-by.

"How deep is this stream?" asked the motorist.

"Dunno."

"Think I can drive through it?"

"Sure thing."

The emboldened motorist drove head-on into the stream. His car promptly sank out of sight and he himself barely got out with his life.

"What do you mean telling me I

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could drive through that stream?" he cried furiously. "Must be ten feet deep."

The native scratched his head. "Can't understand it," he admitted. "The water is only up to THERE on the ducks!" —*Letterman Fog Horn*

A FARMER VISITING a state mental hospital was strolling about the grounds when he came upon an inmate sprawled restfully under the shade of a tree. After a word of greeting the man sat up and eyed his visitor with interest.

"What do you do for a living?" he finally asked.

"I'm a farmer."

"Farmer, huh? I used to be a farmer. Darned hard work."

"Sure is," agreed the visitor.

"Ever try being crazy?"

"Why, no," the shocked farmer replied.

"You ought to try it some time," declared the inmate as he again relaxed in the cool grass. "Beats farmin'." —GLENN F. KISER

THE THREE-YEAR-OLD and his father were being pushed toward the rear of a rapidly filling elevator. A kindly woman turned to the father and said, "Aren't you afraid your little boy will be crushed?"

"Not a chance, lady," answered the father. "He bites." —*Glass Topics*

ONE OF THE MEMBERS of the bridge club who had been to a swanky party was making a detailed report to her friends.

"And how," one asked, "did young Mrs. Williams look?"

"Well," was the woman's studied reply, "you know her habit of always complaining to everybody about how little she has to wear?"

"Yes."

"Well, this was the night she was wearing it!" —ALICE DWYER

TWO GOLFERS, SLICING their drives into the rough, went in search of the balls. They searched for a long time without success, while a dear old lady watched them with kind and sympathetic eyes.

At last, after a half hour's search, she spoke to them.

"I hope I'm not interrupting, gentlemen," she said sweetly, "but would it be cheating if I told you where they are?" —*The Furrow*

A YOUNG SUITOR whose girl had been too completely immersed in her study of science decided to try to defeat this obstacle.

"Mary, I love you," he proclaimed. "Love, do you hear me? Love, the most wonderful thing in the world!"

"Henry," she replied coldly, "what is love? Just a psychic hypermetamorphosis leading to hypercenesthesia and megalomania resulting in an angiopathic neurasthenia."

"On second thought, Mary," he sighed, "the hell with it!"

—EVELYN B. SUMMERS

Have you heard a funny story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes for "Grin and Share It." Payment for accepted stories will be made upon publication. Address material to "Grin and Share It" Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Sorry, but no "Grin and Share It" contributions can be acknowledged, and none can be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.

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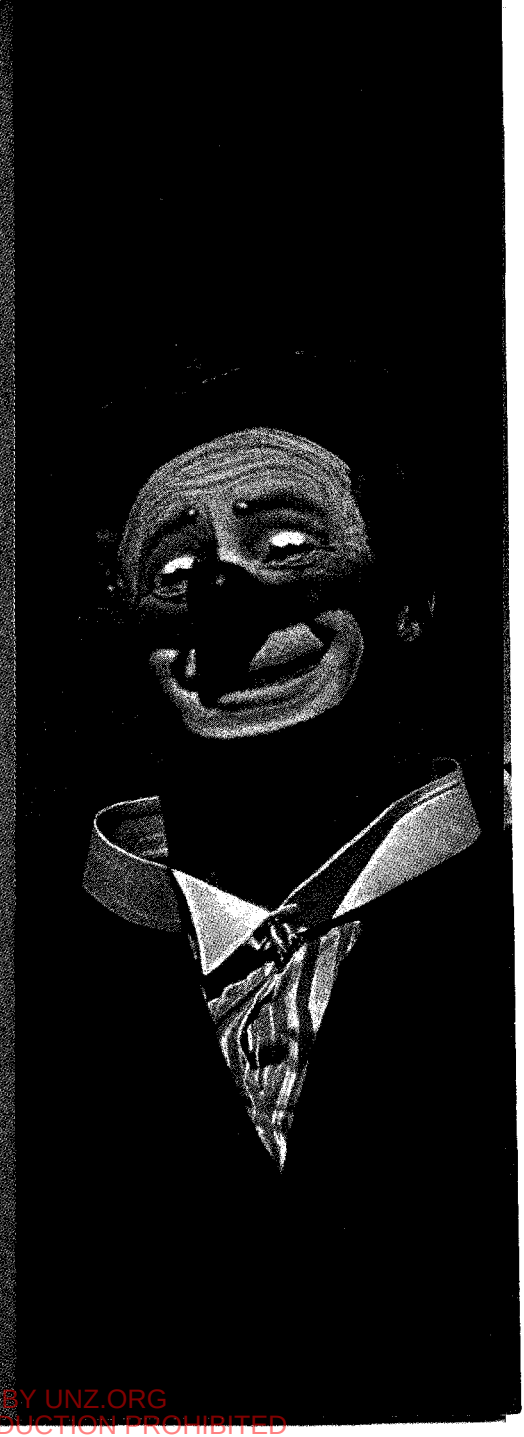
ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO UNSUNG HEROES IN EVERYDAY LIFE.

Hero of the Big Top

IN THE RIGID caste system of the circus, the clown is the least important of Big Top performers. Tradition demands that he don his outlandish costumes and apply his grotesque make-up in clown alley, at the furthest end of the men's dressing tent. He is seldom known by name to more than a handful of spectators, yet no other performer has so strong a hold on the affections of circus fans of all ages. The Big Show would hardly be the Big Show without him.

The clown's popularity is not hard to understand: in a sometimes-dreary world, he is a symbol of gayety and fun. And he gives meaning to the age-old tradition that "the show must go on," provoking merriment even when he is in pain or beset by troubles. He looks like anything but a hero, yet circus annals contain countless examples of his courage in the face of danger.

Those who roar with delight at his antics seldom give serious thought to the clown's true symbolism, but for millions of men, women and children the world is happier because of his buffoonery.



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Book Excerpt

Man-Eaters OF KUMAON

by JIM CORBETT

Foreword: In the Kumaon hills, which lie in the Himalayas in the far northern provinces of India, man-eating tigers have long been the scourge of isolated jungle villages. Whole communities became panic-stricken when the dread man-eaters

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT KUHN

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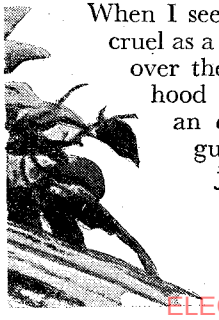
struck silently, carrying off people and cattle. In desperation, the natives turned to Jim Corbett, noted hunter and sportsman, for help against the killers. Today, Corbett's name is a household word in many an Indian village whose inhabitants he delivered from the paralyzing fear of death. Here, excerpted from Corbett's exciting book, are adventures worthy to stand beside Kipling's *Jungle Books*. They are stories that will thrill every reader—young or old—who quickens to tales of courage and daring.

THE AUTHOR WHO FIRST used the words "as cruel as a tiger" not only showed lamentable ignorance of the animal he defamed, but coined a phrase which is mainly responsible for the wrong opinion of tigers held by all except that very small proportion of the public who have had the opportunity of forming their own opinions.

A man-eating tiger is a tiger that has been compelled to adopt an alien diet. The cause, in nine cases out of ten, is wounds, and in the tenth case old age. When killing its natural prey, a tiger depends for success on its speed, its teeth and its claws. When it is suffering from wounds, or when its teeth are missing or defective and its claws worn down, it is driven by necessity to killing human beings. The change-over from animal to human flesh is, I believe, accidental.



When I see the expression "as cruel as a tiger," I think back over the years to my boyhood when, armed with an old muzzle-loading gun, I was stalking jungle fowl. On creeping up to a plum bush and peering over it, I saw a tiger walk out on the far side. Clearing the bush, he turned and looked at me with an expression which said as clearly as any words: "Hello, kid, what are you doing here?" Receiving no answer, he walked slowly away without once looking back.

Half a century has rolled by since that tiger walked out of the plum bush, the last 32 years of which have been spent in the pursuit of man-eaters, and I can recall no case where a tiger has been deliberately cruel or where it has killed, without provocation, more than it needed to satisfy its hunger or the hunger of its cubs.

I am convinced that all sportsmen will agree that a tiger is a large-hearted gentleman with boundless courage, and that when he is exterminated—as he will be unless public opinion rallies to his support—India will have lost the finest of her fauna.

It was in Malani, India, while I was shooting with Eddie Knowles, that I first heard of the tiger which later received official recognition as the "Champawat man-eater." Eddie informed me that his brother-in-law, the best *shikari* (hunter's guide) in the world, had been deputized to shoot the man-eater, but the tiger was still causing much anxiety when I visited Naini Tal four years later. Rewards were offered, special *shikaris* employed, and parties of Gurkhas sent out, yet the toll of human victims continued to mount alarmingly.

The tigress, for such the animal turned out to be, had arrived in Kumaon as a full-fledged man-eater from Nepal, where she had killed 200 human beings. During

Excerpted from the book *Man-Eaters of Kumaon*, published at $3.50 by the Oxford University

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her four years in Kumaon she had added 234 to this number.

That is how matters stood when the Deputy Commissioner of Naini Tal asked if I would start for Champawat upon news of the next human kill. A week later word came that a woman had been killed at Pali. I engaged six men to carry my camp kit and arrived at Pali a few days later.

The people of the village, some 50 men, women and children, were in a state of terror, for the tiger was still in the vicinity. For three nights it had been heard 100 yards from the houses, and that very day it had been seen at the lower end of the village.

After a scratch dinner, I took up position on the road, with my back to a tree. The villagers said the tiger was in the habit of perambulating along this road, and as the moon was full I thought there was a chance of my getting a shot—provided I saw the animal first.

The road was brilliantly moonlit, but to right and left the trees cast dark shadows, and when the night wind agitated the branches and the shadows moved, I saw a dozen tigers advancing.

I lacked courage to return to the village and admit I was frightened, so with teeth chattering, as much from fear as from cold, I sat out the long night. As dawn was lighting the snowy mountain range which I was facing, I rested my head on my drawn-up knees, and it was in this position my men found me an hour later, fast asleep. Of the tiger I had neither heard nor seen anything.

Back in the village I tried to get the men to take me to the places where people had been killed, but they refused to do more than point the direction in which the kills had taken place.

The last one had occurred round the shoulder of a hill to the west of the village. The tiger had snatched its victim from a tree and, after killing her, had sprung up the side of a ravine and disappeared with her into some undergrowth.

My presence had put new heart into the people, and the next day, after I had demonstrated my excellent aim in shooting mountain goats, the Headman asked me where I wanted to go and how many men I needed. From the eager throng of men who now pressed round, I selected two, and with them set off to visit the scene of the last tragedy.

On my arrival there, a glance showed me that the tiger could only have approached the tree one way without being seen—up the ravine. Entering the ravine 100 yards below the tree, and working up, I found pug marks which showed the animal to be a tigress, a little past her prime. Further up the ravine, the tigress had lain behind a rock, presumably to wait for the woman to climb down from the tree.

As the woman was letting herself down by a branch, the tigress had crept forward and, standing on her hind legs, had caught the victim by the foot and pulled her down. The branch showed the desperation with which the unfortunate woman had clung to it, for adhering to the rough bark were strands of skin from her fingers. Where the tigress had killed the woman there was a big patch of dried blood; from here the blood trail led across the ravine

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and up the opposite bank. Following the trail we found the place in the bushes where the tigress had eaten her kill.

LATER THAT DAY I visited the scene of yet another tragedy, a farmer's hut on the hillside above the road. The man's wife was the younger of two sisters who had been cutting grass on the hill when the tigress suddenly appeared and carried off the elder woman.

For 100 yards the younger woman had run after the tigress, brandishing her sickle and screaming at the animal to let her sister go and take her instead—an incredible act of heroism witnessed by people in the village. Suddenly the tigress put down her burden and turned. With a roar it sprang at the brave woman who, turning, raced for the village. There, her incoherent noises were attributed to loss of breath and excitement, but later it was found that she had lost her power of speech. I was told this tale in the village, and when I climbed the path to the woman's hut, she had then been dumb a year.

For the next three days I wandered through the jungles from sunrise to sunset, visiting all the places where there was a chance of seeing the tigress. But as the man-eater now appeared to have left this locality, I decided to move to Champawat, 15 miles east.

The roads in this man-eater area were considered unsafe, and men traveled only in large parties. So after leaving Pali, my party of eight was joined by men from villages adjoining the road, and we arrived at Champawat 30 strong.

Early next morning, as I was talking to the Tahsildar (chief revenue officer) in front of my bungalow, I saw a man leave the village and start up the hill toward us, alternately running and walking.

"Come quickly, *sahib*, the man-eater has just killed a girl!"

Snatching up a rifle and cartridges, I went down to the village, where an excited crowd of men, women and children awaited us. Pointing to some oak trees on a slope not far from the village, they said a dozen people were collecting dry sticks when a tiger suddenly appeared and caught one of their number, a 16-year-old girl.

Instructing the crowd not to make a noise, and to remain in the village until I returned, I set off toward the trees. The death scene was marked by a pool of blood, and near it, in vivid contrast to the crimson pool, was a broken necklace of blue beads. From this spot the track led up and around the hill.

Half a mile up the hill I found the girl's sari, and on the brow of the hill her skirt. From there the track led through a thorn thicket, to which long strands of the girl's raven-black hair had caught. Beyond this was a bed of nettles through which the tigress had gone.

I was wearing thin stockings, shorts and rubber-soled shoes, yet as there appeared to be no way round the nettles I followed the tigress through them—much to my discomfort. Beyond the nettles the blood trail led into a narrow watercourse down which the tigress had gone with difficulty, dislodging stones and earth. I followed this watercourse for 500 yards, and soon reached a small pool, where patches of blood lay on my side of the water;

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the tigress had carried the girl straight to this spot, and my approach had disturbed her at her meal. Splinters of bone were scattered round the deep pug marks.

While looking at the bone splinters I had forgotten about the tigress, until suddenly I felt that I was in great danger. Hurriedly grounding the butt of the rifle, I put two fingers on the triggers, raising my head as I did so, and saw a little earth from a high bank in front of me come rolling down and plop into the pool. I was new to man-eater hunting or I should never have exposed myself to an attack in this way. My prompt action in pointing the rifle upwards had possibly saved my life, and in turning to get away the tigress had dislodged earth from the bank.

As I pulled myself up the bank, the bent stalks of bushes which were slowly regaining an upright position showed where, and how recently, the tigress had passed. A little further on, under an overhanging rock, I found where she had left her kill when she came to have a look at me.

Her tracks now—as she carried away the girl—led into a wilderness of rocks where the going was difficult and dangerous. The tigress was taking advantage of my slow progress to continue her meal. A dozen times I found where she had rested, and each time the blood trail became more distinct.

This was her 436th human kill, but I think it was the first time she had been followed so persistently, and now she began to show resentment by growling. To appreciate a tiger's growl it is necessary to be situated as I then was—rocks all round with dense vegetation between, and the need of testing each footstep to avoid falling headlong into unseen chasms.

The growling and the danger of an attack terrified me at the same time that it gave me hope. If the tigress lost her temper sufficiently to attack, I might have the chance to get even with her for all the pain and suffering she had caused.

I had now been on her track for four hours without seeing so much as a hair of her hide, and a glance at the shadows climbing the opposite hillside warned me it was time to retrace my steps if I was to reach the village before dark. The tigress would finish what was left of the kill during the night, then would lie up among the rocks next day. On the ground she was on, there was little hope of my stalking her. Hence a beat was the only solution, provided I could raise enough men.

The Tahsildar was waiting at the village. I asked him to collect as many men as he could, and to meet me next morning at the tree where the girl had been killed. He promised to do his best, and I climbed the hill to my bungalow.

I WAS UP AT CRACK of dawn, and an hour ahead of time was at the spot where I had asked the Tahsildar to meet me. I knew he would have a hard time collecting men, for fear of the man-eater had sunk deep into the countryside. At 10 o'clock the Tahsildar and one man turned up. Thereafter the men came in twos and threes and tens, until by midday 298 had collected.

I took them to the brow of the hill where the girl's skirt was lying and, pointing to an opposite ridge,

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told them to line up there; when they saw me wave a handkerchief, those who were armed were to fire their pieces, while the others were to beat drums, shout and roll rocks. When I was assured that all present understood my instructions, I set off with the Tahsildar.

As we detoured and crossed the upper end of the valley, the Tahsildar, who had on patent-leather shoes, said he couldn't go any further. While he was removing his shoes, the men on the ridge, thinking I had forgotten to give the signal, fired their guns and set up a great shout. I was still 150 yards from the gorge, and that I did not break my neck a dozen times in covering this distance was due to my having been brought up in the hills; I was as sure-footed as a goat.

As I ran I noticed a patch of green near the mouth of the gorge, and as there was no time to look for a better place, I sat down in the grass, my back to the hill. The grass hid half my body, and if I kept still there was a good chance of my not being seen. Facing me was the hill being beaten, and the gorge that I hoped the tigress would make for was behind my left shoulder.

Pandemonium had broken loose on the ridge. Added to the fusillade of guns was the wild beating of drums and the shouting of hundreds of men, and when the din was at its worst I caught sight of the tigress bounding down a grassy slope about 300 yards away.

She had only gone a short distance when the Tahsildar let off both barrels of his shotgun. The tigress whipped round and went back the way she had come, and as I watched her disappear into thick cover I sent a despairing bullet after her.

The men on the ridge, hearing the shots, concluded that the tigress had been killed. They emptied their guns and gave a final yell, and I was listening for the screams that would herald the tigress' arrival on the ridge when she suddenly broke cover to my left and, taking the stream at a bound, came straight for the gorge. My .500 rifle, sighted at sea level, shot high at this altitude, and when the tigress stopped dead I thought the bullet had gone over her back and that she had pulled up on finding her retreat cut off. Actually, I had hit her, but a little far back.

Lowering her head, she half turned towards me, giving me a beautiful shot at 30 yards. She flinched at this second shot but, with ears laid flat and teeth bared, continued to stand her ground, while I sat with rifle to shoulder trying to think what to do when she charged, for the rifle was empty and I had no more cartridges.

Fortunately, the wounded animal decided against a charge. Slowly she turned, crossed the stream and began climbing a narrow ledge across the face of the hill. Laying down my rifle I took the hill at a run, grabbed the Tahsildar's gun out of his hands and raced back.

As I approached the stream the tigress came out on the ledge towards me. When I was within 20 feet I raised the gun and found to my horror that there was a gap between the barrels and the breech-lock. The gun had not burst when both barrels had been fired, and would probably not burst now, but there was danger of being blinded by a blow back. Nevertheless, I

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aligned the bead on the tigress' open mouth and fired.

Maybe I bobbed, or maybe the gun was not capable of throwing its cylindrical bullet accurately for 20 feet. Anyway, the missile missed the tigress' mouth and struck her on the right paw. Fortunately she was at her last gasp, and the tap on the foot was sufficient to make her lurch forward. She came to rest with her head projecting over the side of the rock.

I had temporarily forgotten the beaters. Now I was reminded of their existence by a shout: "There it is on the rock! Pull it down and hack it to bits."

The ledge on which the animal lay was just wide enough to permit my shuffling along it sideways. As I stepped over the tigress—hoping devoutly she was dead, for I had not had time to carry out the usual test of pelting her with stones—the men came running from the forest, brandishing guns, axes, rusty swords and ancient spears.

Their rage was understandable, for there was not a man among them who had not suffered at her hands. One man, who appeared demented, was shouting as he ran to and fro brandishing a sword: "This is the devil that killed my wife and my two sons!"

The excitement died as suddenly as it had flared, and the man who had lost his wife and sons was the first to lay down his weapon, saying: "We were mad, *sahib*, when we saw our enemy. But the madness has passed, and we ask you and the Tahsildar *sahib* to forgive us."

Then the dead animal was gently lowered and carried to an open spot, where all could crowd round and examine her. I found that the upper and lower teeth on the right side were broken. This injury had prevented her from killing her natural prey and turned her into a man-eater.

Next morning, as I rode from the village with the tigress' skin strapped to my saddle, it occurred to me that it would please the dumb woman in the hillside hut at Pali to know that her sister had been avenged. So when I reached Pali I dismounted, climbed the hill and spread the skin on a stone facing the door. When the wide-eyed children of the house began babbling, the mother came to the door.

I am not going to hazard any theories about shock, for I know nothing of these matters. All I know is that this woman, who had been dumb a year, was now calling to her husband and the villagers to come and see what the *sahib* had brought.

I rested in the village a while and told the people who thronged round how the man-eater had been killed. Then I continued my journey, and for half a mile along my way I could hear the shouts of good will of the men of Pali.

The only trouble with being able to read a woman like a book is you're liable to forget your place.

—*Kitty Kat*

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Condensed Book

SEX *in Our Changing World*

by JOHN McPARTLAND

HERE, condensed for you from a widely discussed and provocative new book, is a fascinating and exhaustive study of the way we, as a nation, look at sex. Without pretending to censure or pass judgment—but with a good deal of humor and a spirit of tolerance for human frailties—the author analyzes the startling and far-reaching effects which wars, depressions and business have had on our family life, our personal sexual standards, and our moral codes. Here is "must" reading for every father and mother, every adolescent boy and girl, every young man and woman in America today.

Condensed from the book *Sex in Our Changing World*, published at $2.75 by Rinehart & Company, Inc., New York, N. Y.; copy-

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SEX *in Our Changing World*

by JOHN MCPARTLAND

ONE OF THE CHIEF frustrations of our times is that while we have developed an easy humor toward sex, have colored and perfumed it with new elegances, have sterilized and packaged it, we seem to be lost in misunderstandings of the rules of the game.

Our moral code is issued in numerous versions, tailored for each variety of our people by distinctions in class, tradition and custom, but most of these versions still describe a people who are sexually shy. This was fairly true of us not long ago, but today we are a sexually bold and sensuous people. Unfortunately we are only occasionally honest about the matter: our laws and religions are those of a chaste, modest, monogamous society, our amusements are those of a gay and amoral culture, and our sexual habits have become a world-wide scandal.

The morals of a people begin with a set of rules and standards, designed to strengthen and protect the family. Usually these morals are coded by church and court, with systems of enforcements and penalties. We have a set of moral codes that are the result of long evolutions of this sort. We have come to believe that this moral code is not just a good code, or a fair code, but the only possible code. And yet we live our lives in quite a different fashion.

We live in a pagan's paradise of sexual fetishes and sexual worship; even our children learn to judge us in terms of sexual attractiveness. The radio that chatters through the day, the motion pictures that move gaudily in the darkness, the illustrations in the magazines and the giant faces of the billboards all tell the same story of pleasures to be enjoyed, of triumphs over less successful people, and of sex as the ultimate pleasure of all. Yet if there is actually any "badness" involved, it is not in being false to our codes, but in being false to our own lives.

We are the children of a village culture, and our ethical system is still based on the almost forgotten relationships of a small group of people struggling to live in a harsh environment. Ours was a monogamous family system: it was blessed by the church and became the

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foundation of our accepted sexual code today.

Almost 150 years ago this village culture was warped by the introduction of steam power. For the people of western Europe and America, a new kind of culture became important. In this complex culture of factory and city, the role of women began to change, and the concept of family was altered. To further confuse things, an important new class of women developed —the genteel middle-class ladies sewing in their parlors.

These were the women freed from being village mothers by the enrichment of their husbands through factories and shops. The good ladies set to work inventing a wholly artificial embellishment to the sexual code of their society. They were the daughters of healthy peasants who had enjoyed sex, but they wanted none of such wholesomeness: they became ashamed of their bodies and ashamed of sex.

The good ladies, their bodies shrouded in musty wrappings of cloth, advanced on the churches and schools. They enlisted these institutions in their campaign of secrecy and shame, they committed them to a debilitating program of unreality, and in the process they marked the English and American middle classes as prim people who knew sex was nasty.

To be sure, people still made love, got married, produced children. But the taint of sin was hard to avoid if one admitted enjoyment in sex. Minor infractions meant ostracism, major violations were punished by permanent exile from the society of decent people. Suspicion of sin was sufficient to damn a woman; the burden of avoiding even the appearance of evil was entirely on the woman. Divorce was an admission of sin by both parties concerned, since the wife was supposed to suffer the husband except in unusual circumstances.

Of course even the nicest people broke these sexual taboos, but in secret. Abortion mills flourished under the gaslights much as they do today under the fluorescents. Crude contraceptives were peddled by furtive profiteers; corner drugstores sold quite a bit of ergot along with gallons of carbolic acid. Marriage failed even though the failure might not be dignified by divorce. Men seduced girls and girls seduced men, but damnation by society was always a possible punishment. Such damnation implied financial penalties as well as social ones, and sexual funny business was therefore secretive and obscure.

Soon, little groups of iconoclasts appeared, deriding the artificialities of the sexual code. But iconoclasts are seldom popular and their suggestions were considered amusing by that great sluggish body—ourselves and our people.

By 1910, much larger groups, including churchmen and educators, were all for the stern hand on a wayward people. These were the people who wanted national prohibition of liquor, rigorous Sabbath blue laws, strict legal control of women's clothes and conduct. By 1915, they had won many of their objectives, and they were to go on to almost complete victory—on the statute books—in the next few years, while the people of the country slipped away from them.

What began to happen to us was

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something beyond the power of any reformer. We became a new kind of people, living in a new kind of world. This change happened with a bewildering suddenness: never before in history had a people altered their whole framework of living as rapidly or as drastically. Thirty years that spanned a war, a gaudy boom, a bleak depression and a planetary war covered the change from an America of bustling little towns and awkward cities to a megapolis devoted to the machine.

We have been confused in these three decades, a confusion well indicated in the statistics reflecting our sexual habits. Our marriage rate shrank and swelled, our birth rate slumped to an all-time low and then bounced up again, our divorce rate soared, pre-marital chastity declined to a point where only one bride in four retained her virginity.

Naturally these changes in sexual attitude were determined by our women. Not that our women became bad—the term is meaningless—but they reflected the changes while men tended to lag. Within these last few decades, women have ceased to regard marriage as the only security; the women of today can support themselves, and they want more from marriage than mere food and lodging. The span of a woman's life during which she is sexually attractive has been greatly lengthened.

There are, however, other important factors. An array of contraceptives and surgical techniques has given women an escape—if they wish it—from the biology of copulation. Sex, which was often only a pleasure for the man, can now be reduced to terms of pleasure-only for the woman as well.

Another factor has been the development of modern mass-entertainment. The movies and radio repeat the elaborately sexual themes of excitement ending in happiness. Never before have a people been exposed to as powerful a hypnosis—one combining color, music, beautiful women, handsome men, woven into a continuing folklore of a changeling people motivated by an ecstasy called love.

Our new technology of desire—the endless parade of advertisements—has also made its mark on our sexual manners. We have built up desire for comfort, for luxury, for excitement, based on elements once regarded rather dimly: envy, sloth and gluttony.

Then, too, our new-found controls over speed and power have done a great deal to change our sex habits. The mobility of the motorcar has probably been the one most important aspect of technology relating to sex. We are a powerful, restless people, free to hunt for faraway excitements. So it is with our sexual manners, even though we boast a code that appears to be that of a simple, chaste, monogamous people.

IT IS HARD TO remember the America of some 30 years ago. Gaslights were still a part of the city's evenings back in 1915, farms were kerosene-lit lonelinesses beyond muddy roads. The big cities brawled with immigrant tongues, but the nation was still thousands

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of little towns, each with its own customs and manners. Parents were discouraged with their children's waywardness, even as their parents had been with them, but there was a difference: these children were not going to accept their parents' beliefs and manners, but were to grow up in a new kind of world.

The churches were still the centers of social life, and much of their moral power was derived from this near-monopoly of gatherings and recreation. In the church, young folks met their future husbands and wives, and older folks helped determine the behavior of the community.

But even in churches where the social events surreptitiously included frolicking, the good ladies sat as judges over morals. Anything more than a little rice powder, or any funny business with the color of her hair, and a girl's chastity was open to question. Cigarettes were considered the mark of the degenerate in many a town, 9 o'clock was curfew.

Yet these were the years that self-repression began to be examined critically. Fear had dominated sex: fear of neighbors' tongues, fear of disease, fear of babies, fear of the sword of the Lord. We probably overrate our knowledge of the sexual function today, but the ignorance of 30 years ago seems incredible. The good ladies had been successful in making the workings of the body seem shameful, but they hadn't quite succeeded in making young people stop wondering why they should suppress the pleasant sensations stimulated by the urgings of their bodies.

In 1915, the dean of girls in a small Eastern college interviewed 34 girls. It was a daring experiment, because she asked questions about their sexual knowledge. Twenty of these girls—they were 16 to 19 years old—did not know the basis of sexual reproduction. Eight of them refused to talk at all. Six girls had a fair idea of what went on, and of these six, four admitted sexual experience.

Those interviews are probably a fair sample of the state of sexual understanding in moderately prosperous American families 30-odd years ago. Thanks to the theory that sex was sinful, many mothers had a poor knowledge of the human body and were shy in telling their daughters the little they did know. Physicians said the typical problem of marriage was frigidity in the wife, a frigidity comparable to the attitude of a person forced to drive a car without previous experience. The daughters took the mothers at their words, and accepted sex as being ugly.

A similar study of young men in a Chicago high school in 1916 revealed an equally disheartening ignorance. Some boys would not talk about the subject, they blushed easily, and two fainted. This business of a healthy adolescent fainting was common; physicians expected two or three boys to collapse each time a clinic was held.

The new entertainment of motion pictures was not unnoticed by the reformers of the time. Between pictures of slapstick comedy and galloping horses were interesting shots of ladies in underwear, bathing suits, or almost nothing at all;

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the proximity of man to woman was shown to be a remarkable thing, capable of producing great excitement and intense pleasure.

All this disturbed the reform elements. Boards of censorship were set up, and little groups of clubwomen, ministers, politicians and policemen sat in projection rooms, measuring the duration of kisses, the expanse of bosom or thigh exhibited, and the certainty that good would triumph in the end. But regardless of censorship, the people began to swarm into the womb-like darkness to be hypnotized into changelings.

Powerful forces—the churches, the good people, even the schools—fought any attempt to help the women whose marriage beds were places of terror and who crept into the filthy basements of abortionists; fought any education to save our people from syphilis and gonorrhea.

Yet things were changing. Cheap silk and improved machines began to make silk stockings more available, and as women discovered how well their legs looked in silk, skirts began to get shorter. Working women began to shed the stays, bones and stiff fabrics that enshrouded their bodies. Cosmetics were becoming common in the cities. Annette Kellerman and the nameless beauties of Mack Sennett's bathing-girl comedies were making our men and women aware of the female body.

And so it began. The rigidity of the so-called Victorian code was beginning to give. Nearly 900,000 automobiles were built in 1915, a new record. Fords were already common on rutted roads, and farmers' children were getting restless. Millions of people, especially millions of children with an eagerness to accept this new wonderland as reality, were going to the movies each week.

While people were whispering about birth control and women were reading Elinor Glyn's *Three Weeks* and being thrilled, American manufacturers had discovered a new market. The great middle class were becoming style-buyers, willing to discard the old for the exciting new. Smart advertising men were becoming aware that women wanted desperately to be beautiful, that they would pay for just being told they *could* be beautiful.

It was a long time ago, and far away, that America of 1915. Our world, the one that bewilders us today, was beginning to burst out of the chrysalis of that America. We went to war in 1917; we sort of left home, and never came back.

THE WAR DIDN'T last long, only from April, 1917, to November, 1918. But it had a more significant effect on our morals than—at today's stage—the incomparably greater World War II.

The first World War brought women into factories and offices in great numbers, and their real emancipation occurred with their near-equality to men in making money. They operated drill presses and punching machines, and Saturday night they had money of their own in their purses. That made a difference in their attitudes toward men, a difference that remained to alter our whole sex code. The kind

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by John McPartland

of hysteria we knew on V-J Day was spread through almost the entire 19 months of that other war, and our women enjoyed an emotional binge unequalled since.

For a large number of our 4,000,000 men in the services, the war represented their first chance to escape the routine of wives, fiancées, family, church and employer. They were concerned only with time, money and the military police. Fifty thousand went AWOL in Paris after the Armistice, a situation regarded by our amateur Army as amusing rather than bad.

When the 2,000,000 returned from France, they never fully returned to the controls that had been so strong in 1915. The other 2,000,000 seemed to envy their experiences, and proceeded to emulate them. Twenty years later it was difficult to discover a World War I veteran who had not enjoyed himself in Paris.

Our ladies at home were impressed, and not altogether favorably, by these fine tales of adventure. Some of the sexual looseness which inundated our morals a few years later may have been a form of retaliation. At any rate, the stage was being set for the carnival of the '20s. Money is a major ingredient in sophistication, and money we had. We were braggarts, we had learned to leer, and we had broken through more than a century of moral restraints in less than two years.

Our sexual code had been built around an ideal situation: boy and girl grew up together in a quiet city neighborhood, in a small town, or on neighboring farms. They fell in love, married and produced children. They worked hard, the girl was a good mother, their children grew and married within their neighborhood. Love, not sex, was important.

Now, coincidental with this war, sexual ideas were changing. The boy and girl were restless, were apt to break away from home in search of money and success. The boy wanted to be gay and experienced, the girl wanted to be beautiful and admired. Clothes, a city apartment, a car and smart gaiety were more important than children. Love was the sugar frosting on sex, and it was sex that was beginning to matter.

THE FUN BEGAN IN November, 1918, and lasted until October, 1929. The America that had existed before the war was a country of small-town people, enjoying the small pleasures, looking for happiness at home. The nation that stumbled into the Depression of the '30s was a country of city-minded people, used to superlatives, involved with money, entertainment and excitement.

Before this change, a girl of 17, daughter of a quiet middle-class family, was too young for dates with boys; she used a little powder sometimes, but believed that rouge and lipstick were unladylike; she might, in moments of excitement, say "darn," but would feel quite daring; she believed that kisses were reserved for engaged couples, and talked of sex only to girls her own age, with a background of misinformation and nervous giggles. Yardages of cloth swaddled her

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body; her hair was worn long; her social events were confined to church and school, with an occasional family excursion to the ten-cent movie house.

In the middle '20s, a girl of 17 was evaluated socially by her dates —how many, with what sheiks, how expensive, how exciting. She used paint on her face; she enjoyed saying "God damn it!" and "Hell!"; she had about an even chance of remaining a virgin until she met her husband-to-be; she talked about sex incessantly, preferably to boys a little older than herself; she wore high-heeled pumps, rolled silk stockings, her skirt reached just to her knees; she smoked, drank gin from a flask, and prided herself on knowing every roadhouse for miles around town. She thought her parents were very funny indeed.

Money became the answer to just about everything. Women found an expanding field of jobs, and began to plan on working a few years before marriage, or even after. There were such a lot of things to spend money for, and you simply had to keep up with the Joneses. The birth rate took the sharpest drop in history.

To implement the revelations of the movies came a new kind of journalism. In New York the tabloids began their unprecedented success: "Photo shows bed upon which Ruth Snyder and Judd Gray worked out murder of her husband. . . . This is Peaches, 16-year-old schoolgirl, in clutches of rich, lecherous old man, photo diagram shows lechery, see inside page. . . . Diary of a kept woman this week, diary of a prostitute next week, diary of a high-school girl the week after. . . . Love-nest, passion, divorce, love, passion, divorce."

Prohibition was also an ingredient of change as important as the car or movies. Prior to the war, drinking was a masculine affair. Now liquor became fashionable in the eyes of the upper middle class. Flask-drinking fitted in well with automobiles, the wild new enthusiasm for spectator sports, especially football, and with the general purposes of seduction.

Advertising changed in the '20s. The endless theme was a concealed sexuality—be loved, be rich so that you will be loved, appear to be rich. The urge was for showy things to arouse the envy of others.

Our factories turned out gadgets —automobiles, toasters, washing machines, furniture, lamps, watches; perfumes, creams, oils, powders, rouges, lipsticks, eye-shadow—the tokens of sex; clothes, shoes, hats, girdles, ties, foundations—the stuff of youth. And something new had been invented—you didn't need money any more, you could buy youth, envy, love—all on the installment plan.

This new America was too much for the old folks, and the old folks outdid themselves in accepting it. They wore the shortest skirts, played the hottest jazz, drank the most gin, raced the fanciest cars and generally joined in the New World symphony of this Era of Wonderful Nonsense.

Sex made you feel popular, successful, envied. It was selfish sex, not for physical pleasure nor for procreation—just sex for sin's sake.

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by John McPartland

Parents were at a loss for controls—the important thing now was money. Without it your children didn't respect you, your wife didn't respect you. It was easy to let the kid have the car, give him a few dollars and forget the whole thing.

A social typhoon like this has long-lasting effects. We are still muddling through the dislocations it caused. While it was widely billed at the time as freeing our people from old hypocrisies and worn-out rules, those hypocrisies and rules tended to persist.

There were taboos that were pretty well smashed, of course—taboos about the body, for example. The '20s took the human body, especially the female body, out of musty wrappings and put it in the sun. And a lot of other prudishness disappeared. Divorces and birth control were removed from the sinful category, but mention of venereal disease was frowned upon.

The recent war emphasized our heritage from the '20s. The adulthood of our children, the frequent selfishness of our sex habits, the looseness of our family organization, the paramount importance of money and our hard-drinking gaiety—all these things were products of that gaudy decade that now seems so long ago.

OUR PEOPLE WENT into the Depression with poor preparation. We had been taught to value material things and to respect material success. Marriages weren't made in heaven, women weren't pure vessels, money would buy anything. When this whole structure fell apart, we were lost children and the effect of this collapse on our sexual manners was pretty much what might be expected.

Unemployment permitted a great deal more companionship between young men and women, which ordinarily would have led to marriage. The only thing lacking was money. The arrangement called, simply, "living together" became common. Often the man or woman was married, and couldn't get, couldn't afford or didn't want a divorce. Sometimes the man simply refused to marry, and the woman took him into her home or moved into his as the next best thing.

These affairs started on a plane of sexual excitement, deteriorated to a state of being used to each other, continued on a level of financial interdependence, and usually broke up when one or both partners got sexually excited about someone else.

In Washington, D.C., the government decided the patriotic gesture was to restrict employment to unmarried women. This led to one of the finest carnivals of sex ever staged in an American city. Washington was crowded, there were more women than men, and most of the single women could not afford to get married on pain of losing their jobs. There were a lot of "we'll get married later on, but meanwhile let's not wait" romances. Before long the whole affair resembled a square dance.

In such ways did the economic pressures of the Depression change our moral code. The schoolteacher, the government employee, the WPA worker, all had friends, belonged

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to churches and had felt themselves respectable members of society. Now, through circumstances beyond their control, they were penalized for marrying. Some were secretive about the privileges of marriage extralegally, but most were quite frank about it. More than the country club and parked-car promiscuity of the '20s, this frankness helped make sex a talked-about part of our lives.

Where money, a good job and stability had been important elements in judging men as prospective husbands, they were now supplanted by sexual response and companionship. Naturally, boys with money were still in the top classification of desirability, but they were scarce. Good dancers, athletes, good companions, good-looking boys and boys clever at sexual maneuvering became accepted at face value for boy-and-girl purposes, without immediate thoughts of marriage.

The '30s were also the years of the uncovering. Even the men got in the spirit of the thing, and the naked upper half of the male body, generally forbidden on beaches, became common by the middle '30s. Women began to show their stomachs, first on the beaches and gradually on the streets and even at social occasions.

Our popular music and dancing, always an interesting index of sex attitudes, crystallized some new forms. Swing was the music, and a style called jitterbug was the dance. Jitterbugging was good fun, strenuous and exciting. It was as sexual as any fertility dance of a pagan people, but it was a funny, laughing kind of sex that got breathless from the dance rather than from emotion.

All of this was part of a readjustment of our sex manners. The body itself was important now, and the dance, the beat of swing, the bronzing sun were all part of a glorification of the body. For a lot of boys and girls, sex itself became a form of physical sport, a game for two, exciting, with emotional fireworks —but still, mostly a sport.

Our people who had been part of the '20s realized how much more fun there was in being like these strong children, and the style of careless, easy youth became the style of the country as we moved toward the war years. The last of the decade of the '30s wasn't a bad time, at all.

UR ARMY AT THE beginning of World War II was a mixture of callow boys and domesticated men. The older men were homesick for wives and children, the younger men felt themselves on the verge of an adventure they didn't quite understand. While most were unsure of themselves, their need for women was painfully apparent.

They didn't want women for physical satisfaction—though that is what they believed—but rather as a demonstration of self, a magic that would reassure each soldier that he was a person, a man, and that there was an escape for him from the ponderous pressure of the Army, the camp and its overpowering maleness. And so most of these new soldiers went to the army towns, hungering for women.

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There was a lot of companionship, and there was a lot of sex. For some men it was a simple bedding of as many girls as time, liquor, lies and money would afford. For others it was romance, with vows and heavy sentiment. Then there were those less bold who walked the streets alone or in groups, who dreamed of a hundred love affairs without ever speaking to a girl. It is becoming a part of our memories now.

For the girls of the army towns, these were indeed years to remember. Just being a girl was something newly wonderful. There were thousands of men eager and anxious; there were new types from faraway places like Chicago, New York and Los Angeles. There was the smartness of the lieutenants, smug in their sexual superiority. There were the serious boys, all for love and marriage; there were the gay boys, the good dancers, the smooth operators.

Many an American community was stirred by the restlessness of its women, a restlessness only half-guessed by the men of the town or the soldiers themselves.

This stirring of women was partially the subconscious response to the women-hunger of the men, partially an excitement caused by the all-important matter of sexual selection: here were 10,000 lovers, 10,000 possible fathers. Some girls were frightened by this restlessness, and fought it; some girls hated soldiers just because there were so many of them. Some girls picked their men and held them. Some girls got drunk on men.

There were plenty of lonely wives, too, early in the war, and it soon became evident that a fair share of them were committed to the belief that continence was bad for women. And every camp had its experts in seduction who hunted for lonely wives, literally moved into their houses and supplied a sort of proxy husband for a sort of proxy home.

Yet much can be said for the morals of army towns: they were better than those of the war-plant boom towns, and better than those of the Occupation towns a few years later. The soldiers, in spite of their over-sexed barracks talk, their women-hunger and their attempts to live up to a preconception of a soldier's sex life, were more sentimental, more romantic than the boom workers.

These men were worried and lonesome, they wanted to believe in their women, and they made obvious substitutions of girls for mothers. There was little glamour to the war itself for these boys, they were homesick before they ever left the States, and a new respect for a sexual moral code was often one attribute of that homesickness.

They left the army towns, the wives in the furnished rooms, the girls at the USO dances, the aimless lonely walking around the square, the one-night loves and the one-day honeymoons, and off they went to the boats.

The shambling awkwardness with which they had walked the streets of Columbus, Georgia, or Abilene, Texas, disappeared in London, Naples and Calcutta. They had been callow youths and domesticated men, now they were soldiers, and most important—Amer-

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icans. They were the most desirable men any foreign girl could hope to find, and they acted the part.

The farm boy from Louisiana or Ohio lost his feeling of inferiority when he discovered that he rated nine out of a possible ten points with foreign girls for just being an American. A lot of our men were disgusted with the morals of foreign women, not, probably, because their morals were any worse, but because they were complaisant for reasons other than those familiar back home.

These women must be forgiven their surrenders. Swaggering hundreds of thousands of men, confident, well-fed, comparatively rich, and avid lovemakers swept through their towns. The Americans believed in direct, brutal sex, combined with the sort of romance invented by the movies; women respond to that kind of combination. The boys of the ETO will never be quite the same again, for the experience of being part of a conquering army is heady stuff.

Back home, the faithless wife was becoming an issue. A large number of service wives had gone to work, including hundreds of thousands who had not worked before. They had money, they were in contact with men and they felt the sexual excitement that wars induce. Good wives would indulge in a sort of sentimental hysteria over their far-away husbands and then go out to a bar, pick up local bums and spend drunken nights of messy sex.

This circumstance of the faithless wife—and there were two or three million such—was a painful demonstration of the failure of our moral code. The code was either too weak or too unreal to sustain a high level of chastity, and yet it was strong enough to cause useless feelings of condemnation. These war years showed that a surprisingly large part of our people had no sexual moral code beyond the superficialities of custom; they respected the criticism of their neighbors and that was about all. Yet they felt guilty when they violated a moral code that apparently meant nothing to them, and were meek about accepting punishment when they were caught.

Then came Germany, Japan, and no more war. The combat men began to go home, unaware of the deeper currents that lay beneath their dalliance in Europe. They did not know that the Italian girls they regarded as fair prey were the daughters of one of the most moral of all European peoples, and that they were trampling over the ruins of a whole ethical system.

They did not appreciate the terrible basic cynicism of the French women, and they resented what they considered the avarice of the French. They did not appreciate the peculiar pungency that hate can add to sex, though they noted such a pungency in the love-making of the German girls.

These men fathered untold hundreds of thousands of babies, with mothers of practically every race, including Eskimos and New Guinea bushwomen. A lot of them were away from home for three and four years. They returned to their one-week brides of training-camp marriages, their sweethearts, their wives and children. The most amazing

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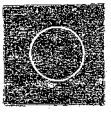
thing is that they don't seem much different; we have become a people so emotionally tough that nothing surprises us, and nothing seems to affect us, except our own remarkable country.



UR FUTURE SEX manners are easy to predict: there are at least three probabilities, all of which can be demonstrated to be almost inevitable. The only difficulty is that the three are mutually contradictory. That is the way it always is with human affairs.

The first of the three trends is not very attractive. The declining birth rate implies that we are going into an adult, non-family society. The natural desire for children has been overbalanced by artificially stimulated desires for material things, and by fears of insecurity. For our women this implies profound emotional changes.

A substantial fraction of our women will not bear children, and will therefore lose a part of the life for which women were intended. Another substantial portion will permit themselves one or two children. It is not an invariable rule, but it is true too many times that the one-child family becomes emotionally unhealthy. Some of the increase in infantile emotional types among American adults is attributed to our growing number of one-child families. Unless intelligence and restraint are used, the one-child family becomes disbalanced.

As our birth rate continues to fall, our existing emphasis on the individual adult as our social unit, rather than the family, will increase. The characteristic of the individual-unit society is an almost pathological selfishness, with the obvious corollary of the importance of sensual pleasures.

The increasing divorce rate shows how thin our social bindings have become. Love, which in the American folkways of not long ago was believed to be a divinely inspired emotion, is now considered by a lot of people to be sort of a thrill. The pedestrian realities of marriage are disappointing to people who want their sexual relationships on a continued level of ecstasy. From this kind of thoughtlessness comes our new social invention—the temporary or it's-all-in-fun marriage.

Such attitudes on marriage are an incentive to our declining rate of procreation. The importance of selfishness, of gratification for ego alone, is the most startling item in our changing sexual code.

The decline of chastity. Dr. L. M. Terman, a recognized authority on the subject, has predicted a virtual disappearance of pre-marital chastity within a few years. This would seem reasonable in the light of the other trends discussed. If sex is fun, and fun is important, why save something for marriage that will only be temporary anyway?

Sex is advertised as the most delightful of all recreations in almost every medium we have. Chastity is the product of a different pattern of thinking than the one we have evolved in our materialistic society. If love is a thrill like going downhill on a bobsled, it might as well be enjoyed early and often.

All of this points to an amoral culture within a few years. The

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word "morality" in its sexual sense is losing meaning. There are sexual ethics, but they are the kind of ethics found in a sporting contest. Being "a good person" implies a sort of good-natured sportsmanship in sexual matters, rather than a morality based on chastity, faithfulness, parenthood and modesty.

We have witnessed what once would have been almost unbearably shameful—our sexual conduct in the recent war. Too many wives at home were consistently unfaithful, too many men overseas indulged in a sexual carnival. We showed ourselves as an over-sexed group of gluttons, who did not care about morals or decencies. But we weren't too surprised or offended. The attitude was pretty much, "Well, what did you expect?"

And thus the first prediction—we are losing all moral controls in sex, and becoming a selfish, amoral people, interested only in gratification of the ego.

THE SECOND probability is based on a very different approach. *Our technological age has barely begun.* Much of our confusion in sexual manners has been caused by drastic change in our environment. Our technical abilities have produced a kind of world to which we are not yet adjusted emotionally. We have had to endure environmental changes within 50 years that exceed the total of the last 2,000 years.

Technology will be concerned with our emotional factors. Within a score of years a great body of exact knowledge has been built up on our behavior. The mysterious juices which give a strong maternal impulse to one woman and by their paucity deny it to another are being synthesized. The hormones which give sexual drive to one man and in disbalance confuse it in another are being explored methodically.

The patterns of our emotions are being charted against season, temperature, humidity, cosmic rays, and by race, education, age, occupation, residence and hobbies. The results are tabulated, and charts predicting emotional constants are worked out to an error of plus or minus one half per cent.

Our universities are already prepared to analyze and prescribe for optimum emotional level in groups and individuals. The abilities are limited as yet, but those amusing little tests on personality are a typical part of this survey. The tests are still toys, but they are getting better, and before long such tests will be ruthlessly exact. You may fool yourselves, but you will not be able to fool the laboratories.

It will not be long before, with the tools our technologists are now preparing, we will find it necessary to regulate emotional forces for the improvement of society. This means that the studies now being made will serve as the basis for new laws—laws that will not be punitive or corrective but rather therapeutic. Just as we have begun to control disease by legal means, we will control emotional disturbance and conflict by legal means.

Would we like that kind of a world? That is a question that does not admit an answer; our great-grandparents probably would not like our world of today, but they helped in

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its building. We may shudder at a world in which the maternal instinct is administered by hormone injection at the time of marriage; in which endocrine disbalance is regulated according to a civil code; in which sexual aberrations are treated upon discovery; in which our careless, exciting lives become a standard optimum. But our children will probably like it, for it will be their world.

THE THIRD probability is one which we like to think will happen. To a great extent we are beginning to discern the taste of ashes in many of our enjoyments. The most noticeable urge of our people in the post-war world, especially younger people, has been towards a secure, warmly emotional family life—away from the cities. They want to find these things in a home built around a family. They want sentimental, romantic love, they want children and they want to be left alone with their happiness.

We are raising a generation of intelligent children, and they have discovered many of our mistakes. They see the emptiness of divorce, the hollowness of marriage without children. The miserable carnival of sex that marked the war years was disgusting to them; paradoxically, sex is less important to them because they put more value on it.

Not all our children are this wise; but a good many of them do have these things—a freedom from the ignorance and fears that muddled our understanding of sex in our adolescence; an appreciation of the body as a body rather than as a carnal vessel; a bawdy humor that is natural to healthy human beings; a desire to have their lives mean something more than a series of unsatisfactory superficialities.

The other side of the coin. Some of the very factors that produced our type of culture are now operating to change it. The car, which destroyed the family by giving mobility to the individual, is now the implement for the new idea of home—the house out in the suburbs or in the country. The car is beginning to be important as a means of getting home, rather than away from home.

The urge for material possessions is being directed more strongly toward strengthening family unity. Pride is being concentrated in children rather than in conspicuous expenditure. Such a drive produces matching sexual manners; there are indications that taboos are not necessary when innate values of sexual experiences are understood.

Our people want this kind of life. Of the three sets of probabilities, this has one powerful force in its favor—it is the kind of sexual manners our people want. Sex should have dignity coming naturally from its importance in our lives; freedom in sexual matters, when matched with intelligence and understanding, does not mean immorality.

It is probable that we will continue to find our hopes greater than our realities, that we will fail others, and fail ourselves; that sex will continue to promise more than it gives. But it is also probable that we are entering a brave, new world.

No other people have ever devoted more time and energy to the search for pleasure and content-

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ment than we restless, curious, discontented Americans. And no other people have gone as far in finding satisfactions, either. The very devices that irritate us into new discontents and new explorations—the motion picture, the radio and the sales appeals of our anxious merchants—are leading us into ever greener pastures. We are doing our damnedest to make the most out of our lives.

And so it is with sex. No people can long devote the interest, ingenuity, imagination and native ability that we have to a situation without improving it immeasurably; we want to be handsome, virile youths or lovely desired girls; we want to marry the most beautiful woman or the most wonderful man; live in a dream house by a lake, and have children of the gods. We want to live our lives full of sensation, surprise, beauty, excitement and contentment. And we want all these marvelous, impossible things in a realistic way, because we are really cynical and disbelieving people.

What will happen in our quest for complete happiness is part of the irony of the future. This much, however, is true: we are watching a generation grow into maturity that are better prepared to handle their lives than we ever were.

They know our failures; they are far more honest with themselves than we ever dared to be. They want to be wonderful people, and they want to father these children of the gods in the house by the lake. If life can be fun for anyone, it will be fun for them, and sex will be a healthy part of that life.

The final prediction. A portion of our children will succeed to a life much more wisely understood and much more intelligently handled than ours has ever been. Sex will become a normal thing, an understood and appreciated part of our physical and emotional complex. Morals will be on a level similar to rules of diet—if something is good for the health, it can't be bad morally; if it is bad for the health, it cannot be good morally.

We have confused our lives for too many generations by misunderstanding our sexual moral code. Our children will profit by our careless freedom, use our new understandings of the working of body and mind, and achieve a sexual code that will be free without being careless.

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This Month's Cover: Howard Forsberg achieved the ultimate in realism by getting a noted silhouette artist—Noel Wisdom—to pose for Coronet's August cover. Born in Chicago, Wisdom grew up in England and cut his first silhouettes at London markets and fair grounds. Now back in Chicago, he recently cut his 100,000th portrait. The girl posing for both Forsberg and Wisdom is Joan Van Dyke, a Chicago model.

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A Gem from the Coronet Story Teller

THE SAGA OF WILMER McLEAN

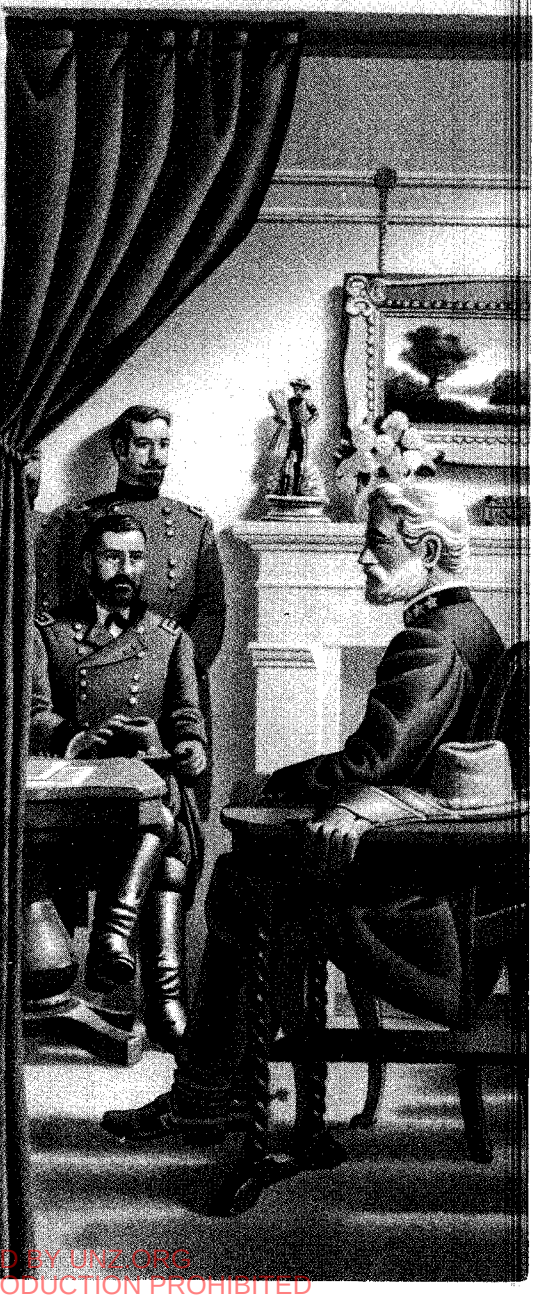
FOR THREE MONTHS after Fort Sumter was fired upon in April, 1861, the Civil War was a war without a battle. But two great armies were gathering, and all over the country people waited for the first test of strength. Farmers living near the peaceful little town of Manassas, Virginia, waited too.

One hot Sunday in July, the two armies came to Manassas, and a general took over the house of one Wilmer McLean for his headquarters. Soon a cannon ball plunged down McLean's chimney as the Battle of Bull Run, first great encounter of the Civil War, began. Shaken, McLean moved his family to what seemed a lost, remote district some 125 miles to the southwest.

Then came another Sunday in April, 1865. Again the armies spilled into McLean's yard. Again his house was taken over—this time for the meeting of two generals as Lee surrendered to Grant in the McLean parlor at Appomattox, Virginia.

Thus, Wilmer McLean played a fateful part in one of history's strangest coincidences. The great armed contest which had virtually begun in his front yard ended in his front parlor!

—SCOTT HART



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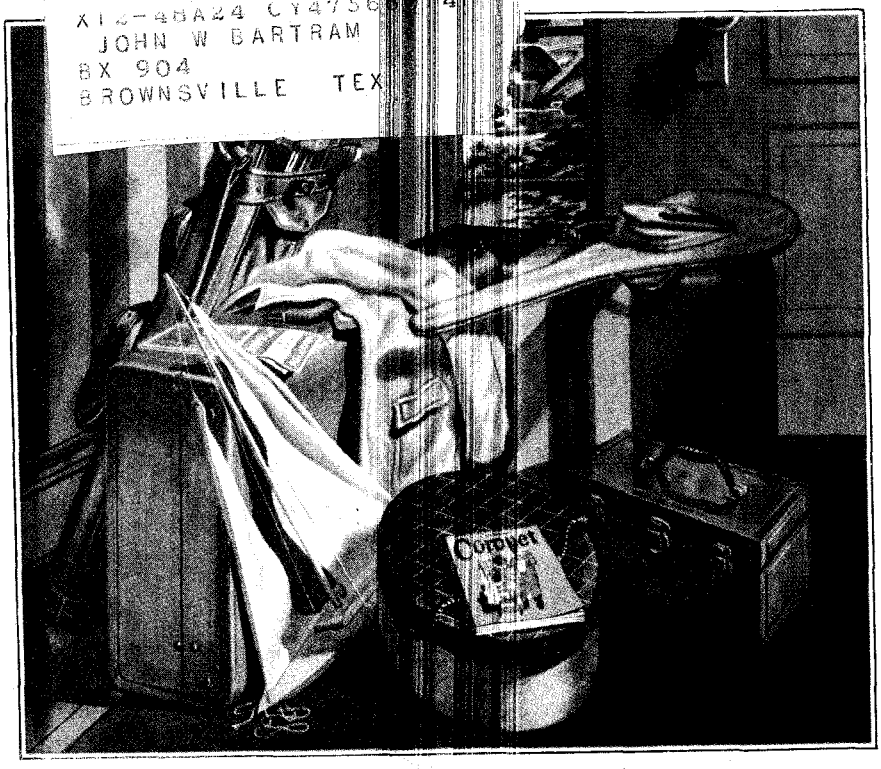

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